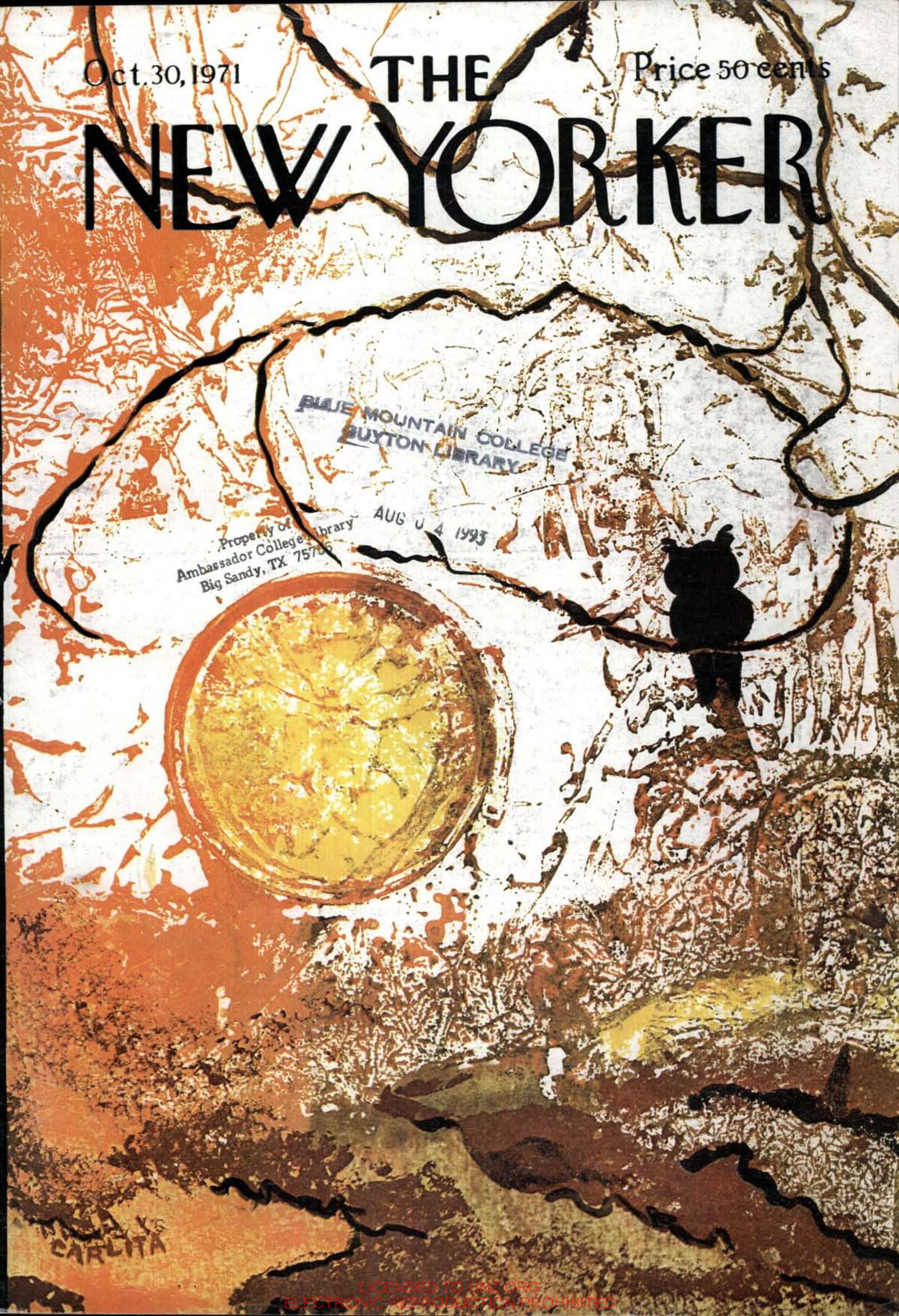
Oct. 30, 1971

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
BUXTON LIBRARY

AUG 04 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

# Can a person under 30 appreciate the Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight?

Not likely. Their time will come, but not before they've really worked at it for awhile. Growing into the Ninety-Eight isn't something that happens overnight.

### Living rooms on wheels.

Youth has always scoffed at the big cars, calling them rolling palaces. Or living rooms on wheels. Sooner or later the scoffing stops and one begins to see what the Ninety-Eight is all about.

Everything is so comfortable inside, including the ride. To find out how rough the road is, you have to look. You're supported by 6 inches of contoured foam in the front seat, as you drive. Armrests and ashtrays surround you. Power steering and power brakes, with discs up front, are standard.

The Ninety-Eight is indeed an elegant living room on a 127-inch wheelbase. In some ways, it's even more comfortable than your living room.

### A whisper, not a whooosh.

Remember when you "cracked" the car window to get outside air and it always whooooshed inside? The Ninety-Eight has turned the whooosh to a whisper with a far better way of bringing in the air. And power ventilation circulates it continuously, whether the car is rolling up the miles or standing at a stoplight.

### Working within the environment.

This year's Ninety-Eight 455 Rocket V-8 emits, on the average, 80% less hydrocarbons and 65% less carbon monoxide than engines of 10 years ago. So we can all breathe a little easier.

Within the Ninety-Eight itself, a long list of GM safety features is provided for your protection. Some, like the seat and shoulder belts, are visible; but many more, like the steel side-guard beams in the doors, are not.

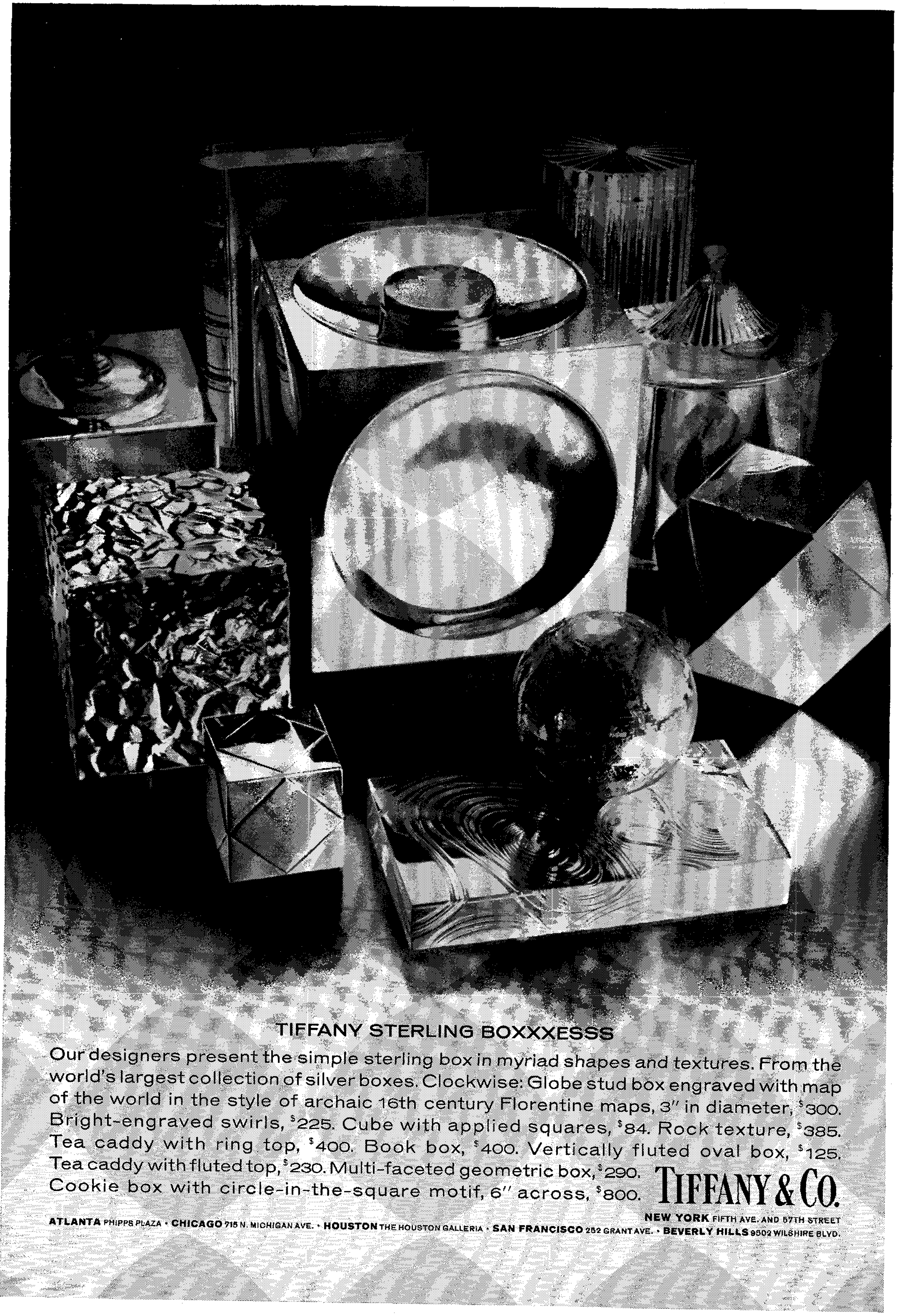
### A different kind of power.

When you were younger, a car that didn't lurch and rumble dramatically was devoid of power or status. The 1972 Ninety-Eight neither lurches nor rumbles; you can scarcely hear the engine from the driver's seat. Or feel the incredibly smooth automatic transmission at work. Yet, the Ninety-Eight performs better than anything you drove in your youth, and it does it in a quiet way, which is most satisfying now that your priorities are different.

### A natural progression.

The Ninety-Eight is a car you're not likely to drive with the windows down, radio turned up and your elbow sticking out. There's an atmosphere of peace inside—a hospitality you can count on. Urging you to relax—and enjoy. And when you do, you'll find there's far more to a Ninety-Eight for you to enjoy.

**OLDSMOBILE NINETY-EIGHT. QUITE A SUBSTANTIAL CAR.**



## TIFFANY STERLING BOXXXESSS

Our designers present the simple sterling box in myriad shapes and textures. From the world's largest collection of silver boxes. Clockwise: Globe stud box engraved with map of the world in the style of archaic 16th century Florentine maps, 3" in diameter, $300. Bright-engraved swirls, $225. Cube with applied squares, $84. Rock texture, $385. Tea caddy with ring top, $400. Book box, $400. Vertically fluted oval box, $125. Tea caddy with fluted top, $230. Multi-faceted geometric box, $290. Cookie box with circle-in-the-square motif, 6" across, $800.

**TIFFANY & CO.**

**NEW YORK** FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH STREET

**ATLANTA** PHIPPS PLAZA · **CHICAGO** 715 N. MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** THE HOUSTON GALLERIA · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death**—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers**—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The form is nightmare, and the sufferings of the audience, which is manhandled in various ways, are greater—or at least more immediate—than those of the prisoners on the stage. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 22nd St. 673-5470, from 4 to 8. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

**The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel**—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Black Girl**—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Black Terror**—A play by Richard Wesley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**F. Jasmine Addams**—A musical taken from Carson McCullers' 1950 play, "The Member of the Wedding." The book is by Miss McCullers, G. Wood, and Theodore Mann, and Mr. Wood wrote the music and lyrics. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 27. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Follies**—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Godspell**—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Grass Harp**—A musical version of Truman Capote's novel of the same name. Kenward Elmslie wrote the book and lyrics, and Claibe Richardson the music. The cast is headed by Barbara Cook, Carol Brice, Karen Morrow, Ruth Ford, and Max Showalter. Ellis Rabb directed. Previews Thursday through Monday, Oct. 28-Nov. 1. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 4.)

**A Gun Play**—A play by Yale M. Udoff, directed by Gene Frankel. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The House of Blue Leaves**—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Incomparable Max**—Beerbohm diminished and coarsened to the point of non-recognition. Clive Revill is miscast as Beerbohm, and Richard Kiley does his best as two Beerbohm fictional heroes—Enoch Soames and A. V. Laider. The authors of the play are Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**In the Time of Harry Harass**—Warren Pincus in a comedy by Carolyn Rossi. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Jesus Christ Superstar**—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sun-

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 39

"RICH PEOPLE ARE HAPPIER THAN POOR; HEALTHY, HAPPIER THAN SICK; YOUNG, HAPPIER THAN OLD" . . . . *H. L. Mountzoures* 45

"SHADES MOUNTAIN" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Everette H. Maddox* 48

"WAS BLÜCHER LATE AT MARATHON?" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *H. F. Ellis* 51

PROFILES (JULIUS K. NYERERE—III) . . . . . . . . . . . *William Edgett Smith* 53

"IN THE MENTAL WARD" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Irving Feldman* 54

THE THEATRE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 101

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 102

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Andy Logan* 105

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 113

FOOTBALL . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *J. W. L.* 117

A REPORTER AT LARGE (ALPINE ACCIDENTS AND RESCUES) . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 118

LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 138

"TO ROSMARIE IN BAD KISSINGEN" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Keith Waldrop* 142

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Audax Minor* 144

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 147

BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 150

BRIEFLY NOTED . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 154

COVER: *Carlita Hunt*

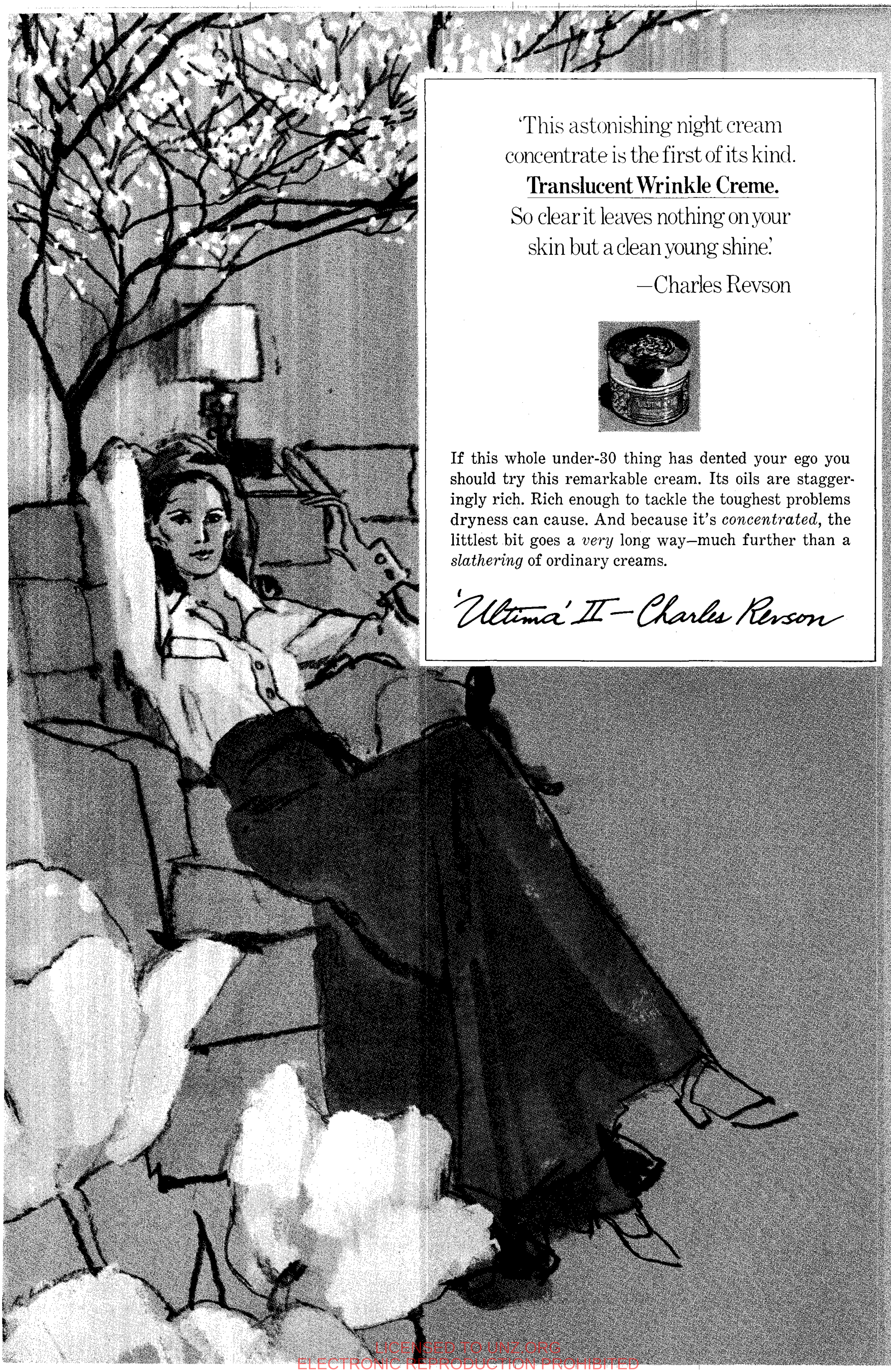
DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, Edward Koren, Frank Modell, Chon Day, Al Ross, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, Alan Dunn, Vahan Shirvanian, Barney Tobey, Robert Weber, William Steig, James Stevenson, Dana Fradon, Everett Opie*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 37, October 30, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.



'This astonishing night cream
concentrate is the first of its kind.
**Translucent Wrinkle Creme.**
So clear it leaves nothing on your
skin but a clean young shine.'

—Charles Revson

If this whole under-30 thing has dented your ego you should try this remarkable cream. Its oils are staggeringly rich. Rich enough to tackle the toughest problems dryness can cause. And because it's *concentrated*, the littlest bit goes a *very* long way—much further than a *slathering* of ordinary creams.

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

days, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre**—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

**Lenny**—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Master Builder**—Even this shallow, lacklustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a lively translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**On the Town**—A revival of the Leonard Bernstein-Betty Comden-Adolph Green 1944 musical, starring Phyllis Newman, Bernadette Peters, and Ron Husmann. Ron Field is the director. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 30. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 31. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 28.)

**The Proposition**—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

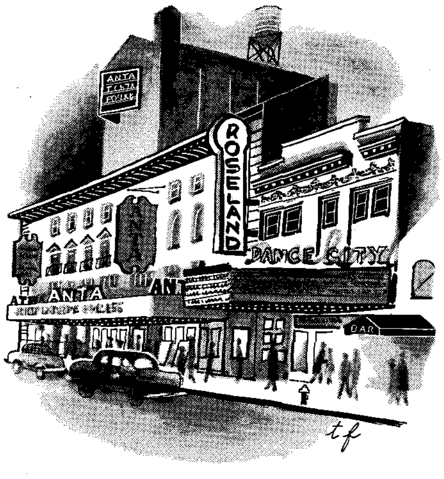
**Solitaire/Double Solitaire**—Two amusing and often touching one-act plays by Robert Anderson, ably acted by Joyce Ebert, Richard Venture, and other luminaries of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays, except Nov. 2, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

**Sticks and Bones**—A play by David Rabe. Opens Thursday, Oct. 28. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**To Live Another Summer, To Pass Another Winter**—An Israeli musical. Bouncy and aggressive and ho-hum. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Unlikely Heroes: 3 Philip Roth Stories**—Adapted by Larry Arrick from the Roth collection "Goodbye, Columbus." Mr. Arrick also directed, and Lou Jacobi and Michael Tolan head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?**—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

**Long Runs**—**applause:** A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **butterflies are free:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **company:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. Starting Monday, Nov. 1, Vivian Blaine will replace Miss Russell. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** —The Ship, Buck Mulligan cried. Half twelve. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** —Good, Stephen said. He walked along the upwardcurving path. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **hair:** How quick come the reasons for approving what we like! Lady Russell had another excellent one at hand, for being extremely glad that Sir Walter and his family were to remove from the country. Elizabeth had been lately forming an intimacy, which she wished to see interrupted. It was with a daughter of Mr. Shepherd, who had returned, after an unprosperous marriage, to her father's house, with the additional burden of two children. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **promises, promises:** She was a clever young woman, who understood the art of pleasing; the art of pleasing, at least, at Kellynch Hall; and who had made herself so acceptable to Miss Elliot, as to have been already staying there more than once, in spite of all that Lady Russell, who thought it a friendship quite out of place, could hint of caution and reserve. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the me nobody knows:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **no, no, nanette:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **purlie:** An old fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Robert Guillaume. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 7.)... **the rothschilds:** Musical hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **sleuth:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**City Center Joffrey Ballet**—Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "Petrouchka," "Weewis" (première), and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Kettentanz," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Weewis," "Kettentanz," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 31: "Konservatoriet," "The Still Point," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 31: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 2: "Reflections," "Valentine," "The Lesson," and "Trinity."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 3: "Petrouchka," "Reflections," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Kettentanz," "The Lesson," "Valentine," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Moves," "Trinity," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "Konservatoriet," "The Still Point," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Reflections," "Valentine," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

**Senegalese National Dance Company**—Forty-two dancers, musicians, and singers in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, Oct. 27, and Friday, Oct. 29, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2 and 7:30.)

**National Dance Company of Morocco**—A company of fifty in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday, Nov. 2, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 4-5, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2 and 7:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Bitter End**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The benches haven't got any softer. Blues singer

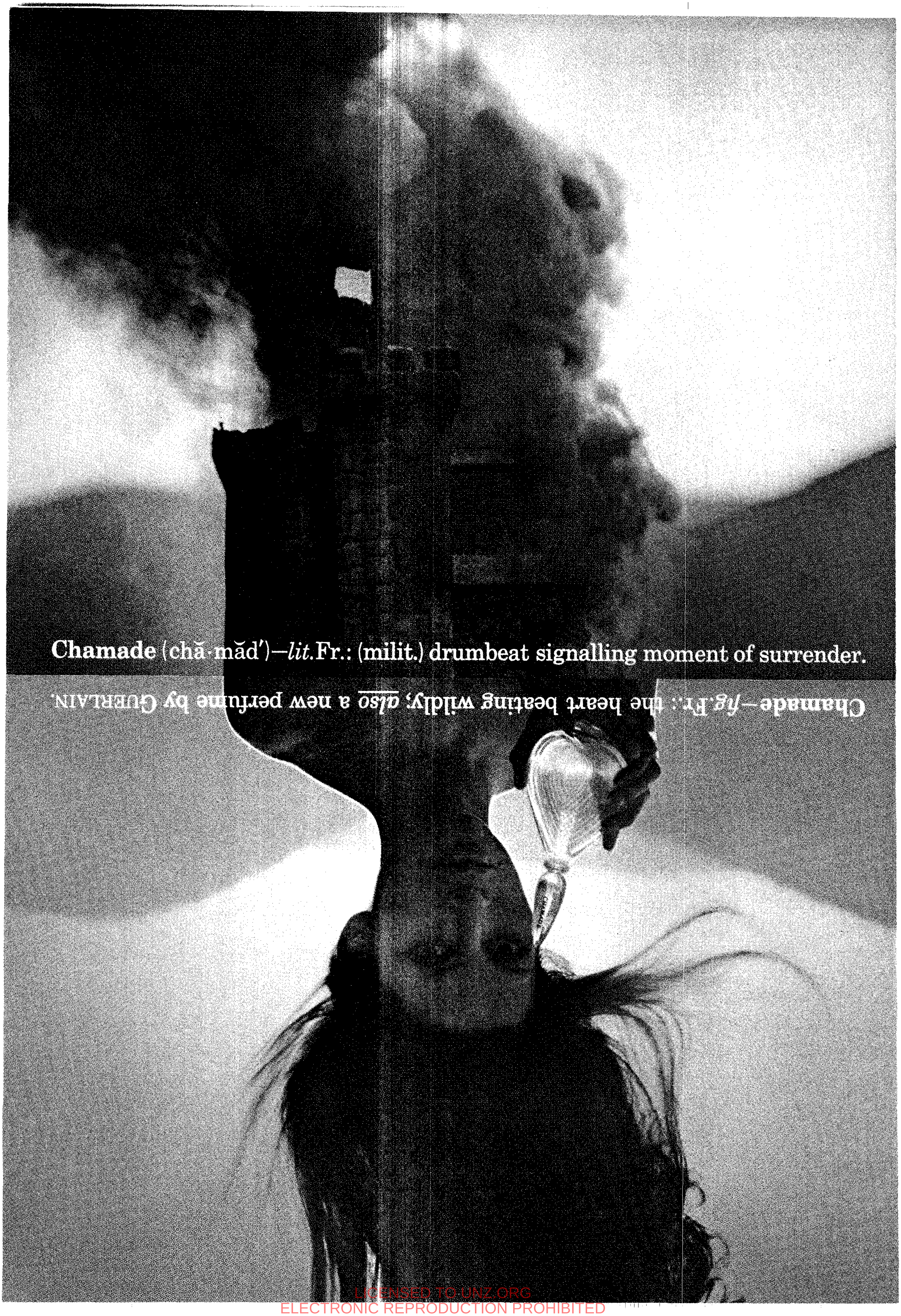
Bedroom of the Allen-Byrd house, the official guest house in Colonial Williamsburg.
® Identifies Trademark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Kittinger . . . atmosphere of flawless taste.

Send for a copy of our 180-page Kittinger Library of 18th Century English and American Designs...three dollars to Kittinger, 1895 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, New York 14207. And see the Kittinger collections permanently displayed in Boston, New York, Williamsburg, Atlanta, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

**KITTINGER**

GENERAL INTERIORS



**Chamade** (chă·măd′)—*lit.*Fr.: (milit.) drumbeat signalling moment of surrender.
**Chamade**—*fig.*Fr.: the heart beating wildly; *also* a new perfume by GUERLAIN.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

and pianist Donny Hathaway and folk singer Bonnie Brown share the stage with a talker known as Uncle Dirty. They stay through Monday, Nov. 1. On Tuesdays, ringers *fill* the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

**Boomer's,** 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Pianist Cedar Walton, singer Andy Bey, and a bassist perform through Sunday, Oct. 31. From Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 1-3, Hal Waters—a man of two instruments and a voice that transforms some songs and transcends others—will be here with a bassist. Beginning Thursday, Nov. 4, guitarist Joe Beck will lead a threesome. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 30, guitarist Charlie Brown will head a trio. Dr. Lyn Christie is his bass player. On Tuesday, Nov. 2, pianist Hal Galper and bassist Terry Plumeri will arrive. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist sub for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Cellar,** 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—An old friend, the acoustical guitar, in the hands of little Anita Sheer, who is acoustical herself, mostly in the Latin languages, for which she and her instrument are eminently qualified. Sammy Price, living in the great years of our boogie-woogie past, takes frequent whacks at the piano. This all goes on from eight to one every night but Sunday, which, seven to midnight, gets Cyril Haynes' piano. Dining.

**Gaslight,** 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffeehouses have their ups and downs, but so far this one has had more of the former. The Blues Project and singer Karen Dolton will be part of the show through Monday, Nov. 1. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

**Guitar,** 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist Gene Bertoncini works with bass violist Linc Milliman. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. A Deep South kitchen.

**Half Note,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. Cornettist Ruby Braff is the current leader, with Kenny Asher on piano, Dottie Dodgion on drums, and Victor Sproles on bass. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band takes charge. Light Italian dishes are available.

**Jacques,** 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays and Saturdays, is bassist Ahmed Sulieman. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**Peewee's,** 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Fridays through Sundays, pianist Don Pullen leads a trio and Rita Da Costa sings. Soul-food dinners.

**Rafiki,** 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, soul food and jazz, are thought to generate pizzazz. Mondays through Wednesdays, the Sunny Henry trio is on the stand. Thursdays through Sundays, the Roy Haynes trio is on it. Music from nine-thirty until two.

**Red Garter,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

**Slugs',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Through Thursday, Oct. 28, pianist Andrew Hill will be in charge of a fivesome. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 29-31, another piano man, Herbie Hancock, will lead a sextet. On Tuesday, Nov. 2, the James Moody quintet will arrive, as will blues singer Eddie Jefferson. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

**Trude Heller's,** Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—After years of chucka-chucka-boom, this old landmark is moving jazzward. Blues singer Joe Lee Wilson and the Reggie Moore trio alternate with some musical hybrids known as the Midnight Sun. Closed Mondays.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ahmad Jamal, of the flexible fingers and occasionally interesting ideas, leads his trio, starting at about nine-thirty, every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the Village and often in the van. Through Sunday, Oct. 31, pianist Chick Corea will be here with his quintet. Tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri moves in with a fivesome on Tuesday, Nov. 2. Mondays are reserved for the powerful seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

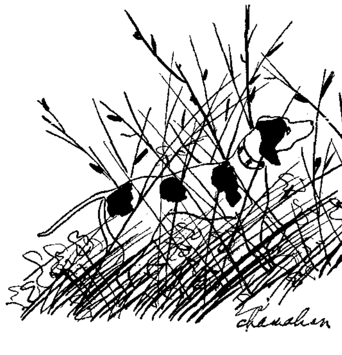
**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over yonder—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

**Your Father's Mustache,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Oct. 31, Gene Krupa will drop in from the Hall of Fame to play drums. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.

## DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

**C'Est Moi,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch them. Activity until three-thirty every night.

**Directoire,** 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—East Forty-eighth Street has gone freaky, in several senses, but the show is mainly on the sidewalk. Inside are rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted plants, and other things. A French menu and dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.



**L'Etoile,** 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

**Hippopotamus,** 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Reservations are needed for dining.

**Nico's,** in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—A media mix, involving fairly formal dining, muscle-flexing discothèque music, and sets by Chico Hamilton's new crew, which emits the cheery sounds of a computer that has finally learned to talk. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (during the making of that cinematic pound cake "Cleopatra," for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times nightly a threesome calling itself Jack D'Johns performs—and be warned that it consists of trumpet, drums, and accordion. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Thursday's 24,** 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

**Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

## BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**Alpine Cellar,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—A mine-eyes-have-seen-the-glory-of, etc., state of mind prevails as Jack Jones, young tenor-about-town, comes on, and come on he does. The obligatory humorist is Dick Lord. On Thursday, Nov. 4, a change of mood: Connie Francis, one of our most active showshop singers, and Frank Fontaine, an early settler of this town who is now in his second (or is it third?) anecdotage. No silent night, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **la forêt** is in season again, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Only Tuesdays through Saturdays, however. The **café,** though, equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **persian room** is in midseason form, gliding blithely along on the music of Burt Farber's and Mark Monte's bands. At ten Monday through Thursday, at nine and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday, Carol Lawrence goes earnestly to work on a set of ballads. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **plaza 9,** a revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven every night but Monday. Young though it is, it's old enough to have its own phone: PL 9-3933. . . . ¶ In the **green tulip,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Miguel's guitar, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

**RAINBOW GRILL**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A rare acoustical instrument that has survived into the electronic age is being plied a couple of times a night on the grand rooftop. It is the clarinet belonging to Benny Goodman, and six sidemen go with it. Dancing, even, goes with it. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday.

**RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—The life style here is hardly the life of Riley, but let it be recorded that on Tuesday, Nov. 2, Sy Oliver will be returning his taut, tense, tantalizing earlier-days orchestra to the fold. Music from six to two Mondays through Saturdays.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In and under the hands of Erroll Garner, the grand piano in the resplendent **MAISONETTE** takes on the size and sound of a herd of buffaloes proceeding majestically across a landscape they know belongs only to them. The band run by George Cort provides the dance music. On Monday, Nov. 1, Mr. G. gives way to the boy-and-girl quintet New Seekers, an English crew that so far has found rock and folk. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE**, across the way from the Maisonette. Gunnar Hansen, whose violin is part of the history of New York supper-club life, shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shirley Bassey, a high and occasionally rowdy wind off the British Isles, does her final song recitals in the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Saturday, Oct. 30. On Tuesday, Nov. 2, Johnny Mathis, still cool as any number of cucumbers, reopens the place as a forum for *his* song recitals.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

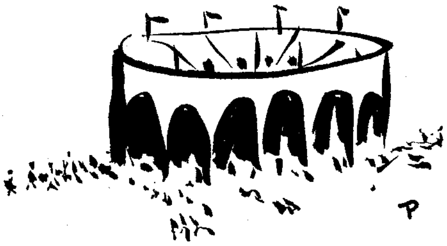
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short's wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave., at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Milt Kamen, philosophically contemplating the downfall of practically everything, concludes his series of nevertheless cheerful epitaphs on Thursday, Oct. 28. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30, have been assigned to Joan Rivers, that most uncommon scold, and on Monday, Nov. 1, Sandy Baron will, as commentator, once again begin rising far above his station in life, which is Broadway and 45th Street. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops. Guitarist Jerry Gerard performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Norman Rollings) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): The second edition of the foregoing, bound in a summer-gardeny green and white, with voice and piano, done troubadour fashion, by Jerry Scott, from nine until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (but not until after her stint in "Follies") on the upper level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. With her, she often brings fun-loving Rover Girls and Boys from her own and neighboring Broadway stages. She stays home Sundays and Mondays. Dance music, too. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Gone are the days of Southern comfort in Goldie's New York, but Wayne Sanders, part of the sound in that now-lost colony, is again at the piano, nine until two, in an abode not altogether unlike it. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.



## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**KAREL APPEL**—Fifteen new paintings and eight large polychrome aluminum sculptures, plus three painted wood-and-canvas wall reliefs by this European Expressionist whose works are familiar in New York; through Nov. 13. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JEAN ARP** (1887-1966)—Marble and bronze sculptures by this celebrated Dadaist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

**WILLIAM BAILEY**—Nudes in interiors and still-lifes by a painstaking realist; through Nov. 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**VICTORIA BARR**—Lyrical abstract paintings and watercolors; through Thursday, Nov. 4. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MAX BECKMANN** (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

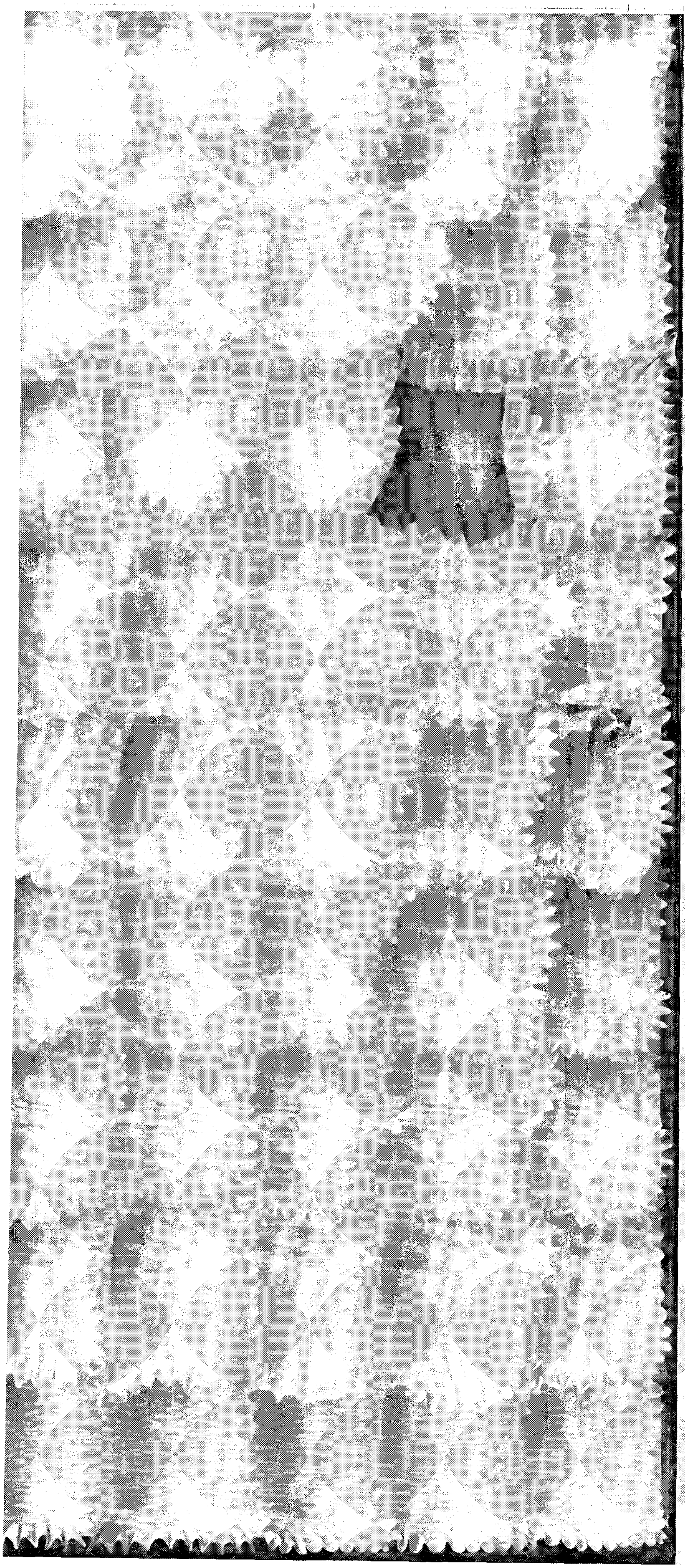
**VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN**—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SIMEON BRAGUIN**—Abstractions suggesting sails and the sea by a nineteen-thirties artist who was for many years an absentee from painting; through Nov. 18. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PAUL BURLIN** (1886-1969)—Paintings, most of them late, by this well-known Expressionist; through Nov. 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALEXANDER CALDER**—Humorous animal cutouts done this year, some with mobile parts; plus gouaches. The show is running concurrently with his show of tapestries at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WILLEM DE KOONING**—Paintings and drawings



# Plan Ahead

Now you see them, now you don't. Frangos are like that. Happily, though, our own candy kitchens keep on producing them. And there is, indeed, accounting for taste—Frangos are lavished with the finest ingredients. You'll find them in Coffee, Rum, or the legendary Mint Frangos.

There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company
FIELD'S Frango MINTS

Marshall Field & Company

The Crescent
A SUBSIDIARY OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

Frederick & Nelson
A DIVISION OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

Halle's
A SUBSIDIARY OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, CHICAGO • THE CRESCENT, SPOKANE • FREDERICK & NELSON, SEATTLE • HALLE'S, CLEVELAND

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

from the forties and fifties; through Monday, Nov. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Bob Duran**—Cloudlike abstractions; through Wednesday, Nov. 3. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Basil Ede**—Thirty watercolors of wild birds common to the United States and/or Europe by a British craftsman; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

**Paul Feeley** (1910-66)—Paintings and drawings by a "color" painter; through Nov. 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Ferro**—The first one-man show of the artist's metal sculptures made of bolted bridge-building elements; starting Saturday, Oct. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Dan Flavin**—Installations of this artist's fluorescent-light compositions. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Through Nov. 23. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Weber, 420 West Broadway. Through Nov. 17. Closed Mondays.)

**Leonel Góngora**—Oils, watercolors, and drawings of humorous and erotic conceptions of women; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**James Grashow**—Giant-size figures of men (of polyester, fibre glass, wire, and paint) engaged in a free-for-all; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Stephen Greene**—Abstract paintings; starting Saturday, Oct. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**George Grosz** (1893-1959)—Drawings done between 1912 and 1920 by the great German satirist of the First World War period; through Nov. 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

**Eva Hesse** (1936-70)—Sculptures of various raw materials; through Monday, Nov. 1. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

**Serge Hollerbach**—Caseins and drawings of contemporary scenes in New York; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Lesnick-Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

**Jess**—Paste-ups with fantastic motifs by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Joshua Johnston**—Portraits by this black artist who worked around the turn of the eighteenth century; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**Susan Kahn**—Paintings and drawings of contemporary life; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**Morton Kaish**—Decorative paintings based on realistic subjects; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alex Katz**—Painted cutouts of the artist's friends; through Nov. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ron Kleemann**—Neo-realist paintings of automobiles, subways, fire engines, and so on; through Nov. 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**David Levine**—Portraits and scenes of Coney Island in watercolor; through Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Richard Lindner**—Watercolors by the German-American famous for his threatening uniformed females; through Nov. 24. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

**René Magritte** (1898-1967)—Paintings and sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Pat Mainardi**—The first one-woman show of the artist's landscapes, political compositions, and symbolic still-lifes; through Nov. 7. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Ronald Markman**—Ten paintings and ten bronzes with satirical themes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Richard Miller**—Bronze and wax female figures; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**Amedeo Modigliani** (1884-1920)—Fifty-two paintings, including portraits and a few nudes, from private museum collections, representing all phases of the artist's development; through Nov. 13. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**George L. K. Morris**—Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, and drawings by this intellectually refined American abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Lowell Nesbitt and Anton Heyboer**—Drawings, some with watercolor, by the former, a fantasist in a hyper-realist mode, and prints by the latter, a Dutch artist who devotes himself exclusively to etching; through Nov. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Kenneth Noland**—Recent works by this well-known painter of colored stripes; through Thursday, Nov. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jerry Okimoto**—Geometric paintings which, when seen at a distance, resemble stacked logs, a pile of boxes, and so on; through Nov. 13. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Joe Overstreet**—Compositions of geometrically shaped sections of brightly painted canvas attached to the ceiling and floor at different angles from the wall; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

**David Pease**—Paintings suggesting toys, cutouts, and building blocks; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Picasso**—A joint benefit exhibition of a hundred and ten oils and works on paper in honor of the artist's ninetieth birthday: from 1901 to 1924 at the Saidenberg (1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) and from 1924 to the present at the Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through Saturday, Oct. 30.

**Gregorio Prestopino**—New bright paintings of vivacious nudes by this veteran social realist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**Robert Rauschenberg**—Constructions made of corrugated boxes; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Lucas Samaras**—Twenty sculptures in rust-covered steel based on the artist's bizarre box drawings; through Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Emilio Sanchez**—Paintings and drawings of sunlit Caribbean structures; through Nov. 7. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Peter Saul**—Drawings and one large painting on the subjects of "The Art World Establishment," "Black Power," and "The Political Scene;" starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Helene Simon**—Stone sculptures in organic forms; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Steig**—Drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Walasse Ting**—Paintings by a Chinese Abstract Expressionist; through Nov. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Mark Tobey**—Paintings from 1969 and 1970; through Nov. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart** (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

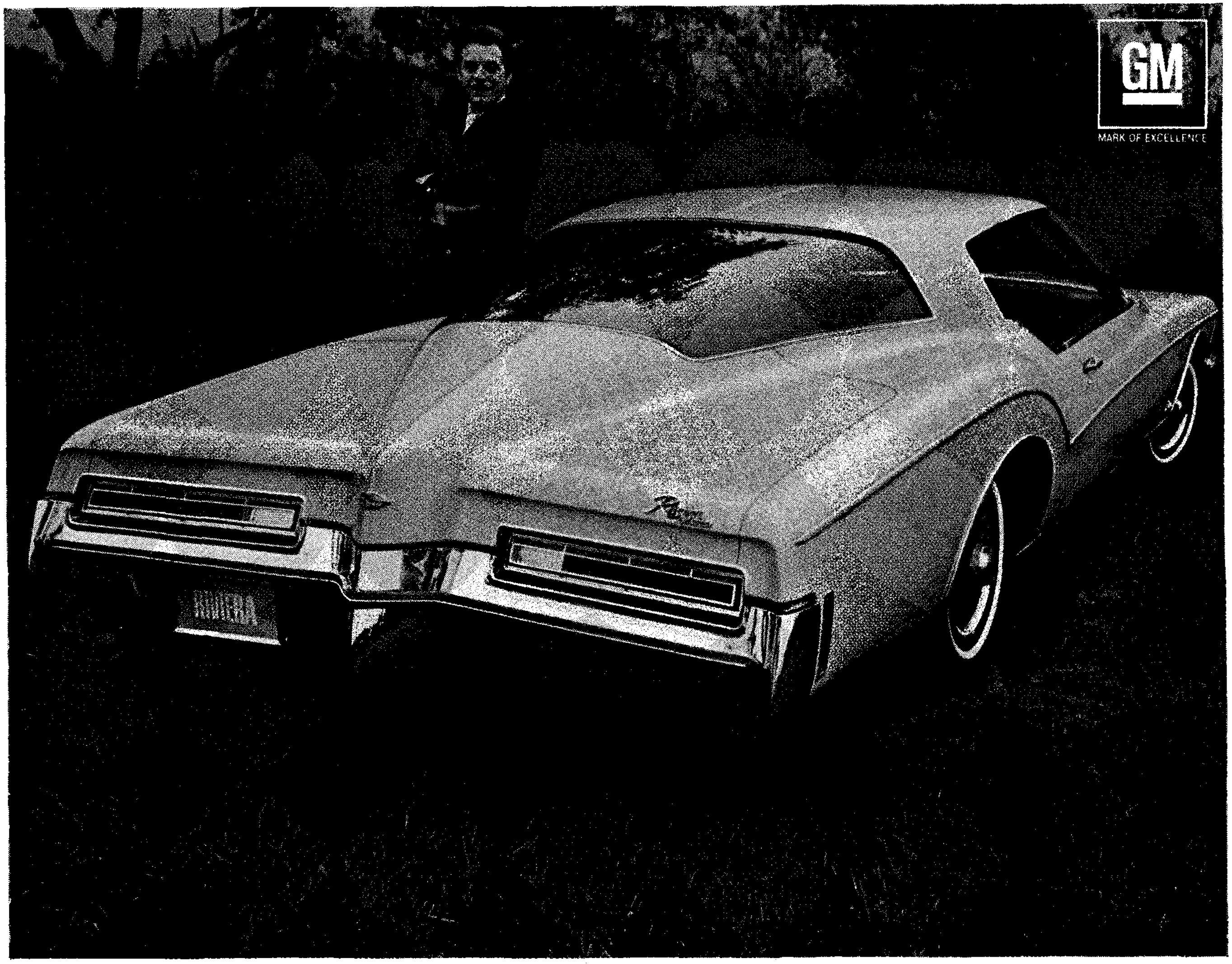
**H. C. Westermann**—Constructions, drawings, and prints by this inventor of strange images; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Gary Wojcik**—Abstract sculptures of rubber and steel; starting Saturday, Oct. 30. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Kes Zapkus and Charles Ginnever**—Large paintings with a substructure of serialized mathematical elements by the first and large abstract outdoor sculptures in rust-colored steel by the second; through Nov. 17. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **brata**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.: An exhibit of Tenth-Street old-timers, such as Cajori, de Kooning, Finkelstein, and Forakis; through Nov. 9. . . . **cisneros**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: Santos, some of them old, and graphics from Puerto Rico; through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **danenberg & roman**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Leading Americans, among them Hassam, Lawson, Weber, Zorach, and Archipenko; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **danenberg & roman contemporaries**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporaries such as Pearlstein, Wesselmann, and Gallo mixed with nineteenth-century academicians such as Gérôme and Bouguereau; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Moholy-Nagy, Matisse, Miró, Picabia, and Kandinsky, for instance; through Thursday, Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.). . . **emmerich**, 420 West Broadway: Noland, Frankenthaler, Liberman, Natkin, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.). . . **hundred acres**, 456 West Broadway: About seventy designs for peace posters by outstanding American artists (Calder, Fahlström, Katz, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, and Youngerman, to name several), also glass-and-mirror constructions by Sam Wiener; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Male-

# Extraordinary car.



We purposely designed an extraordinary car for people who don't want a car like everybody else's.

The 1972 Buick Riviera.

With extraordinary features. Extraordinary comfort.

Like AccuDrive, our unique suspension system. It has forward steering stability that helps you ride smoothly and securely even when the road is rugged or crosswinds are heavy.

Along with the front power disc brakes a special valve in Riviera's braking system adds even more smoothness by proportioning the braking force evenly from front to rear.

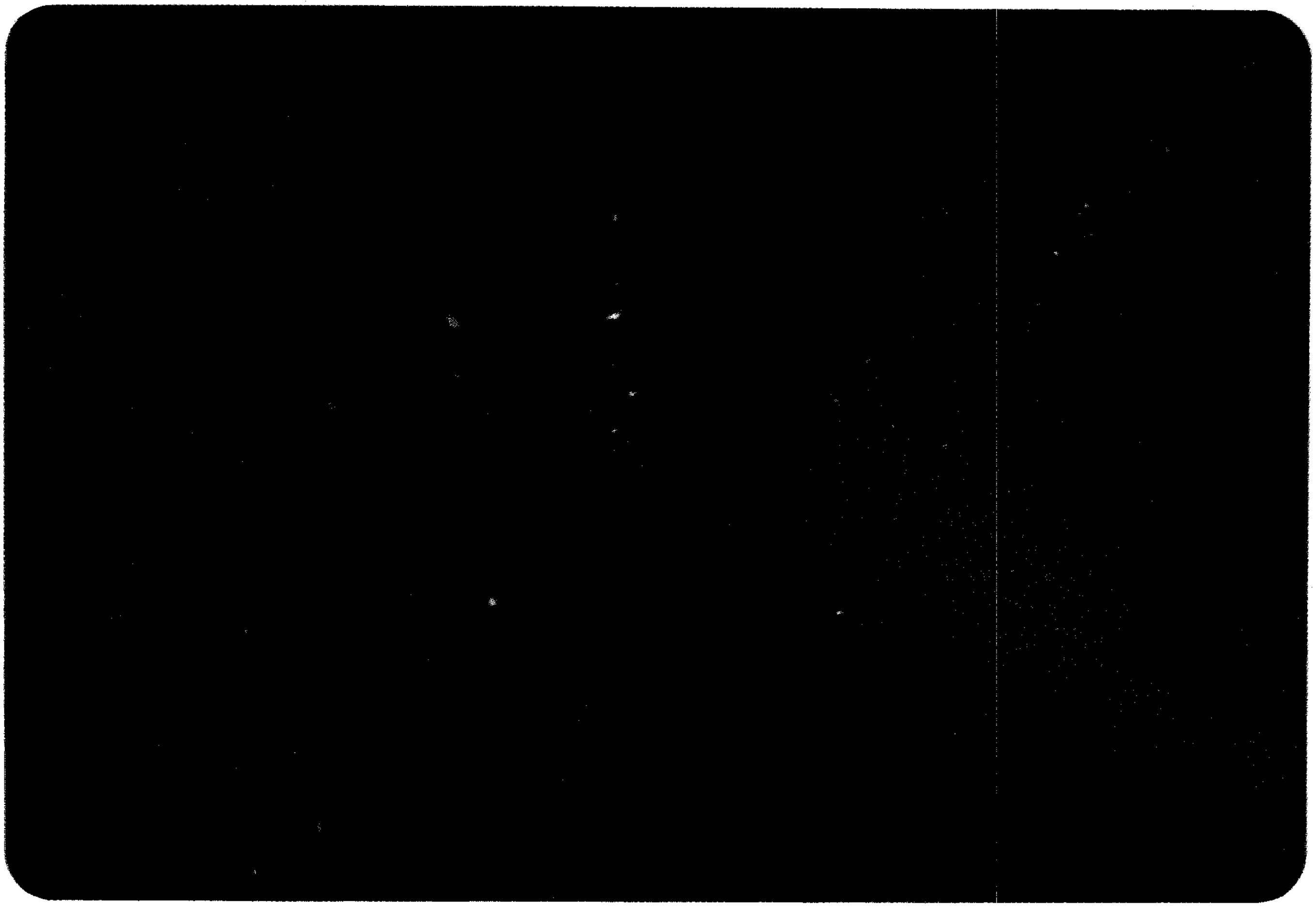
To help keep the air clean, we've added an air injection reactor which burns pollutants in the engine rather than emitting them to the outside air. This also gives us smooth engine operation.

Test drive a new Riviera soon. Compare it to your present car. In ride. In handling. In braking. In everything. We think you'll find that there just isn't any comparison.

And when you get behind the wheel, be assured of this: you're not driving a copy of anything.

**1972 Buick Riviera. Something to believe in.**

THIS IS HOW A CHATHAM CREATED EMERALD LOOKS DEEP INSIDE. NATURE ALONE CAN APPROACH IT.



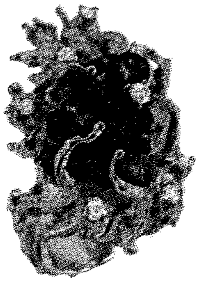
# You Are Looking Into Mr Chatham's Garden

The beauty of a natural emerald comes from within. Deep inside there are shadows, reflections, images within images, a garden beneath an emerald sea.

This inner magic is the source of the green fire found in the finest natural emerald, a gem so rare few have beheld its mystic enchantment.

Many years ago Carroll Chatham discovered the inner magic of the emerald.

Today, if you wish to own or give a gem whose magic gardens burn in fiery green brilliance, there are only two: the gem created by Nature, and the gem created by Mr Chatham.



*Cluster ring with gold and diamonds by Nat Cabot of New York*

## CHATHAM CREATED EMERALDS®

Chatham Created Emeralds require over one year to grow. Therefore, they are not always available. Consult your jeweler well in advance.

Chatham Created Emeralds are less than one-fifth the price of comparable natural emeralds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ■ ½ carat<br>$35 to $145 | ■ 1 carat<br>$80 to $350 | ■ 1½ carats<br>$120 to $570 | ■ 2 carats<br>$180 to $840 |

Chatham Created Gems, Inc., San Francisco

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

vich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center.... **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century Americans, including Hopper, Burchfield, Sloan, Demuth, Marin, and Shahn; through Thursday, Nov. 4.... **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, and the like; through Nov. 27.... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Robert Vickrey; through Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **NEW SCHOOL,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)... **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them—Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin—well known; through Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings related to the geometric-Constructivist mode by, for example, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Delaunay, Albers, Arp, and Moholy-Nagy; through Nov. 13.... **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Nov. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **SHICKMAN,** 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by such nineteenth-century French academicians as Gérôme, Couture, Tissot, Bouguereau, and Cabanel; through Saturday, Nov. 6.... **SONNABEND,** 420 West Broadway: Tapes, televised films, photos, and graphs of projects executed by N.E. Thing Co., Ltd., whose president is the artist Ian Baxter; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **TERRAIN,** 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three followers of "aesthetic realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; through Nov. 25. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6.)... **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Dadaist and Surrealist paintings, drawings, books, and graphics; through Saturday, Oct. 30.... **WESTBETH,** 155 Bank St.: Paintings by ten Westbeth Housing Project artists, including Robert De Niro, Robert Fabian, Fred Farr, Leatrice Rose, and Anne Tabachnick; through Nov. 14. (Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 2 to 6; Fridays, 4 to 8.)... **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Twenty Impressionist still-lifes on paper by Turku Trajan, plus paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, who include Agostini, Frank, Nadelman, Rose, and Hill; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

**Sculptors Guild**—Their thirty-fourth annual, composed of about eighty pieces (by Doris Caesar, Helen Beling, William Talbot, Lyman Kipp, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; starting Sunday, Oct. 31. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30.... ¶ A special collection of thirty-five paintings by artists ranging from a pupil of van Eyck to Hopper, showing the use of light for expressive purposes; through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Monday, Nov. 1.... ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10.... ¶ A fifteen-by-thirty-foot shaped canvas by Jasper Johns, in paint, collage, and encaustic, based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Airocean World Projection; through Nov. 7.... ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre (1901-68), a leading designer in that field; through Sunday, Oct. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-one works, of which a hundred and sixteen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 1.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures by ten artists averaging twenty-five years of age, unfamiliar in New York, who are recipients of awards from a foundation; through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-nine prints in exceptionally large sizes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2.... ¶ Twenty tapestries executed in the past two years from designs by Alexander Calder; through Thursday, Nov. 4. A complement to this showing is his exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by eight contemporaries; through Nov. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Election Day, 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—Over forty stone and whalebone carvings and twenty-four prints of animals and figures by contemporary Eskimo artists; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

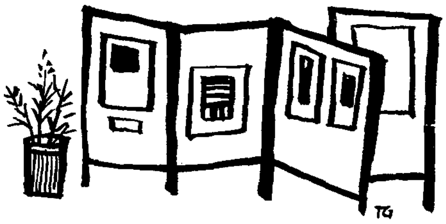
**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and eighteen works of ancient Indonesian art from the Central Javanese period (eighth century to mid-tenth) and the Eastern Javanese period (mid-thirteenth century to fifteenth), including stone carvings and bronzes, as well as pieces in gold and silver; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art,** 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and poetry by Sonia Sekula (1918-63), a figure in the New York art world during the forties and fifties; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school, which dates from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, woodblock books, and other objects. Through Nov. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac; the exhibit will include a slide presentation, narrated by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—Photogravures, most of them portraits, of the North American Indian done by Edward S. Curtis in the early twentieth century, along with supplementary material by other observers that dates back to 1524; through Saturday, Nov. 6.... ¶ Manuscripts of the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; through Saturday, Nov. 6.... ¶ Six large watercolors and drawings by John James Audubon, dated between 1841 and 1843, of an Eastern woodchuck, a skunk, and other New York animals; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Weekdays, except Election Day, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.... ¶ Over three hundred examples of comics, tracing the history of this genre from its beginnings in Europe through its emergence in America in the late nineteenth century to contemporary underground comics; through Nov. 7.... ¶ Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, florals, battle scenes, clowns, and horses by Gian Rodolfo D'Accardi, a Milanese artist born in 1906; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The H. L. Mencken papers: typescripts of reviews and editorials and a ream of letters to and from this American writer and editor; through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9.... ¶ Photographs taken by James Van DerZee between 1900 and 1971; through Nov. 14. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, William Walker, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Luisa Miller," with Gabriella Tucci, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. A non-subscription performance.... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 1: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Batyah Godfrey, Franco Bonisolli, Cornell MacNeil, John Macurdy, and Edmond Karlsrud.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 2: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, John Alexander, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 3: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Friday eve-

**Persian Lamb? It's sham. But it surely warms Miss Bonwit!**

You know it's not real, but try convincing others! Great fake Persian lamb in brown modacrylic pile, cotton backed; a La France® fabric, a Division of Riegel Textile Corporation. Lavished with cotton suede trims, 6 to 14, 135.00 Miss Bonwit Coats Bonwit Teller Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, N.Y. and also at all Bonwit Teller stores

BONWIT
TELLER

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, Nov. 5: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Mary Ellen Pracht, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Frederica von Stade, Franco Bonisolli, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Robert Hale, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Michael Devlin, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 1:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7:15: A new production of Floyd's "Susannah," with Maralin Niska, Harry Theyard, Norman Treigle, and Bernard Fitch. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "Susannah," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, Norman Treigle, and Harry Theyard. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Robert Johnson, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, and Richard Fredricks. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-5820, Ext. 354. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At *Philharmonic Hall*—Michael Gielen conducting on Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 29, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 1, at 7:30 (all with Siegfried Palm, cello). . . . ¶ Michael Tilson Thomas conducting on Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 8, at 7:30 (all with Evelyn Lear, soprano).

**Boston Symphony**—William Steinberg conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, and Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8, with Christiane Edinger, violin.) . . . ¶ Michael Tilson Thomas conducting; no soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

**National Symphony Orchestra**—Antal Dorati conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

**Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra**—Thomas Schippers conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

**New Philharmonia Orchestra of London**—Lorin Maazel conducting two programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

**Detroit Symphony Orchestra**—Sixten Ehrling directing, with Lili Chookasian, contralto; the Mount Holyoke College Glee Club; and the Williams College Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

**Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra**—William Steinberg conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**New School Concerts**—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Stravinsky program, with Cathy Berberian, mezzo-soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Antonio de Almeida conducting, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

**Little Orchestra Society**—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Magda Olivero, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

**Manhattan Orchestra**—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

**Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra**—Johannes Somary directing the first in a series of four all-Haydn programs, with soloists. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Oct. 29, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

**Canterbury Choral Society**—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Palestrina-Purcell program, with soloists and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

## RECITALS

**Bergson Trio**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

**Robert Goldsand**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

**Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic**—The second in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music, this one conducted by Michael Gielen. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Oct. 29.)

**Vermeer Quartet**—With Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Pro Musica de Rosario**—Singers and instrumentalists from Argentina in a program of music from the Middle Ages and the baroque period. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:40.)

**Robert and Gaby Casadesus**—A program of music for one and two pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

**Music From Marlboro**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

**Doris Pines**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

**Ruth Laredo**—The second of two concerts presenting the Scriabin cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:15.)

**Christa Ludwig and Leonard Bernstein**—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in a benefit all-Brahms lieder recital, with Paul Doktor, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

**Thomas Richner**—Piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

**Nathaniel Rosen**—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:15.)

**Gisela May**—Songs of Brecht and Weill. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 2-6, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:30.)

**Evenings for New Music**—"Percussion in the New Chamber Music," the first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

**Murray Perahia**—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

**New York Pro Musica**—A repeat performance of an all-Josquin concert on June 21. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

**Grant Johannesen**—Piano. (Washington Irving

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company

# How to tame your acquisitive instinct.

No matter how tempting an opportunity it may seem to be, an acquisition has to work on all levels or it's trouble.

So a complex evaluation of both companies must be made to see how well the jigsaw puzzle fits together. Furthermore, the evaluation has to be continually kept current, until the merger or acquisition takes place.

Anything less than this kind of effort is simply not good enough. Not any more. But it's a heavy load on anyone's staff, even if you have the required specialists on hand. And you probably don't.

Which is where B T Consultants fits in.

We have the staff; they're our reason for existing. We have specialists thoroughly experienced at helping large firms and small ones merge, sell and acquire (or in solving any other corporate problem for that matter). We have merger analysts. Tax experts. Legal advisors. Economists. Computer men. Every expertise you could possibly need.

And with us, the computer is strictly a means, not an end. Our staff goes on the assumption that print-outs are so much ecological waste until they've been decoded for you into practical proposals for action. Or inaction.

You don't have to be a customer of Bankers Trust to be a customer of B T Consultants. (Neither, of course, does the company you're interested in acquiring; we'll help you look everywhere.) For an exploratory consultation at no charge, write: Allen D.R. Stern, Vice President, B T Consultants, Bankers Trust Company, 280 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

Maybe we'll tame you; maybe we'll unleash you.

**You'll find BT Consultants at Bankers Trust.**

Perfect for

at home-sweet-home.

Long and lovely. Ruffled and rhinestoned. Our luscious, blue fleece hostess gown with surplice neckline. Triacetate and nylon, 8 to 16 sizes, 35.00*

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Fernando Valenti**—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

## MISCELLANY

**Music of Howard Swanson**—Armenta Adams, piano; Charlotte Holloman, soprano; Kermit Moore, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Rod Levitt Orchestra**—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, Oct. 29, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.)

**David Amram Quartet**—With commentary. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

**Irish Rovers**—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 1, at 8.

**José Feliciano**—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8 and 11.

**Pink Floyd**—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.

**Bert Lucarelli**—Oboist, in a program part classical and part rock, with Glue. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 28, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Houston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

**Boxing**—George Foreman vs. Louis Pires, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

**College Football**—**saturday, oct. 30:** Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Pace, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 6** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven.

**Professional Football**—Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 1.)

**Hockey**—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto.

**Horse Shows**—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Oct. 31.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 2, through Tuesday, Nov. 9. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

**Hunt Racing**—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 6.)

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays; last day Wednesday, Dec. 15. Through Saturday, Oct. 30, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 30; the Ladies Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 2; the Knickerbocker Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 3; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Benjamin Franklin Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 30, and the Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 30.

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Opera**—"The Hunting of the Snark," a children's opera by Edwin Roberts and Bill Tchakirides, based on Lewis Carroll's poem of the same name. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 1, 3, and 5. For information about tickets, call 427-2906.)

**Stage Shows**—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, Oct. 31, and Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Behalf of the Laugh." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **ten penny players:** "Yes, Yes, Boniface!" (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Interplanetary Travelers." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

**Junior Museum Studio,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A display of children's paintings honoring the Harlem School of the Arts; starting Friday, Oct. 29. (Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 11 to 2; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 5.)

**Note**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

## ET ALIA

**Election Day**—Tuesday, Nov. 2; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

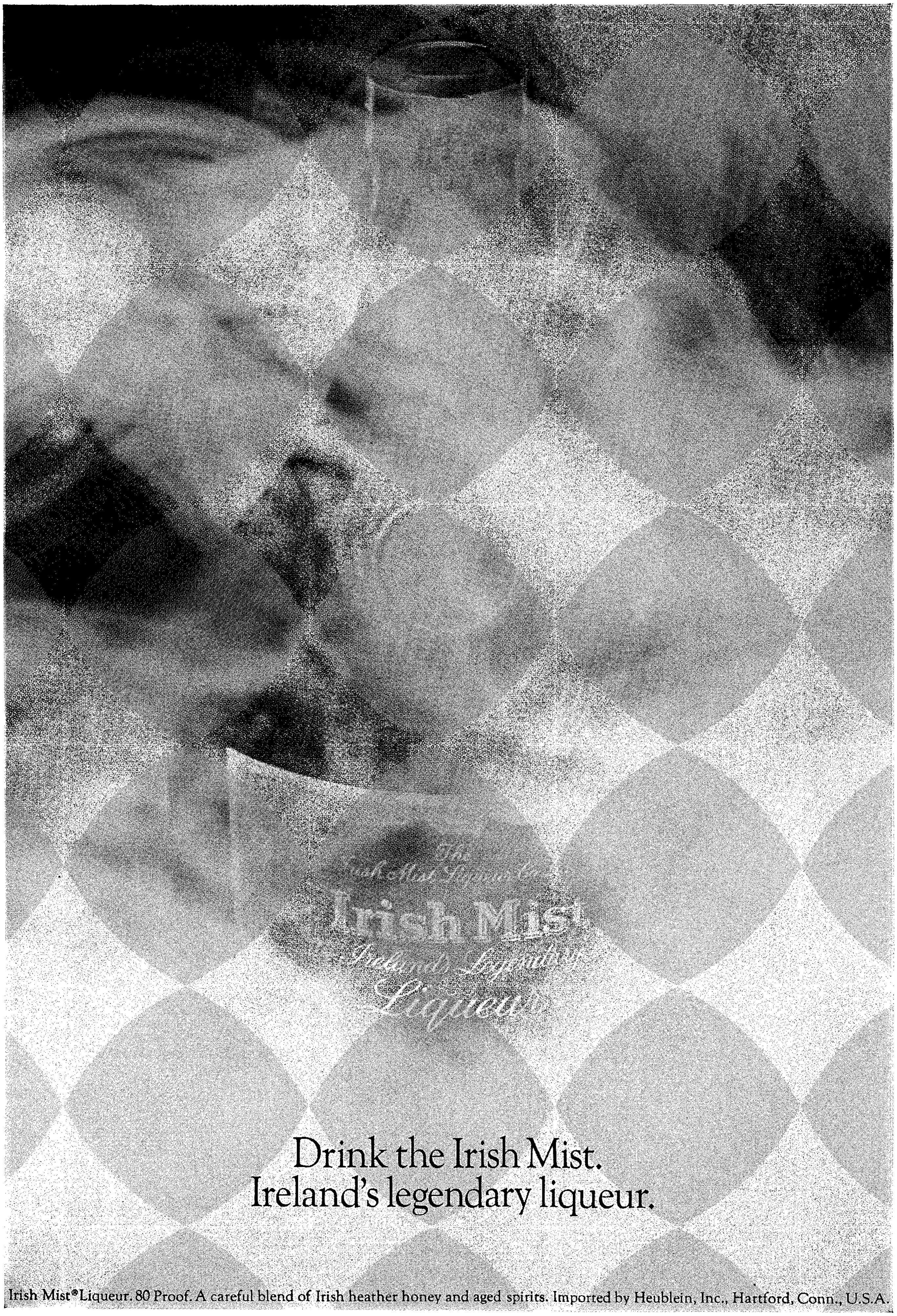
**United Nations**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**Poetry Readings**—Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky reading from their own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the day of the readings.)

**Lecture**—"China Today," by the former French Premier and Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville. (Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8. Admission is free.)

**National Arts and Antiques Festival**—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays are Persian swords, daggers, and knives; Ming and Ching porcelain; American handmade quilts; and Oceanic ancestor figures, shields, and masks. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 27-30, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, Oct. 31, from 1 to 7.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, belonging to Bryn Mawr Col-



The
Irish Mist Liqueur Co.
Irish Mist
Ireland's Legendary
Liqueur

Drink the Irish Mist.
Ireland's legendary liqueur.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. 80 Proof. A careful blend of Irish heather honey and aged spirits. Imported by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

1972 Maverick 2-Door Sedan.

# Own the car that doesn't own you.

1972 Maverick 4-Door Sedan.

Finally, a car that practically takes care of itself. Maverick is designed to save you time and money. Of all 31 American cars surveyed by Popular Mechanics Magazine—Maverick had the highest percentage of owners reporting no mechanical troubles.

Maverick's regular service schedule won't get you down, either. This little compact goes 6,000 miles between oil changes, 36,000 miles between chassis lubes. The brakes are self-adjusting. And you can keep on saving by doing most routine maintenance jobs yourself. Change spark plugs, replace fuel filter, tune-ups and oil changes, too.

Choose a Six or V-8, 2-door, 4-door or Sporty Grabber. At your Ford Dealer's.

Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

**America's favorite compact.**

MAVERICK Ford

lege and other owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: Western American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from the collection of Dr. Lester Bauer and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 2: Chinese Export porcelain, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2: American furniture, from the Cornelius C. Moore collection and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 2: European sculptures and other works of art, from the estate of Ailsa Mellon Bruce and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2: Barbizon paintings, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 30.

**FILM LIBRARIES**—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Orders to Kill" (1958), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Eddie Albert and Paul Massie. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at noon: "The Cincinnati Kid" (1965), directed by Norman Jewison, with Steve McQueen and Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 2: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968), directed by Norman Jewison, with Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 5:30: "In the Heat of the Night" (1967), directed by Norman Jewison, with Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 8: "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" (1966), directed by Norman Jewison, with Carl Reiner and Alan Arkin. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 11:30: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), a French film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Maria Falconetti. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 3 and 5:30: "The Concrete Jungle" (1960), directed by Joseph Losey, with Stanley Baker and Sam Wanamaker. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2 and 5:30: "A Boy Ten Feet Tall" (1965), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 1: "The Epic That Never Was" (1965), written and produced by Bill Duncalf for the B.B.C. and including material from Josef von Sternberg's unfinished film "I Claudius.". . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 6 and Nov. 2 at 2: "The Return of Peter Grimm" (1926), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Janet Gaynor. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 5:30: "The Epic That Never Was" (1965). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Night of the Demon" (1958), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Dana Andrews and Peggy Cummins. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "Room at the Top" (1958), directed by Jack Clayton, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5:30: "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" (1960), directed by Karel Reisz, with Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: "This Sporting Life" (1963), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Oct. 29: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), directed by V. I. Pudovkin. . . . ¶ Oct. 30-31: "Turksib" (1929), directed by Victor Turin. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 3: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929), directed by Dziga Vertov; and "Kino Pravda" (1922). (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Belson, Baillie, Anger, Brakhage, Bresson, Chaplin, Broughton, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (six o'clock only on Oct. 31). No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

**DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME**—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

**a refreshing touch for a man's Fall wardrobe . . .**
**OUR POLKA DOT NECKWEAR**

In a variety of sizes—from pin dot to coin—and from traditional white on colored grounds to multicolored dots . . . this most distinctive pattern is always in proper taste. The neckwear is made in our own workrooms of English silk foulard woven exclusively for Brooks Brothers. You will find our new polka dot neckwear in both 3½ and 4 inch widths in all of our stores.

*Our 3½" Polka Dot Neckwear,* $7.50
*Our 4" Polka Dot Neckwear,* $8.50

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

# No-fault auto insurance
# are for it, shouldn't

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing.

Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

So if you call or write The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, we'll send you out a simple explanation of no-fault. As unbiased as we can make it.

We'll tell you what major no-fault insurance plans have been passed or are being considered.

# If insurance companies
# you be against it?

We'll tell you how the various plans are supposed to work.

We'll tell you what problems they could solve and what problems they can't possibly solve.

And, of course, we'll tell you what we think ought to be done.

Then you can make up your own mind. Before your state legislators make up theirs.

And if you have any less lofty questions on your mind—or any problems—our Office of Consumer Information will do its best to help you with them too.

Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time **(800) 243-0191.**

Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565.**

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.

THE TRAVELERS

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | |

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 2: "The Informer" and "The Grapes of Wrath."
From Nov. 3: "Walkabout" and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."
**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 27: "Summer Holiday" and "Girl Crazy."
Oct. 28-30: "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "20 Million Sweethearts."
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Broadway Melody of 1938."
From Nov. 4: "The Band Wagon" and "Royal Wedding."
**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Oct. 27: "Bad Company," "Identification Marks: None," and "The Koumiko Mystery."
Oct. 28: "October," "Strike," and "Letter from Siberia."
Oct. 29-30: "Une Femme Douce" and "Raven's End."
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Portrait of Jason" and "The Blue Angel."
Nov. 2: "Le Socrate" and "Far from Vietnam."
Nov. 3: "Les Créatures" and "Le Petit Soldat."
Nov. 4: "In the Year of the Pig" and "The End of St. Petersburg."
**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Summer of '42" and "Promise at Dawn."
**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 2 (tentative): "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
From Nov. 3 (tentative): "Taking Off" and "Two-Lane Blacktop."
**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."
**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 28: "High Sierra" and "The Petrified Forest."
From Oct. 29: "Punishment Park."
**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"War and Peace."
**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Joe Hill."
**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Oct. 27: "The Conformist."
From Oct. 28: "Bless the Beasts & Children."
**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."
**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets."
**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."
**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."
**R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Some of My Bests Friends Are . . ."
**Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Death in Venice."
**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."
**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."
**Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."
**Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
From Oct. 29: "A Safe Place."
**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."
**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."
**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"T. R. Baskin."
**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wings."
**Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Living Desert" and "The Vanishing Prairie."
**Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Nov. 2 (tentative): "The Touch" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Nov. 3 (tentative): "Jennifer on My Mind."
**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."
**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Devils."
**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."
**Loew's Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 28: "Summer of '42."
From Oct. 29: "Let's Scare Jessica to Death."
**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Organization."

### WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Nov. 3: "School Play."
From Nov. 4: "Three Lives."
**Garrick**, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Nov. 2: A week of Vincent Price films.
**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 2: "The Touch" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Nov. 3: "Two-Lane Blacktop" and "Taking Off."
**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 2: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "The Battle of Algiers."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.
**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Oct. 27: "The Clowns."
From Oct. 28: "Medea."
**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."
**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 28: "Grand Illusion" and "Rules of the Game."
Oct. 29-Nov. 4: "Mississippi Mermaid" and "Stolen Kisses."
**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 2: "Captain Apache" and "A Town Called Hell."
From Nov. 3: "Play Misty for Me."
**Bijou Cinema**, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Nov. 2: "Fort of Ezo" and "The Sword of Doom." (No performances on Sunday, Oct. 31.)
From Nov. 3: "Samurai Banners."
**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Oct. 27: "Sleeping Beauty."
From Oct. 28: "The Living Desert" and "The Vanishing Prairie."
**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Oct. 27: "Kotch."
From Oct. 28: "The Railway Children."
**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."
**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murmur of the Heart."
**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 28: "The Début."
From Oct. 29: "And Quiet Flows the Don" and "The Cranes Are Flying."
**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Maidstone."
**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"It Only Happens to Others."
**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Joe Hill."
**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 2: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 3: "Jennifer on My Mind."
**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 27: "The Todd Killings" and "Women in Cages."
Oct. 28-Nov. 2: "The Conformist" and "Benjamin."
From Nov. 3: "Cry Uncle."
**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 2: "The Touch" and "Charly."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.
**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Millhouse: A White Comedy."
**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 2: "Performance" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
From Nov. 3: "Bananas" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."
**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 27: "David Copperfield" and "Min and Bill."
Oct. 28-Nov. 2: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Lust for Life."
From Nov. 3: "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mata Hari."
**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."
**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Oct. 27: "The Gladiators" and "One Plus One."
Oct. 28-Nov. 4: "A Day at the Races" and "At the Circus."

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**And Quiet Flows the Don** (1960)—Directed by Sergei Gerasimov. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Oct. 29.)

**At the Circus** (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Olympia; Oct. 28-Nov. 4.)

**Bad Company** (1969)—Jean Eustache wrote and directed the two films that form this package—"Robinson's Place," forty minutes long and made in 1964, and "Santa Claus Has Blue Eyes," forty-eight minutes long and made in 1966. The first is about two Parisian boys trying to make out; the second features Jean-Pierre Léaud as a small-town boy who works as a Santa Claus and has more success with girls when in costume than when out. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 27.)

**Bananas**—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Symphony; starting Nov. 3.)

**The Band Wagon** (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men—Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 4.)

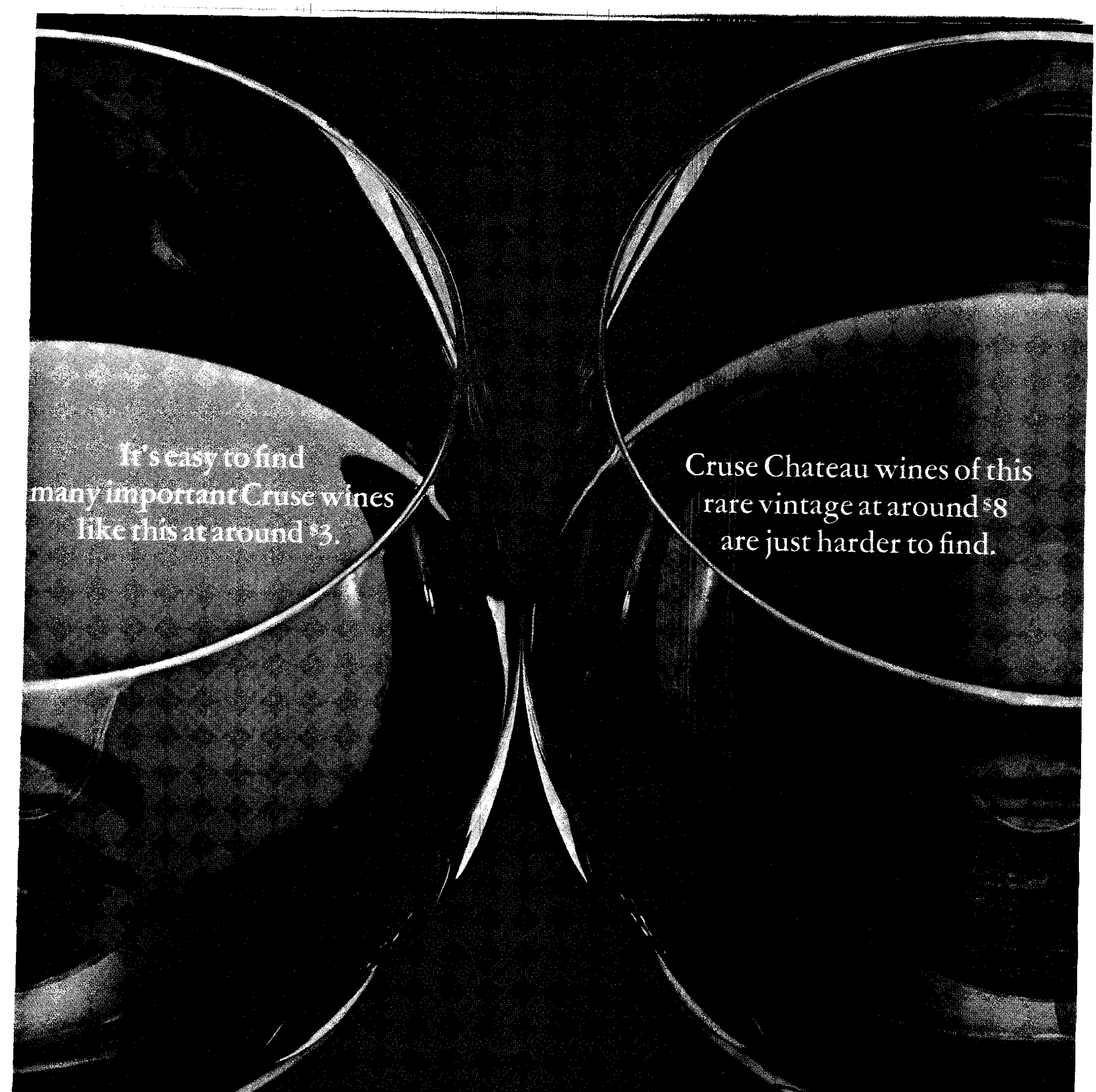
**The Battle of Algiers** (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 2.)

**Benjamin** (1968)—Pierre Clémenti and Catherine Deneuve are the virgins who eventually get deflowered, while Michel Piccoli and Michèle Morgan have their mature love problems. Fine for people who like Gallic romps and aphorisms about the relations of the sexes. Directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Regency; Oct. 28-Nov. 2.)

**Bless the Beasts & Children**—The indefatigable Stanley Kramer. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 28.)

**The Blue Angel** (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

**Broadway Melody of 1936**—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in



It's easy to find many important Cruse wines like this at around $3.

Cruse Chateau wines of this rare vintage at around $8 are just harder to find.

# THE PRICE OF THESE WINES IS BASED ON NATURE'S GENEROSITY, NOT OURS.

The market value of wine fluctuates like the earth's other gems. The more there is, the less it costs.

Wine is a living thing. The sun, the soil, the weather contribute to its quality. So, the price is based on nature's generosity, not ours.

When the harvest is plentiful, the price of a fine wine will be lower. But, in a year when the harvest is meager, a comparable wine can become a costly collector's item.

That's why our wines are told apart more often by tasting than pricing.

Around $3
Around $8
Cruse
Chateau Pontet Canet

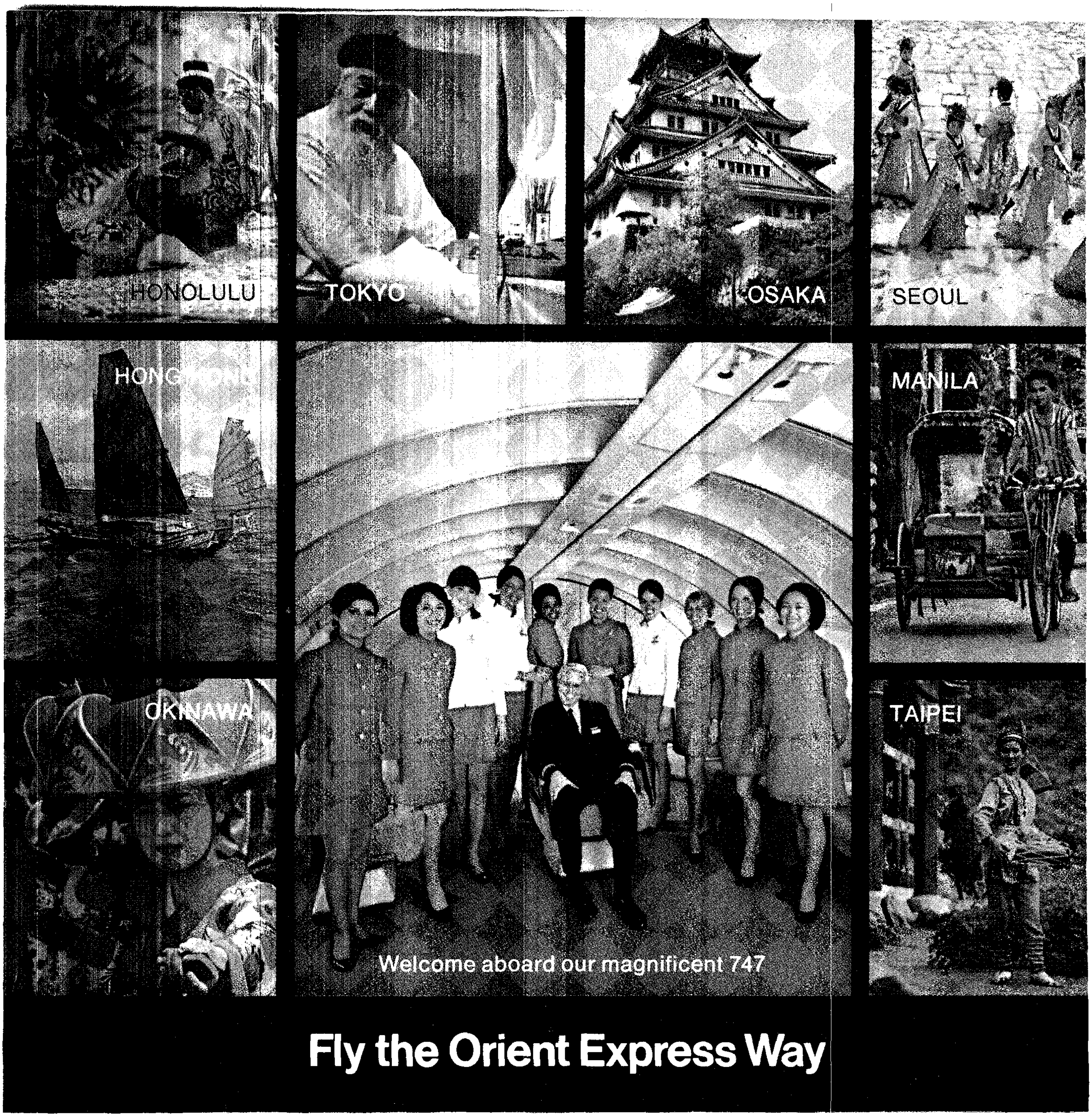
© 1971 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.

Each Cruse wine is a classic example of its type...from our noble chateau wines to Cruse selections from every great wine region of France.

If the proud Cruse name is on the bottle, you can be sure the wine is superlative. Every wine bearing the Cruse crescent is a credit to their heritage.

Cruse

So don't let a low price on our bottle lower your expectations. Any Cruse wine will raise your standards.


HONOLULU
TOKYO
OSAKA
SEOUL
HONG KONG
MANILA
OKINAWA
TAIPEI
Welcome aboard our magnificent 747
Fly the Orient Express Way

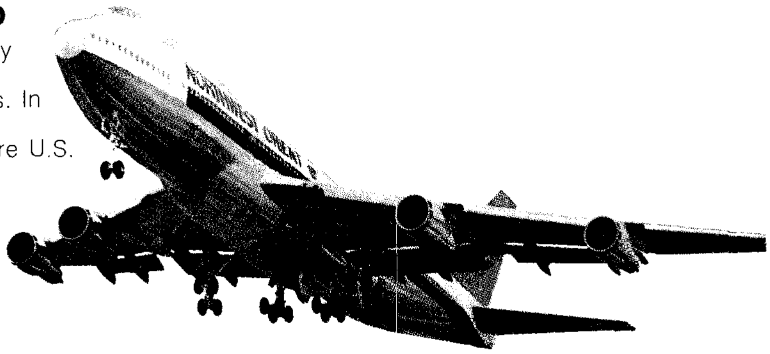
## Nobody knows the Orient like we do

Where to stay in Manila? What to see in Seoul? How many Hong Kong dollars equal a U.S. dollar?

You can rely on Northwest Orient to have the answers. In fact, we've had them for 25 years.

Today, nobody else flies direct to the Orient from more U.S. cities, or flies more 747s. Nobody else treats you to *magnificent Regal Imperial Service.* Nobody else gives you a choice of polar, north-Pacific, and mid-Pacific routes, either.

Fly the Orient Express Way. Nobody else does it nearly so well.



**NORTHWEST ORIENT 747**

Take a trip and use our new Fly Now-Pay Later credit plan. Call us for details.

**The most extraordinary tours to the Orient and around the world on Northwest Orient.**

Northwest offers 8 unique itineraries of the Orient and the world that visit exotic areas like Borneo, Bali, Khyber Pass, and the Kingdom of Swat.

These unique tours—embracing both the usual and unusual—are designed to let you absorb the cultures of the lands you travel through.

You'll enjoy the very best, all the way, with experienced tour leaders; special entertainment, luxury hotels, and a la carte dining. To insure the most personal attention, membership is limited to 25 persons.

Tours depart throughout 1972 . . . here's the choice:

- **Orient Highlights:** 16 days $795*
- **Classic Orient Tours:** 21 days $995*; 26 days $1195*
- **Mandarin Orient Tours:** 29 days $1395*; 34 days $1595*
- **Grand Orient Tours:** 55 days $2495*
- **Classic Around the World Tour:** 35 days $1495*
- **Grand World Tours:** 42 days $1795*; 62 days $2595*
- **"Kipling" Around the World Tours:** 64 days $2795*; 80 days $3395*
- **Lost Worlds Tour:** 80 days $3795*

***All prices plus air fare.**

Ask your travel agent for the exact itineraries. Or mail the coupon. Don't wait too long, though—each tour is limited to no more than 25 people.

**Mail to: Northwest Orient Airlines**
**Tour Department (600)**
**Minneapolis/St. Paul**
**International Airport**
**St. Paul, Minnesota 55111**

Please send me more information. I'm seriously interested in:

☐ Tours of the Orient
☐ Around the World Tours

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
My travel agent ____________
City ____________ Zip ____________
TR-NY-10
NY

NORTHWEST ORIENT

glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938**—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor again, this time with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing that memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score, once again, is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown (but not as good), and the director once again Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

**BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID** (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Art; starting Nov. 3.)

**CAPTAIN APACHE**—Spanish oater; it appears to be intended as a spoof, but after a while who can be sure? With Lee Van Cleef as an Indian West Point graduate, and Carroll Baker and Stuart Whitman; directed by Alexander Singer. They have all seen better days, and, with luck, will again. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 2.)

**CARNAL KNOWLEDGE**—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF** (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Thalia; Oct. 28-Nov. 2.)

**CHARLY** (1968)—Mawkish, commercially successful story about a retarded adult (Cliff Robertson) whose teacher (Claire Bloom) helps him get brain surgery. He becomes a genius, but only temporarily. Ralph Nelson directed, like Charly before the brain surgery. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 2.)

**THE CLOWNS**—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; Oct. 27.)

**THE CONFORMIST**—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Regency; Oct. 28-Nov. 2.)

**THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (1957)—An account of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Oct. 29.)

**LES CRÉATURES** (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a beautiful pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 3.)

**CRY UNCLE**—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay. . . . ¶ Regency; starting Nov. 3.)

**DAVID COPPERFIELD** (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Thalia; Oct. 27.)

**A DAY AT THE RACES** (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Olympia; Oct. 28-Nov. 4.)

**DEATH IN VENICE**—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Ciné Malibu.)

**THE DÉBUT**—A plain girl is selected to star in a movie about Joan of Arc. The movie declines into implausible ironies, but Inna Churikova makes the girl so desperate and so fundamentally an awful girl that you can't take your eyes away. Not a particularly good picture, but it holds you. Directed by Gleb Panfilov. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

**DESPERATE CHARACTERS**—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

**THE DEVILS**—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (U. A. East.)

**THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG** (1927)—The Russian revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4.)

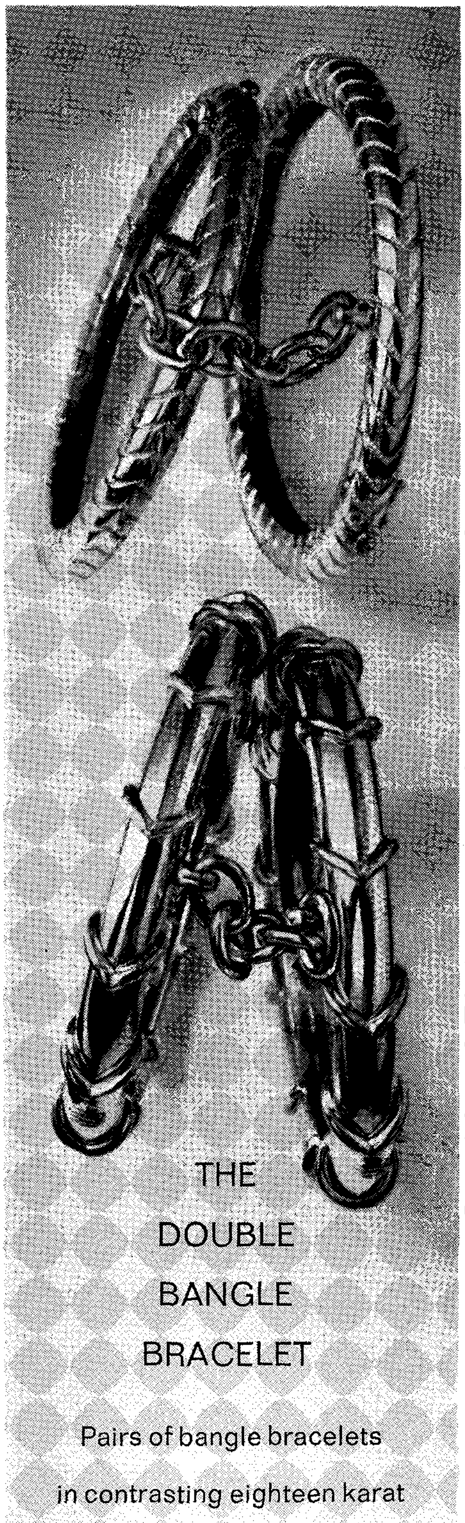
**FAR FROM VIETNAM** (1967)—The Vietnam war as viewed by six Paris directors: Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais, William Klein, Joris Ivens, Agnès Varda, and Claude Lelouch. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 2.)

**UNE FEMME DOUCE**—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—*his first film in color, though it* turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 29-30.)

**FORT OF EZO**—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; through Nov. 2. No performances on Sunday, Oct. 31.)

**THE FRENCH CONNECTION**—With Gene Hackman, directed by William Friedkin. (Orpheum.)

**GIRL CRAZY** (1943)—This second movie version



THE
DOUBLE
BANGLE
BRACELET

Pairs of bangle bracelets
in contrasting eighteen karat
yellow and white gold
linked together with
yellow gold chain.
From top: $750. $825.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK
FIFTH AVENUE & 57th STREET 10022
Atlanta · Chicago · Houston · San Francisco · Beverly Hills
*Please add sales tax where applicable*

of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; it's more freely adapted than the first, an R.K.O. film that starred Wheeler and Woolsey. This time it's M-G-M, and the cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27.)

**THE GO-BETWEEN**—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933** (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 28-30.)

**GONE WITH THE WIND** (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 2.)

**GRAND ILLUSION** (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 28.)

**THE GRAPES OF WRATH** (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel. With Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Art; through Nov. 2.)

**THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE**—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 2, tentative.)

**HIGH SIERRA** (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, which has been imitated widely both abroad and here, set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half of the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Murray Hill; through Oct. 28.)

**IDENTIFICATION MARKS: NONE** (1964)—The director, Jerzy Skolimowski, also stars in this proficient but cold and dislikable movie about the adventures of a sullen draft dodger. In Polish. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 27.)

**THE INFORMER** (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Art; through Nov. 2.)

**IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG** (1969)—Emile de Antonio has gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam war. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American words we might like to forget. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4.)

**IT ONLY HAPPENS TO OTHERS**—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris.)

**JENNIFER ON MY MIND**—With Michael Brandon and Tippy Walker, directed by Noel Black. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; starting Nov. 3, tentative.)

**JOE HILL**—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. With Thommy Berggren, directed by Bo Widerberg. (Sutton and Paramount.)

**KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS** (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Plaza.)

**KOTCH**—With Walter Matthau, directed by Jack Lemmon. Dreadful. (Music Hall; Oct. 27.)

**THE KOUMIKO MYSTERY** (1966)—This lovely hour-long documentary about a modern Japanese girl was shot by Chris Marker in Tokyo during the Olympics. The mystery is the mystery of human individuality; Koumiko, with her archaic Oriental beauty, walks through the transient World's Fair atmosphere seeing herself as an outsider in modern Japan. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 27.)

**THE LAST PICTURE SHOW**—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

**LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH**—Poor thriller, helped by the performance of Zohra Lampert. Directed by John Hancock. (Loew's Ciné; starting Oct. 29.)

**LETTER FROM SIBERIA** (1957)—Chris Marker's hour-long delicately comic documentary about a remote Siberian village. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 28.)

**THE LIVING DESERT** (1953)—Walt Disney on the flora and fauna of our Far Western wastelands. Not bad at all. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Oct. 28.)

**LONG AGO, TOMORROW**—With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

**LUST FOR LIFE** (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Thalia; Oct. 28-Nov. 2.)

**MAIDSTONE**—As a movie director, Norman Mailer didn't have much to retrogress from, but he managed. To the degree that there is any hero involved in this sad enterprise, it is Rip Torn, who, perceiving that there was no movie unless *something* happened, attacked the director with a toy hammer. (Lincoln Art.)

**MATA HARI** (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly wretched script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Thalia; starting Nov. 3.)

**MCCABE & MRS. MILLER**—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 2.)

**MEDEA**—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 28.)

**MILLHOUSE: A WHITE COMEDY**—A documentary about Richard Nixon, by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (New Yorker.)

**MIN AND BILL** (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Thalia; Oct. 27.)

**MISSISSIPPI MERMAID** (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 29-Nov. 4.)

**MURMUR OF THE HEART**—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

**MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY** (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Thalia; starting Nov. 3.)

**October** (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. Also called "Ten Days That Shook the World." (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 28.)

**One Plus One** (1968)—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is very fine, subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (Olympia; Oct. 27.)

**The Organization**—Sidney Poitier as Virgil Tibbs. Directed by Don Medford. (86th St. East.)

**Performance** (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Symphony; through Nov. 2.)

**Le Petit Soldat** (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an Existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 3.)

**The Petrified Forest** (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Murray Hill; through Oct. 28.)

**Play Misty for Me**—With Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Nov. 3.)

**Portrait of Jason** (1967)—A Negro homosexual hustler talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew in this monologue film. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

**Vincent Price**—A week of films starring Mr. Price: Oct. 27: "Tales of Terror" (1962). Oct. 28: "The Raven" (1963). Oct. 29: "House of Usher" (1960). Oct. 30: "The Masque of the Red Death" (1964). Oct. 31: "The Pit and the Pendulum" (1961). Nov. 1: "The Tomb of Ligeia" (1965). Nov. 2: "The Comedy of Terrors" (1964). (Garrick.)

**Promise at Dawn**—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfactory film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Cinema Village.)

**Punishment Park**—A Peter Watkins film. (Murray Hill; starting Oct. 29.)

**The Railway Children**—With Dinah Sheridan and Jenny Agutter, directed by Lionel Jeffries. (Music Hall; starting Oct. 28.)

**Raven's End** (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 29-30.)

**Royal Wedding** (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 4.)

**Rules of the Game** (1939)—Jean Renoir's leg-

Natural Stone Marten from West Germany. At Ben Kahn Salon, 150 West 30th Street, BR 9-0633. Or Ben Kahn at Cartier, 4 East 52nd Street, TE 8-7387.

AHHH!
BEN
KAHN!

Shoes by Mark Cross

*Velour Kimono*

*Extremely lightweight and comfortable would be the best description for our new kimono*

*Designed in a blend of arnel triacetate and nylon, this garment is perfect for traveling or general at home use*

*One color only:* NAVY BLUE

One size fits all

$28

PLEASE ADD 75¢ FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R.TRIPLER & Co.
*Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes*
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. • NEW YORK 10017

endary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 28.)

**Sacco and Vanzetti**—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

**A Safe Place**—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Columbia II; *starting* Oct. 29.)

**Samurai Banners**—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Nov. 3.)

**School Play**—Directed by Charles Rydell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 3.)

**Sleeping Beauty** (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Guild; Oct. 27.)

**Le Socrate** (1969)—A first film directed by Robert Lapoujade, a French painter, writer, and film animator. The subject is the persecution of a modern philosopher. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 2.)

**Some of My Best Friends Are . . .**—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flag, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

**Start the Revolution Without Me** (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Symphony; through Nov. 2.)

**Stolen Kisses** (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 29-Nov. 4.)

**Strike** (1925)—Eisenstein's brutal, brilliant first film. One of the most startling débuts in the history of movies. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 28.)

**Summer Holiday** (1948)—Rouben Mamoulian directed this moderately ghastly musical version of "Ah! Wilderness," Eugene O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about adolescence, set in a small town at the turn of the century. The play unfortunately lends itself to the wholesome-Americana-good-clean-dances approach. Mamoulian has a heavy touch, and perhaps because of that Mickey Rooney, in the lead, mugs offensively. The cast includes Walter Huston, Gloria De Haven, Agnes Moorehead, Marilyn Maxwell, Frank Morgan, and Butch Jenkins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27.)

**Summer of '42**—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Loew's Ciné; through Oct. 28.)

**Sunday Bloody Sunday**—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

**The Sword of Doom** (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Nov. 2. No performances on Sunday, Oct. 31.)

**Take the Money and Run** (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Waverly; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through Nov. 2, tentative.)

**Taking Off**—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Waverly; starting Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy; *starting* Nov. 3, *tentative.*)

**The Thomas Crown Affair** (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Symphony; starting Nov. 3.)

**Three Lives**—A film by Kate Millett and the Women's Liberation Cinema Co. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Nov. 4.)

**The Todd Killings**—With Robert F. Lyons and Richard Thomas, directed by Barry Shear. (Regency; Oct. 27.)

**The Touch**—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Waverly and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through Nov. 2, tentative.)

**A Town Called Hell**—A Western with Telly Savalas and Robert Shaw, directed by Robert Parrish. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 2.)

**T. R. Baskin**—Slick, totally unbelievable. An unintentional parody of Women's Liberation, starring Candice Bergen. With Peter Boyle, directed by Herbert Ross. (Tower East.)

**The Trojan Women**—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**20 Million Sweethearts** (1934)—Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, and Pat O'Brien, and an Al Dubin and Harry Warren score that includes the damned-near-impossible-to-forget "(You May Not Be an Angel But) I'll String Along With You." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 28-30.)

**Two-Lane Blacktop**—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Waverly; starting Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 3, tentative.)

**The Vanishing Prairie** (1954)—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his camera crews loose on the great American prairie. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Oct. 28.)

**Walkabout**—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Art; starting Nov. 3.)

**War and Peace** (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (34th St. East. Daily at 11:30 and 6:30.)

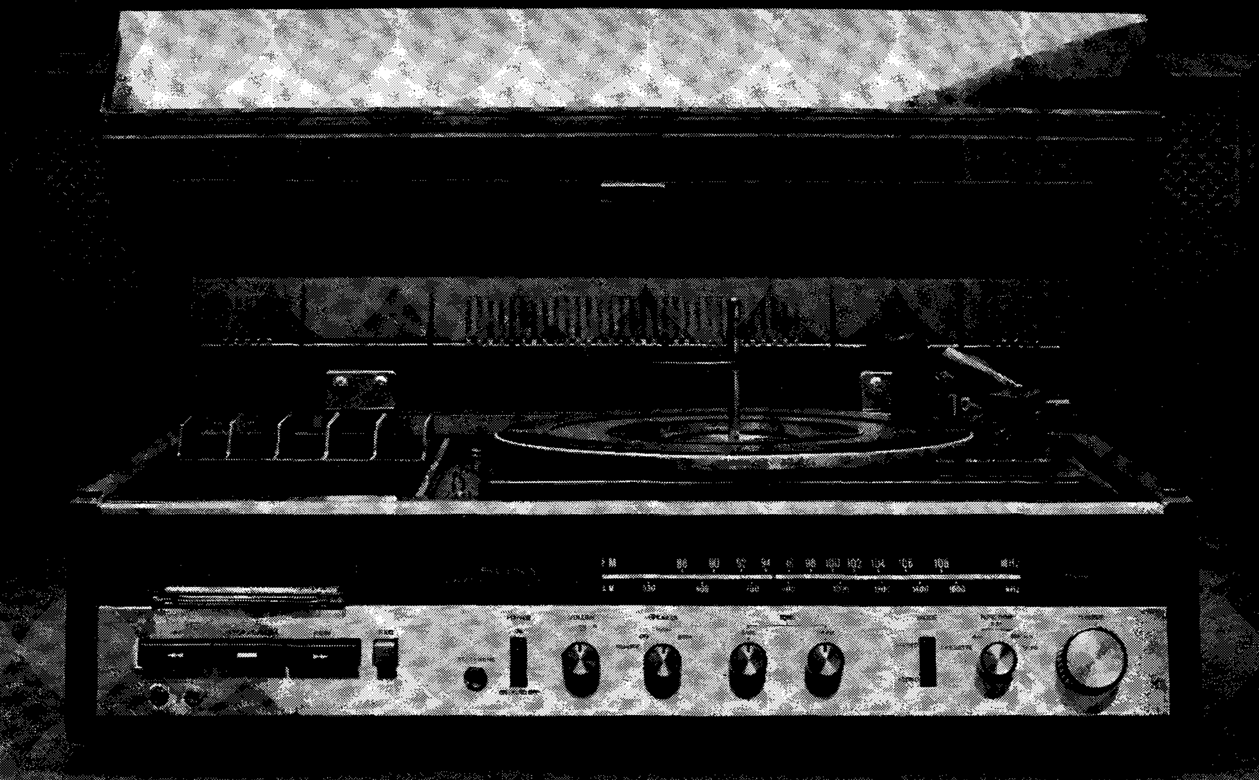
**Wings** (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slambang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

**Women in Cages**—Pamela Grier and Judy Brown, directed by Jerry deLeon. (Regency; Oct. 27.)

**WR—Mysteries of the Organism**—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Cinema II.)

© 1971 Sony Corp. of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101.

# Three great Sony products under one roof.



A stereo phonograph. An FM/AM tuner. And a cassette player/recorder. All under one dust cover.

Why the combination?

Because music is in a state of change. Cassettes are becoming just as common as records. And radio is better than ever.

So we made this Sony HP 219 to cover all musical bets. It has a stereo phonograph which includes a powerful amplifier with a minimum of distortion. Plus a sensitive FM/AM tuner that zeros in on a station and won't let it drift away. And a cassette player/recorder that's a cinch to operate.

So you can hold on to your old record collection while you're building up your cassettes. Or borrow a friend's collection and tape it yourself. Or just groove to sweet, free music on the radio.

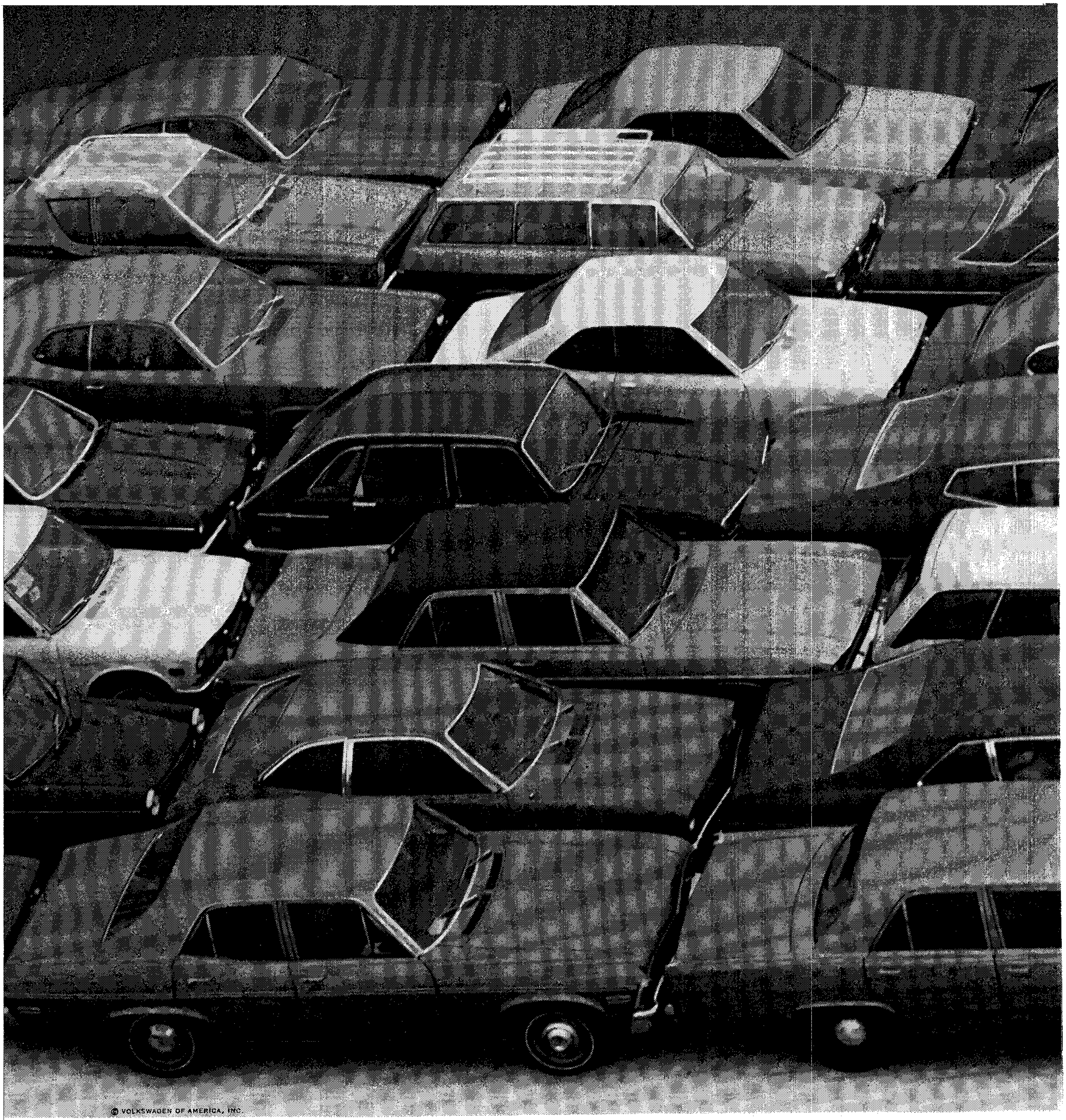
(If you happen to like cartridge better than cassette, there's the Sony HP 218 with an 8-track cartridge player instead.)

We built something else into this three-in-one Sony. And that's Sony quality, workmanship and reliability.

So why not listen to how great this Sony sounds?

Bring it home. Lift up the dust cover. Put on some music. And then have a party and raise the roof.

**SONY®**



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

# Does the fact that we're guaranteed twic

We can't prove it, but one thing's sure: we're twice as confident.

When you buy a new car from Volkswagen, you get a new car warranty for 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first.*

When you buy a new car from any other known company in the world (unless you're interested in a Rolls-Royce), you receive (at best) a warranty for only 12 months or 12,000 miles.**

But wait, the plot to get you to consider a VW thickens:

We're the only ones who've stuck with one car model for 24 yea (A gutsy decision when you think we only sold 2 in 1949.)

But thanks to that one decision, we've had a chance to make ov 2,200 improvements. (29 improvements on our 1972 model alone.)

We also pay 9,160 inspectors just to make sure every car is good hands before it leaves our hands.

And once it leaves our hands, we still don't stop caring.

*If an owner maintains and services his vehicle in accordance with the Volkswagen maintenance schedule any factory part found to be defective in material or workma

**Based on known sources.

s long, mean that we're twice as good?

For only an authorized VW dealer offers VW Diagnosis. A series 4 free checkups with special diagnostic equipment so advanced, it n tell you'll have a car problem before it becomes a big problem.

And if the problem is found (and covered) during the warranty eriod, we'll solve it for you free of charge.

Even when it comes time to sell, we still won't let you down.

For over the years, two cars have consistently retained more of their original value than others: An old Volkswagen. And an old Cadillac.

Finally, consider price:

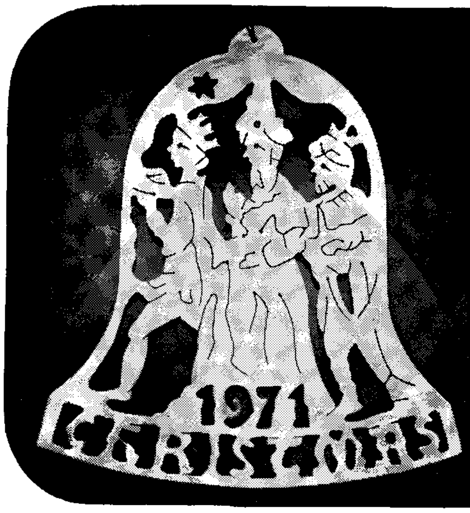
We're not the lowest-priced economy car you can buy. But once *you thoroughly check into what you get for what you pay,* you'll find very few car companies who, in reality, end up with their prices lower.

And none who start out with their standards higher.

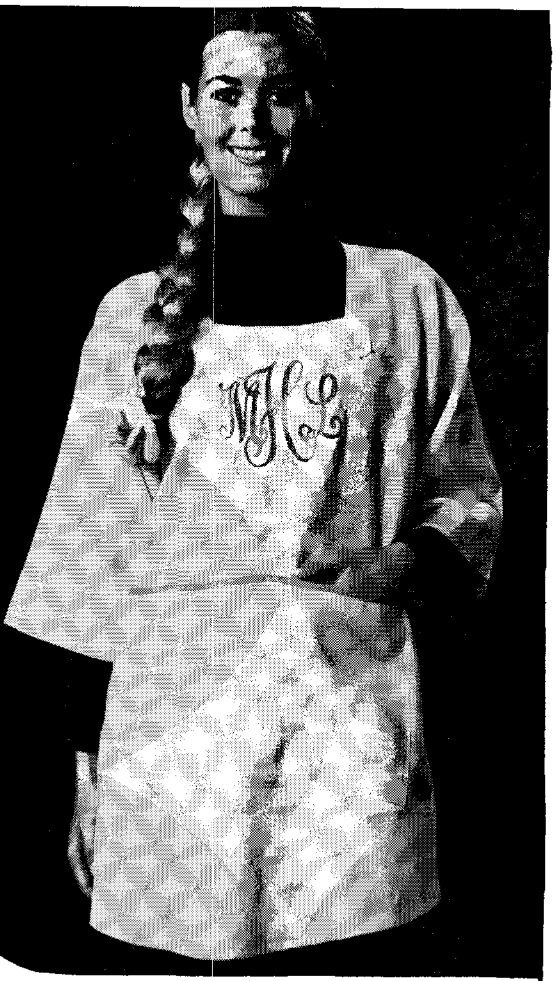
p within *24 months* or *24,000* miles, whichever comes first, will be repaired or replaced by any U.S. or Canadian Volkswagen Dealer. And this will be done free of charge.

Halls
A WORLD OF DIFFERENTS

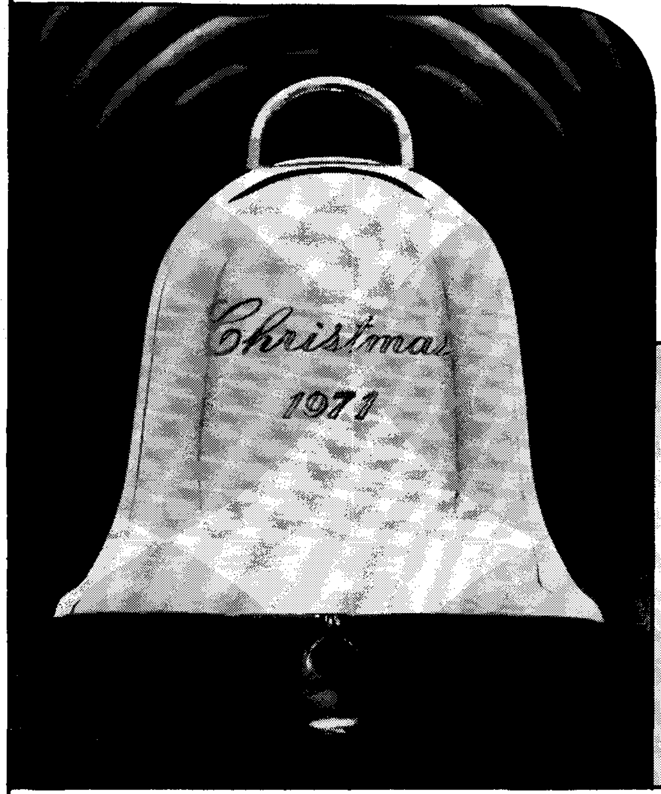
Ask for our catalog.
211 Nichols Road, Kansas City, Missouri 64112
Telephone (816) 274-3274

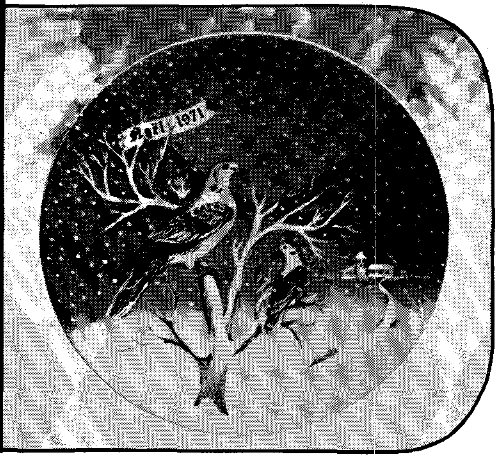


Trim the tree with our hand cut, polished 1971 brass ornament, the 2nd of a limited annual edition. It's also ideal as a keepsake for Baby, bride and groom, relatives, friends, or to use as a gift wrap. A Biedermann import, made in Germany. 4" × 3½". $4.00. Shipping Charge 35c



The Mama San apron, of washable rayon and silk blend, w/contrasting color embroidered monogram and trim. One size fits all. Orange with pink piping and monogram; yellow w/orange, lime w/turquoise; navy w/red. Underline last initial, state 2nd color choice and order by Dec. 1 for Christmas. $10.00. Shipping Charge 85c





"Joy to the World" rings out for Christmas 1971 with Halls original sterling bell, an heirloom gift ornament. Begin or perpetuate a collection for a godchild, grandchild, relative, friend or associate. Gilded interior. 3" tall. Engraved as shown, $12.00; plain, $10.00. Engraving initials or messages, 30c per letter. Bells of other years available. Shipping Charge 50c each.

"Two Turtle Doves," 2nd of Haviland's annual limited edition series of "The Twelve Days of Christmas" plates, which closes in 1981 with the "Twelve Drummers Drumming." In full color, by Remy Hetreau. Made in Limoges, France. 8½" dia. Subject to prior sale. $25.00. Shipping Charge 95c

# Books by mail—a wonderful Christmas idea

## Here are the best books of the season. Order them—gift wrapped free—for yourself and as gifts.

**Doubleday, Customer Service, 673 Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022**

Please send me the following:

J110-15

| Item No. | Merchandise | Price | Item No. | Merchandise | Price |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

Name

Address

City State Zip

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me:

J110-15

| Item No. | Merchandise | Price | Item No. | Merchandise | Price |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

Send to:

Address

City State Zip

Enclose card signed:

Prices quoted are secured in advance and subject to change without notice. On purchases under $9.95 add 30¢ mailing charge. Allow $1.00 per package for overseas shipment. Overseas deliveries not guaranteed. Add tax prevailing in your area

☐ Send catalog FREE

☐ Christmas wrap free ☐ check enclosed

Credit card (Circle one) BankAmericard, American Express, Master Charge, Diners' Club, Unicard

Number Expires

***OR:** Use coupon to order any of these titles—and the free catalog—from any of these fine stores:*

**The Old Corner Book Store**
**50 Bromfield St.**
**Boston, Mass. 02107**

**Belk-Beery Book Dept.**
**P.O. Drawer 1230**
**Wilmington, N.C. 28401**
No Credit Cards

**Robeson's Book Dept.**
**Church and Randolph**
**Champaign, Ill. 61820**
No Credit Cards

**Doubleday**
**1411 Commerce Street**
**Dallas, Texas 75201**

Doubleday
6 Minute Sana-Facial-Exercises & Face Care Program for Women
AMERICA, INC.
In the Shadow of Man
KNITTING DICTIONARY
900 STITCHES PATTERNS
THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M.C. ESCHER

Antoine Gilly's FEAST OF FRANCE
PAUL OLIVER

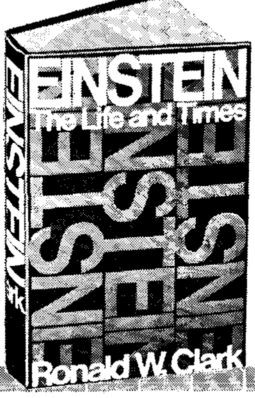
**2C. RIMES DE LA MERE OIE.** *Ormonde de Kay, Jr. and Push Pin Studios.* 60 favorite nursery rhymes, delightfully rendered into French. 40 delectable full-color, double-page illus., many black-and-white drawings. Little, Brown. $7.50

**21J. ANTOINE GILLY'S FEAST OF FRANCE.** *Antoine Gilly & Jack Denton Scott.* One of the world's great chefs reveals his culinary secrets and 300 prize recipes. Drawings & photos. Crowell. After 12/25, $15; now $13.95

**22P. THE STORY OF THE BLUES.** *Paul Oliver.* From Africa to America—the sweep, the beat, the raw emotions of the people who gave us the Blues. Over 200 illustrations. Chilton. $12.50

**30B. 6-Minute SANA-FACIAL-EXERCISES™ & Face-Care Program for Women.** *G. Treber.* Wrinkles, lines, double chin start to disappear with proper exercise. Easy-to-do-and-remember. Complete special face-care program. Source $4.95

**13C. AMERICA, INC.: Who Owns and Operates the United States.** *Morton Mintz & Jerry S. Cohen.* This well-documented, bestselling expose reveals how 200 corporations control our country. Dial. $10



**32G. IN THE SHADOW OF MAN.** *Jane Goodall.* Jane Goodall's account of her life among the wild chimpanzees is one of the most enthralling stories of animal behavior ever written. Photos, 16 in color. Houghton Mifflin. $10

**28E. KNITTING DICTIONARY.** 900 stitches. Illus. Crown. $3.95. **28F.** Paper, $1.98. **28G. SYMMOGRAPHY.** Art of yarn & wood. $3.95. **28H. Paper.** $1.98.

**28J. MUSEUM MASTERPIECES 1971.** Calendar. $1

**4L. THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M. C. ESCHER.** Beautiful reproductions of the work of the visionary genius, one of the most talked-about artists of our day. 150,000 sold in hardcover. Hawthorn/Ballantine. Paper Ed. $3.95

**12A. EINSTEIN: The Life and Times.** *Ronald W. Clark.* "A massive biography which for the first time does justice to Einstein the cosmic pathfinder and the gentle conscience of humanity."—John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate.* "A running record of the history of physics of his time."—Miles Smith, *Associated Press.* A Book-of-the-Month Club choice. 16 pages of photos. World. $15

# Just think of the coupon on the preceding

Bear Island Alistair MacLean
Gaston Rébuffat on ice and snow and rock
The Wyeths BY N. C. WYETH
HAND IN HAND MARY LEE
AND IT CAME TO PASS
The HOLLOW CROWN
THE TIMES IN REVIEW 1960 1969
Encyclopedia of AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES
Talking to Myself Pearl Bailey
Kefauver
SNOOPY and "It Was a Dark and Stormy Night"
VANISHING AFRICA Mirella Ricciardi
ART BUCHWALD Getting High in Government Circles
6-MINUTE SANA-FACIAL-EXERCISES For Men
LEONARDO DA VINCI
FANTASTIC TALES STRANGE ANIMALS RIDDLES JESTS AND PROPHECIES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
RAND McNALLY MEXICO
21 RECORDS BEETHOVEN COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC

**18B. BEAR ISLAND.** *Alistair MacLean.* The newest bestseller by the author of *The Guns of Navarone.* This time the setting is Norway—land of fjords, the midnight sun, and hard-hitting action and intrigue. Doubleday. $5.95

**6H. ON ICE AND SNOW AND ROCK.** *Gaston Rébuffat.* Magnificent, authoritative guide to every phase of mountaineering combines latest data on equipment and techniques with incomparable photos, 58 in color. Oxford. $15.

**4K. LOUIS PRANG: Giant of a Man.** *Larry Freeman.* Portrait of the 19th century color printer of parlor, greeting card and art education prints, more popular than Currier & Ives. 430 illus., 80 full color. Century House. $35

**27K. THE WYETHS BY N.C. WYETH: Letters 1901-1945.** *Ed.: Betsy James Wyeth.* The great illustrator's delight in homely occurrences of country life and his eye for colorful detail make his letters a joyous evocation of a rapidly vanishing America. A masterfully executed self-portrait of extraordinary candor and depth, set against an American scene such as only the Wyeths could paint. Illus., some in color. Gambit. After 12/31, $22.50; now $17.50

**20L. HAND IN HAND.** *Mary Lee.* Fifty poems of warmth and tenderness. Crown. $3.95. **20M.** Softbound. $1.95. Also: **20N. TENDER BOUGH.** *Mary Lee.* Her first poetry bestseller. $3.95. **20P.** Softbound. $1.95

**26G. AND IT CAME TO PASS.** *Jean Slaughter. Illus.: Leonard Weisgard.* Eight beloved Christmas carols with music, Biblical narrative, and lovely full-color illustrations by a Caldecott winner. Ages 5-10. Macmillan. $4.95

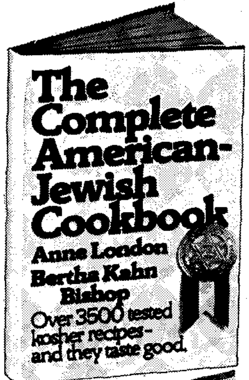
**9F. THE HOLLOW CROWN.** *John Barton & Joy Law.* The Kings and Queens of England presented through their own words and those of their contemporaries and later historians. Illus. in black and white and color. Dial. $12.50

**14C. THE TIMES IN REVIEW: 1960/1969.** Re-live all the dramatic events of the decade with facsimiles of the most important news stories of the 60s as they appeared in *The N.Y. Times:* 11 x 17. Arno Press/Random House. $25

**7H. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES.** *Ed.: G. N. Georgano.* Monumental! Describes all American and Canadian makes and designs. 16 color pages, 452 black-and-white photos. Dutton. $12.50

**19H. THE UNFASHIONABLE HUMAN BODY.** *Bernard Rudofsky.* A sly look at the endless efforts to conceal, adorn or deform the naked body. 250 photos range from *Adam's leaf to high fashion.* Doubleday. $12.95

**12G. TALKING TO MYSELF.** *Pearl Bailey.* Funny, frank and free-wheeling, the inimitable entertainer speaks her mind on many topics. This successor to *The Raw Pearl* is one of the season's most talked-about books. Harcourt. $5.95


The Complete American-Jewish Cookbook
Anne London
Bertha Kahn Bishop
Over 3500 tested kosher recipes-and they taste good.

The Adventures of the Three Colors
Annette Tison and Talus Taylor

Eyewitness to Space

**13G. KEFAUVER: A Political Biography.** *Joseph Bruce Gorman.* The spectacular career of the maverick Senator and Presidential contender, champion of the common man and enemy of big business. Illus. Oxford. $10

**35K. SNOOPY AND "IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT."** *Charles M. Schulz.* Snoopy's career as a world-famous novelist. A delightful look at the writer's experience by America's favorite cartoonist. Holt. $2.50

**32C. VANISHING AFRICA.** *Mirella Ricciardi.* Magnificent record of ways of life in remote areas of Kenya. 216 pages of photos, 36 in full color. 10¼ x 14. Morrow. After 12/31, $30; now $25

**13M. GETTING HIGH IN GOVERNMENT CIRCLES.** *Art Buchwald.* A hilarious dissection of every facet of American life in Buchwald's wittiest book to date. Putnam's. $5.95

**31A. 6-Minute SANA-FACIAL-EXERCISES™ FOR MEN.** *Grace Jane Treber.* Help the years disappear—exercise away wrinkles, double chin, sagging, expression lines. Easy-to-do-and-remember. 127 photos. Source Publishers. $4.95

**4B. FANTASTIC TALES, STRANGE ANIMALS, RIDDLES, JESTS, AND PROPHECIES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.** *Ed.: Emery Kelen.* The only collection of Leonardo's wit and wisdom. Illustrated with his own masterful drawings. Nelson. $6.95

**17N. MEXICO: An Extraordinary Guide.** *Loraine Carlson.* "Extraordinary" is the way to describe this comprehensive guide. As much fun as a trip itself, it is accurate, up to date. Maps, index, glossary. Rand McNally. $9.95

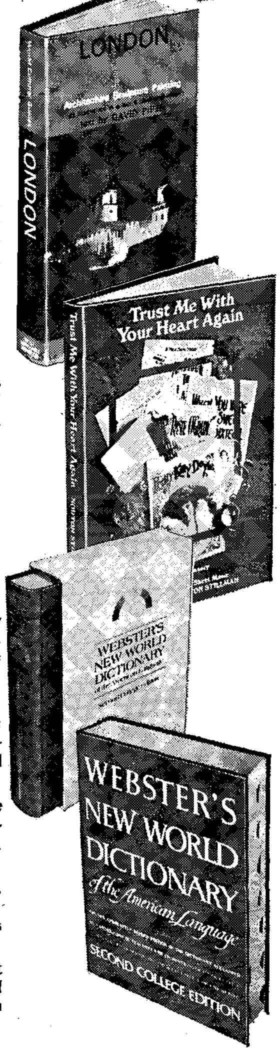
**23F. COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN.** 21 records. $100 value. $19.95. **23G. Krips' COMPLETE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES.** London Festival recordings. 7 records. $40 value. $9.95

**21A. THE COMPLETE AMERICAN-JEWISH COOKBOOK.** *Anne London & Bertha K. Bishov.* The authoritative, bestselling Jewish cookbook is now completely refurbished! New binding. New recipes—for 3,500 tested kosher food dishes that taste great. New menus. New sections on freezing and canning. Clear, easy-to-follow instructions. Concise glossary of Yiddish and Hebrew culinary terms. World. $9.95

**33A. THE ADVENTURES OF THE THREE COLORS.** *Annette Tison & Talus Taylor.* Herbie takes a walk with his dog, discovers a rainbow and decides to experiment with his paintbox—but he has only three colors. Imaginative interplay of sparkling acetate overlays in the primary colors creates a brilliant and stimulating introduction to color. Will be relished by children ages 4-8 and applauded by parents and teachers. World. $3.95

**3B. EYEWITNESS TO SPACE.** *Hereward Lester Cooke and James D. Dean.* Stunning double- and triple-page spread documentation of our space program by American artists. 258 illus., 113 in full color. 16 x 12¼. Abrams. After 1/1/72, $35; now $30

# page as your ticket out of holiday mayhem



**THIS FABULOUS CENTURY.** A handsome word-and-picture recollection. Each volume is profusely illustrated with unforgettable events of the decade. Bound in durable patterned cloth. 9⅛ x 11½ **10E. 1920-1930. 10F. 1930-1940.** Also available **10G. 1900-1910. 10H. 1910-1920. 10J. 1940-1950.** Just published **10K. 1870-1900 PRELUDE. 10L. 1950-1960. 10M. 1960-1970.** Time-Life. Each, $9.95

**21K. HOME BOOK OF SMOKE-COOKING MEAT, FISH & GAME.** *Jack Sleight & Raymond Hull* For enhancing flavor or preserving food, the old-time arts of smoke curing and cookery, in full detail, with zesty recipes. Illus. Stackpole. $7.95

**12D. THE DAYS OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.** *Jim Bishop.* One of America's most successful authors recreates the dark moment when the Nobel Prize winner was felled by an assassin's bullet. Putnam's. $8.95

**4G. EAKINS' WATERCOLORS.** *Donelson Hoopes.* This beautiful book is the first devoted exclusively to Eakins' watercolors, reproducing all his work in this medium. Illus., with 32 color pages. Watson-Guptill. $17.50

**18J. GOREN'S BRIDGE COMPLETE:** *New Rev. Ed. Charles Goren.* The indispensable bible of contract bridge—now expanded, revised and updated to reflect today's conventions and techniques of play. Doubleday. $8.95

**7J. OH, HOW THEY PLAYED THE GAME.** *Allison Danzig.* Intimate stories and firsthand accounts by immortal coaches and players recapture the color and drama of the early days of football. Illus. Macmillan. $10

**27B. PRAEGER ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART.** *Ed., David Bell.* An extraordinary visual reference book with 5,200 illustrations, 1,700 of them in full color; 1,000 surveys of periods, styles, movements; 3,000 entries on artists. 5 vols. Praeger. $150

**15W. THE KAHLIL GIBRAN DIARY FOR 1972.** This handsome calendar-diary contains quotations and illustrations by the author of *The Prophet*. Ample room to record one's own inspirations. Knopf. $4.50

**4P. PICASSO'S POSTERS.** A spectacular book—the most complete and sumptuous collection! 310 superb posters, 70 in brilliant color, 55 tipped on to the page. 10 x 13. Random House. After 12/31, $60; now $50

**25L. A GEORGIAN LOVE STORY.** *Ernest Raymond.* A famed English novelist creates a charming romance about a stuffy young man who falls in love with a tobacconist's daughter in London just before World War I. McCall. $6.95

**5B. THE GEM KINGDOM.** *Paul E. Desautels.* All about diamonds, rubies and pearls...about gemstone science and fabulous fakes...about Europe's crown jewels...much more! 250 photos, 130 in color. Random. $17.95

**5E. PERSIA. The Immortal Kingdom.** *Texts. Roman Girshman, Vladimir Minorsky, Ramesh Sanghvi. Photos: William McQuitty.* Superb color photos and texts re-create 2,500 years in this fabled land. N.Y. Graphic Soc. $35.

**22S. RING BELLS! SING SONGS! Broadway Musicals of the 30s.** *Stanley Green. Intro.: Brooks Atkinson.* A smash hit book. Tells of every musical of the decade and the people who made them great. Illus. Arlington. $14.95

**5A. AMERICAN SCENERY.** *N.P. Willis. Illus.: W.H. Bartlett.* Now a magnificent limited edition revives the splendor of a most beautiful book on and of American scenery. First published 1840. Slipcased. Imprint Soc. $50

**4F. THE BRANDYWINE HERITAGE.** *Howard Pyle, N.C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth, James Wyeth. Intro.: Richard McLanathan.* This handsome volume displays the work of America's foremost family of artists. Illus. N.Y. Graphic Society. $14.50

**33G. FATHER FOX'S PENNYRHYMES.** *Clyde Watson. Illus.: Wendy Watson.* Two young sisters present original verse and spirited pictures filled with homespun Vermont charm. Full-color illus. Ages 3-8. Crowell. $4.50

**7D. HISTORY OF THE MOTOR CAR.** *Marco Matteucci.* Over 700 illus., 500 in full color, and lively text, tell the thrilling story of the car—from the wheel in 4,000 B.C. to today's revolutionary Wankel engine. Crown. $17.50

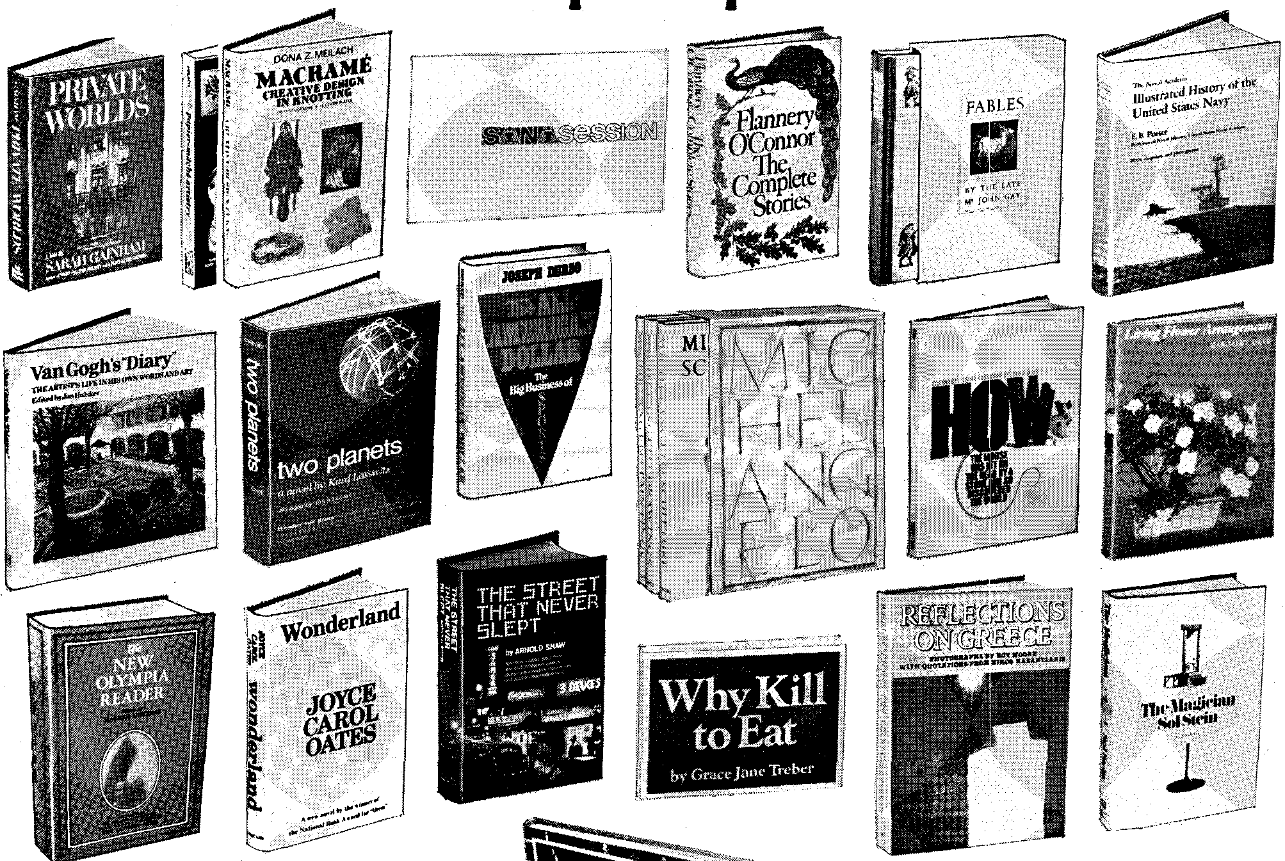
**WORLD CULTURAL GUIDES SERIES.** This magnificent series is a totally new concept in travel adventure. Besides complete, up-to-date information about sightseeing "musts," an impressive chronicle of the artistic heritage of each city is provided. Each lavishly illustrated volume contains 150 photographs, 92 pages in full color. Handy size for travel. Each, 5 x 10 **27F. LONDON. 27G. PARIS. 27H. ROME. 27J. VENICE.** Holt. Each, $9.95

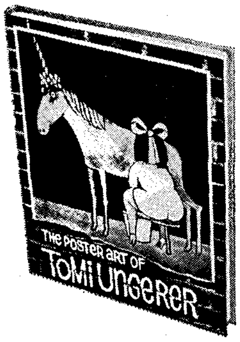
**34H. TRUST ME WITH YOUR HEART AGAIN: A Fireside Treasury of Turn-of-the-Century Sheet Music.** *Collected by Norton Stillman.* Dust off the ivories! Discover (or rediscover) 56 popular songs of the years 1891-1916, songs full of romance, pathos, comic novelty. All songs are reproduced from original sheet music, with all the original irresistible cover art. Simon and Schuster. $9.95

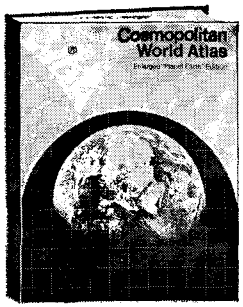
**WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. Second College Edition.** 157,000 entries; over 6,000 idiomatic phrases; 20,000 new terms and meanings; 12,000 Americanisms; LP pronunciation guide. "The best college dictionary I know."—John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate*. World.

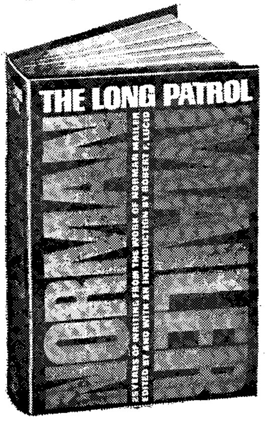
**36D.** Standard edition. $7.95.
**36E.** Thumb-indexed. $8.95.
**36F.** Gold-stamped, thumb-indexed, slipcased. $12.50
**36G.** Gold-stamped, thumb-indexed, leather bound, gift box. $15

# Now fill in the coupon up front—and relax


PRIVATE WORLDS
SARAH GAINHAM
DONA Z. MEILACH
MACRAMÉ
CREATIVE DESIGN IN KNOTTING
SANASESSION
Flannery O'Connor The Complete Stories
FABLES
Illustrated History of the United States Navy
Van Gogh's Diary
two planets
JOSEPH DURSO
THE ALL-AMERICAN DOLLAR
The Big Business of Sports
MICHELANGELO
HOW
Living Flower Arrangements
NEW OLYMPIA READER
Wonderland
JOYCE CAROL OATES
THE STREET THAT NEVER SLEPT
Why Kill to Eat
by Grace Jane Treber
REFLECTIONS ON GREECE
The Magician
Sol Stein


THE POSTER ART OF TOMI UNGERER


Cosmopolitan World Atlas


THE LONG PATROL

**35C. PRIVATE WORLDS.** *Sarah Gainham.* In this superb climax to a monumental trilogy, Julia and Georg return from a honeymoon to find their happiness threatened by a former S.S. official they had presumed dead. Holt. $6.95

**CROWN ARTS AND CRAFTS SERIES: 29A. MACRAMÉ.** $7.95. **29B.** Paper. $3.95. **29C. PAPIER-MACHÉ.** $7.95. **29D. REPRODUCING ANTIQUE FURNITURE.** $9.95. **29E. CREATIVE GOLD & SILVERSMITHING.** $8.95. **29F. BEAD DESIGN.** $7.95. **29G.** Paper. $3.95. **29H. ART FROM FOUND MATERIALS.** $7.95. **29J.** Paper. $3.95. Also: **29K. CREATIVE CASTING. 29L. MOSAIC TECHNIQUES. 29M. DIRECT METAL SCULPTURE. 29N. CONTEMP. STONE SCULPTURE. 29P. CREATIVE DESIGN IN WALL HANGINGS. 29Q. CONTEMP. ART WITH WOOD. 29R. METAL ENAMELING.** Each, $7.95

**30A. SANASESSION™, 4 Minute Effortless, Inches Off and Slimming Program for Men & Women.** *G. Treber.* Proven method to trim inches & pounds, shape-up, tone & firm. No hard exercise, no stiff dieting, no soreness. 3 part program. Source. $10

**24C. THE COMPLETE STORIES OF FLANNERY O'CONNOR.** Now, all 31 stories, incl. *Everything That Rises Must Converge, A Good Man is Hard to Find* and 12 previously uncollected pieces. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $10

**5L. FABLES.** *John Gay.* Bold, ribald tales by the author of *Beggar's Opera*, with 66 skillful wood engravings by Gillian Tyler. Handsomely produced. Limited edition. Slipcased. Imprint Society. $45

**13B. THE NAVAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.** *E.B. Potter.* The authoritative history of American sea power since the Revolution. Illus. Crowell. After 12/25, $15; now $12.95

**4E. VAN GOGH'S "DIARY": The Artist's Life in His Own Words and Art.** *Ed. Jan Hulsker.* A superb pictorial "diary" based on the artist's letters. Lavishly illustrated. 10¼ x 10¼. Morrow. $12.50

**24G. TWO PLANETS.** *Kurd Lasswitz.* Science fiction buffs will relish this first English translation of the great German novel about a Utopia created by the technology of the day after tomorrow. Southern Ill. Univ. Press. $10

**7F. THE ALL-AMERICAN DOLLAR: The Big Business of Sports.** *Joseph Durso.* A must for every sports fan. A lively behind-the-scenes report of who makes the big money and how. 32 pgs. photos. Houghton Mifflin. $7.95

**3F. MICHELANGELO: The Complete Paintings, Sculpture, and Drawings.** *Frederick Hartt.* This landmark in contemporary scholarship is now available in a boxed set at great savings. Three vols., boxed—1,003 illus., including 86 hand-tipped full-color plates. 9¾ x 13. Abrams. $50

**19B. HOW THE MOUSE WAS HIT ON THE HEAD BY A STONE AND SO DISCOVERED THE WORLD.** *Written, illus.: Etienne Delessert.* Beauty and the best! Psychologists prove it's sure to be a hit with 5- and 6-year-olds. Doubleday. $5.95

**11B. LIVING FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS.** *Margaret Davis.* This colorful guide blossoms with tips for growing lovely flowers all year and for displaying them dramatically. 60 color pages. Regnery. After 12/31, $8.95; now, $7.50

**24M. THE NEW OLYMPIA READER.** *Ed.: Maurice Girodias.* This massive 895-page brilliantly illustrated book is a rare collection of the finest in contemporary avant-garde writing for adults. Sherbourne. $15

**24E. WONDERLAND.** *Joyce Carol Oates.* The winner of the National Book Award for *Them* presents an extraordinary novel that explores the phantasmagoria of personality and the "wonderland" of the human heart. Vanguard. $7.95

**22H. THE STREET THAT NEVER SLEPT.** *Arnold Shaw.* A sentimental gaze at New York's 52nd Street in its heyday in the 30s and 40s, an era of glorious music. Coward. After 1/1/72, $10; now $8.95

**31B. WHY KILL TO EAT.** *G. Treber.* 500 gourmet meatless recipes, cook in 10 to 20 minutes, how to find rare exotic teas & coffees & European farm cheeses, herb & veg. growing, wines, feed 4 for $1.00. Guaranteed success menus. Source. $3.95

**17K. REFLECTIONS ON GREECE.** *Photos: Roy Moore.* An extraordinarily artistic array of 104 full-color pages interwoven with Kazantzakis' quotations portrays the glory that is Greece. 10⅛ x 13. Walker. $30

**24B. THE MAGICIAN.** *Sol Stein.* In this new bestseller, a talented adolescent fights a gang of toughs and discovers the gap between honor and real life through questionable legal proceedings. Delacorte. $6.95

**4M. THE POSTER ART OF TOMI UNGERER.** *Ed.: Jack Rennert.* A colorful gallery. Dramatically displays over 400 imaginative posters and sketches. 60 pages of color plates, 350 black-and-white illus. N.Y. Graphic Society. $15

**32M. THE COSMOPOLITAN WORLD ATLAS.** A truly superlative atlas, with new maps, more than 200 pages in color, and completely updated reference material. Rand McNally, $19.95; **32MM.** Leather-like binding, $25

**15X. THE LONG PATROL: Twenty-Five Years of Writing From the Work of Norman Mailer.** *Ed.: Robert F. Lucid.* Thorough retrospective of Mailer's writings. Generous selections from all his major works—fiction, non-fiction, poetry, prose and plays. Robert F. Lucid's brilliant introduction places Mailer—winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award—in a pre-eminent position in 20th century literature. World. $15

**baccarat crystal**

**ceralene china**

**christofle silver**

At the following leading stores:

Coleman E. Adler & Sons, New Orleans, La.
The Afternoon, Omaha, Neb.
The Carlton House, Houston, Tex.
Robert Crump's Hancock House, Memphis, Tenn.
Foster's, Westwood, Calif.
Friedlander & Sons, Seattle, Wash.
Nessa Gaulois, Miami Beach, Fla.
Gump's, San Francisco, Calif.
R. Harris & Co., Washington, D.C.
B. D. Howes & Son, Pasadena, Calif.
Johnson Jewelers, Tyler, Tex.
Constance Leiter, Kansas City, Mo.
Martin's, Washington, D.C.
Pitt Petri, Buffalo, N.Y.
H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
E. A. Rood & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Shreve, Crump & Low Co., Boston, Mass.
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
Tilden-Thurber Corp., Providence, R.I.
Amen Wardy, El Paso, Tex.
Curt Wagner, Redondo Beach, Calif.
George Watts & Son, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.
Charles Willis, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
Zell Bros., Portland, Ore.

Also at many other prestige stores and at:

**baccarat**
55 East 57th Street, New York 10022

Write Dept. Y29 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each; silver, 10c; and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

Lord & Taylor

**Dot — stripe — check!**

That's the message for cruise-through-spring. Carlye sums it up nicely in luxurious Qiana® nylon with a silky look — white with navy, brown or red. 6 to 16, 90.00 in Contempora, Lord & Taylor Fifth Avenue at 39th Street. And at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

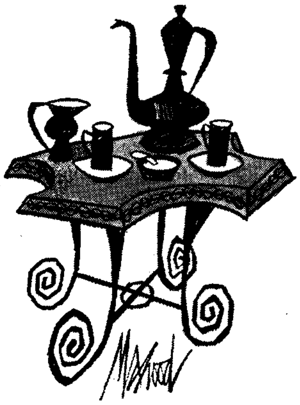
"I'VE noted with great distress a growing tendency in the country to criticize the Supreme Court as an institution," President Nixon told the American public the other night when he announced his two latest nominations to the Court over television. "Now, let us all recognize that every individual has a right to disagree with decisions of a court. But after those decisions are handed down, it is our obligation to obey the law whether we like it or not. And it is our duty as citizens to respect the institution of the Supreme Court of the United States." During the 1968 Presidential campaign, Mr. Nixon issued a position paper on crime, entitled "Toward Freedom from Fear," in which he accused the Supreme Court of "seriously hamstringing the peace forces," to the advantage of criminals, and called for new laws to "redress the balance" and, if the Court knocked those laws down, for a Constitutional amendment to the same end. As Mr. Nixon moved back and forth across the country, he repeatedly criticized the Court for its decisions and repeatedly promised that as President he would reconstruct it if he was given the chance. Of course, he did not originate the assault on the "Warren Court;" the nut wing of the conservative movement did that, abetted by policemen and prosecutors who hoped to justify their failure to control crime. But, as a Presidential candidate and as President, Mr. Nixon not only criticized the Supreme Court's actions directly and indirectly but, by virtue of his position, contributed more than anyone else in the country to the public's loss of respect for the Court. In addition, his nomination of G. Harrold Carswell demonstrated that he was prepared to go far beyond criticism, and to diminish that institution, perhaps irreparably. Now that he has finally made known his new choices—Lewis F. Powell, Jr., a moderately conservative lawyer in private practice in Virginia, and William H. Rehnquist, an extremely conservative lawyer who has been serving as Assistant Attorney General for Legal Counsel in the Department of Justice—he has taken another step toward transforming the Court from a progressive body into a reactionary body, as he promised. That, of course, is his right as long as the Senate, which must consent to the nominations, approves his choices. But it is not his right, or his place, to call for an end to criticism of the Court now that he has shaped it into what he wants. "By far the most important appointments [a President] makes are those to the Supreme Court of the United States," Mr. Nixon told his television audience. "Presidents come and go, but the Supreme Court through its decisions goes on forever." In this instance, it may well be not just the decisions of the Court but the social views of Mr. Nixon that will go on forever. Some of the most critical questions of our time either are pending before the Supreme Court now or are almost certain to reach it within a few years: the right of the government to subject citizens to wiretaps and electronic bugs without court permission; the Army's surveillance practices; capital punishment; preventive detention; the "no-knock" law; legislative weakening of the Fifth Amendment provision against self-incrimination; legislative reversal of the Miranda decision protecting the Constitutional rights of the ignorant and the unwary; the use of conspiracy charges against the defendants in the alleged plot to kidnap Henry Kissinger; the recent employment of grand juries to intimidate political enemies; the anti-riot act, which makes anyone who crosses a state line and gets involved, however innocently, in a demonstration that turns into a riot liable to five years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine; and the prosecution of Daniel Ellsberg, his family, his friends, and those who received and published the Pentagon Papers. To a large extent, the Court's decisions on these and other vital matters will determine whether this country sinks into repression, fear, and silence or continues the long and painful struggle to fulfill the promises made in the Declaration of Independence. But the President of the United States has told us that, whatever the decisions and their effect upon society may be, the institution

Albert Hubbell

of the Supreme Court has suddenly been placed beyond criticism.

## *Three Gatherings*

A WEEK or so ago, P. (for Pelham) G. (for Grenville) Wodehouse, the English-born humorist, entered his ninety-first year, and we attended his ninetieth-birthday party, at the Henry Perkins Hotel, in Riverhead, Long Island, some nine miles from the village of Remsenburg, where he and his wife, Ethel, have lived for the last fifteen years. We arrived at the hotel a little before six, just as Mr. Wodehouse was disembarking from his car, and we were struck by how well he looked despite the constant interruptions to the tidy pattern of his life which we knew he had been forced to put up with during the previous two weeks. For example, he likes to get in three hours of writing every morning (this habit helps to explain how he has produced such a colossal body of work: over seventy novels, about three hundred short stories, about five hundred essays and light articles, and a fair amount of verse, along with sixteen plays, a half-dozen movie scenarios, and the lyrics for twenty-three musical comedies), but on many of the days preceding his birthday he was kept so busy answering the phone and talking with interviewers that he was lucky to get to his desk at all. One day, a large television crew from the British Broadcasting Corporation started shooting a "typical Wodehouse day" at ten in the morning and didn't finish until ten at night, and, as a result, Mr. Wodehouse hadn't been able to do any of the things he does on a typical day.



About sixty people attended the party, which was held in the Windsor Room of the Henry Perkins. Most of them were friends of the Wodehouses from Remsenburg and the adjoining towns, but a few had driven out from New York City, among them Scott Meredith, who has been Wodehouse's American literary agent since 1947, and Peter Schwed, the chairman of the editorial board of Simon & Schuster, which has been Wodehouse's American publisher since 1951. (Schwed had arranged for Wodehouse's new novel, "Jeeves and the Tie That Binds," to be published on his birthday, and one of the presents he carried out was a leather-bound copy of the book.) The Windsor Room had a rather festive ambience. In the dance-floor area, in the center of the room, a small combo—a piano player, and a girl singer who also used wire brushes to play a stand-up type of drum called a cocktail drum—was running through "Blue Skies," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and other tunes from the twenties and thirties. A number of photographers were circling around, filling the air with the flashes of bulbs. Mr. Wodehouse, who had settled himself in a wing chair at one side of the room, sipped a Scotch-and-soda as he welcomed his friends. A large man with an ovate bald head, a pinkish face that has hardly a trace of wrinkles, and blue eyes that twinkle brightly, he looks nothing like his age. For the party, he was dressed in a tan jacket, brown trousers, an off-white shirt, a gold tie with some pale striping, and brown loafers with brass buckles. When we remarked on how contemporary he looked, he asked us if we thought the tie was all right. "I wanted to wear my Warwickshire Cricket Club tie," he said. "Just before the First World War, a chap named Jeeves used to bowl for Warwickshire, and that's where I got the name. Anyhow, a few years ago the club was kind enough to send me one of its ties, and it's a real beauty—gold and blue and white stripes. I think it may be my favorite. Ethel, however, said that this tie went much better with my outfit, and there you are."

Mrs. Wodehouse, a slim, energetic woman, who is a few years younger than her husband (they were married in 1914), had on a filmy culotte dress and was circulating briskly among the guests. "It's been absolutely hectic," she told us. "The phone hasn't stopped ringing for days. Guy and Virginia Bolton called from London. You know Guy, of course. He's Plummie's best friend, and worked with him on all those musical shows." The people close to Wodehouse call him Plum or Plummie, "Plum" being what "Pelham" sounds like when you say it fast. "My grandchildren, Edward Cazalet and Sharon Hornby, both called from England, and I can't tell you how many other people have called, from all over," Mrs. Wodehouse went on. "And the wires! I think Plummie's received well over a hundred. Agatha Christie sent one. Basil Boothroyd, of *Punch*. Terence Rattigan. The headmaster of Dulwich College, Plummie's old school, sent one, and so did the Dulwich Cricket Club. Those two really meant a lot to him. Of course, the mail has been impossible. Sacks of it! Over three hundred birthday cards so far, and all kinds of presents—everything, literally, from a tuning fork to a jar of bramble jelly. It's been wonderful but hectic. One time when the phone rang this afternoon, Plummie looked over and asked, 'Has the Queen called yet?' "

Just before everyone sat down to dinner, we had a chat with Nella Wodehouse, the widow of the writer's older brother Armine; she has helped run the house in Remsenburg for the last seven years. "We all took it slowly today," she told us. "Plummie slept late, for him, and had a very light lunch—some fillets of flounder and some cheese and biscuits. Then he watched his favorite television show, a serial called 'The Edge of Night.' He's become a good friend of the man who writes it, Henry Slesar—he's the tall chap over there. Well, it was a good thing Plummie didn't miss it today. There was a scene where a rather elderly man is reading a newspaper, and another character asks him what's in the news. 'Nothing much,' the man says. 'There's another hurricane forming in the Caribbean and . . . Ah, here's some good news: This is P. G. Wodehouse's ninetieth birthday. That fellow's been making me laugh for fifty years.' When Plummie heard that, he almost jumped out of his chair."

There were some pleasant interruptions during dinner. At one point, the two musicians—they were Sal and Roger Rossi, of Patchogue—segued into a charming arrangement of "Bill," from "Show Boat," and almost instantly a hush fell over the room; everyone seemed to know that Wodehouse had written the lyric, which is probably his most famous one. At another point, Mr. Wodehouse was prevailed upon to open one of his presents, which was in a box about three feet wide and two feet high. A gift from Scott Meredith, it proved to be a huge leather pig, to be used as a footrest, and as it emerged from the wrapping paper, the guests, obviously conversant with all of Wodehouse's characters, called out as one man, "The Empress of Blandings!" Later, after Wodehouse had been toasted in champagne, there was a brief scene right out of one of his novels. The bulk of Mrs. Wodehouse's free time goes to the Bide-A-Wee animal shelter in Westhampton, and the birthday proceedings were momentarily sidetracked when, at her insistence, a gentleman from Bide-A-Wee headquarters, in New York, stepped to the microphone and brought everyone up to date on the organization's activities.

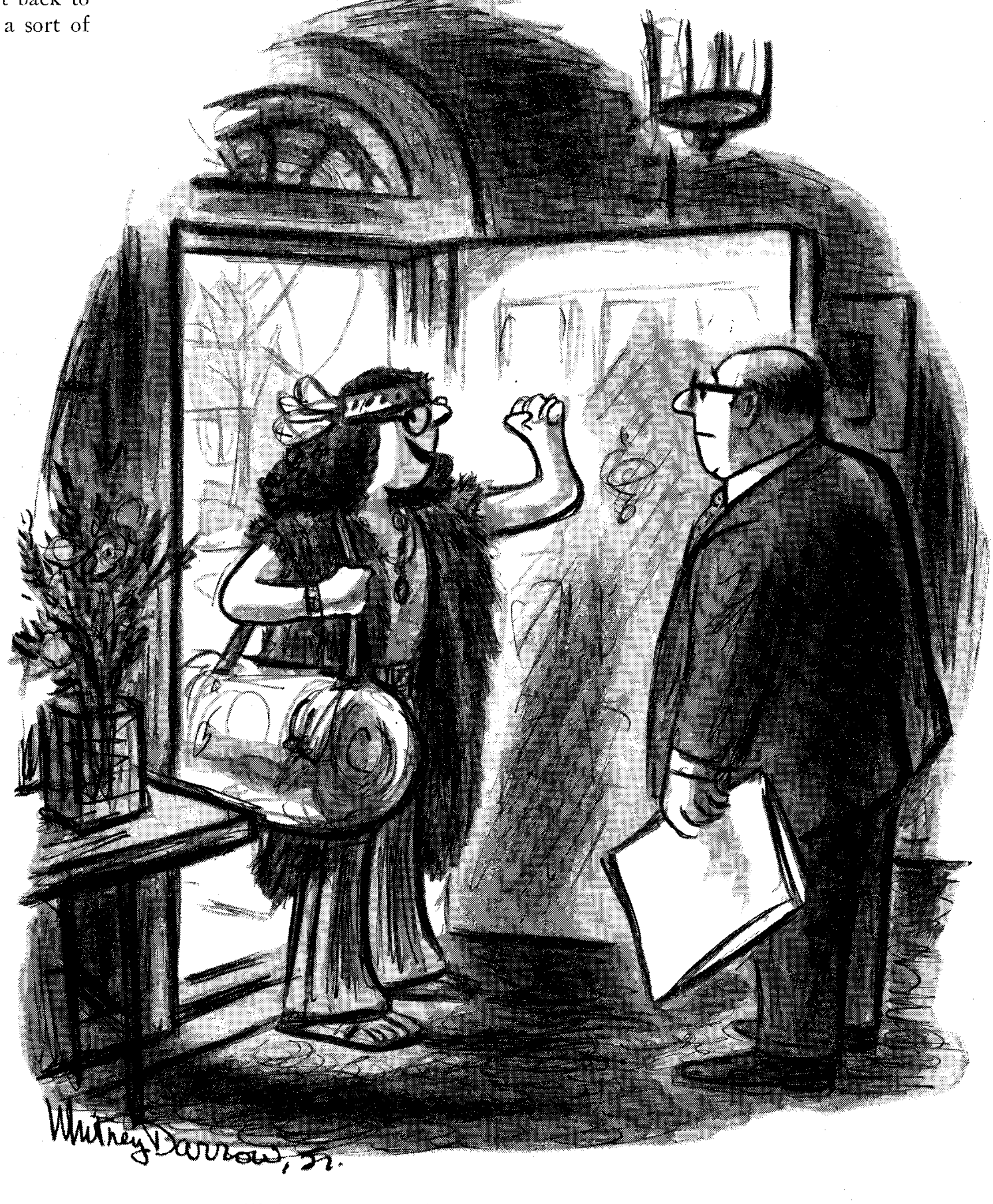
After dinner, and just before the party broke up, we had another chat with Mr. Wodehouse. He seemed pleased when we told him how well he looked. "I *have* been feeling well," he said. "However, whenever you go to see a doctor, they never tell you what's wrong with you. They wrap that rubber contraption around your arm and inflate it, and then they yell out some scores." He paused to relight his cigar. "Life is complicated, isn't it? Here I am, longing to get back to work on my new novel. It's a sort of sequel to 'The Luck of the Bodkins,' and it's been going extremely well. The trouble is it may take weeks before I finish acknowledging all the birthday cards and telegrams. I don't know if Ethel or Nella told you, but I received an awfully nice telegram from Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. I had no idea they were fans of mine. What I'm wondering about now is how one goes about answering them. Does one simply start off, 'Dear Richard and Elizabeth'? Complicated stuff."

A middle-aged couple came over to say good night. "I'm delighted to have reached ninety," Wodehouse said to us when they had left. "But then the Wodehouses *are* a long-lived family. It seems impossible, but my grandfather fought at Waterloo. That's a hundred and fifty-six years ago. I find that impressive."

•

As a result of recent reductions in federal, state, and municipal financial support, nearly all of our city's social-service institutions have reluctantly begun cutting back on some of their programs. One institution that has not, however, is P.S. 8, or, more formally, the Livingston School, for emotionally disturbed and socially maladjusted girls. It has no intention of giving up any of its hard-won—and demonstrably effective—programs, the school's principal, Dr. Esther Rothman, announced in a letter she sent us. She cited its successes in educating and rehabilitating girls who had been found uneducable elsewhere; castigated the Albany officials who had been responsible for cutting seven thousand dollars from the school's budget; and invited—or, rather, ordered—us to contribute ten dollars to the Livingston School Student Work Fund or present ourself, prepared to spend that amount, at a bazaar to be held at the school the following Saturday to make up the deficit. We chose to report to 29 King Street, in the Village, on Saturday. The exterior of the school—a four-story red brick building—was festooned with banners and posters promising that inside we would find delicious homemade foods, door prizes, antiques, and famous mystery guests. At the door, we were welcomed by a woman who wore a name tag that identified her as Mrs. Lucy Sokole. We asked to see Dr. Rothman, and Mrs. Sokole gave us a suspicious glance. "She's inside, but nobody goes in there without a ticket unless he's a mystery guest," she said. "Are you a mystery guest?"

We told Mrs. Sokole that we were not a mystery guest, bought our ticket (it cost a dollar), and were directed


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"Right on, Pop! I'm home to vote."*

to the first-floor lunchroom, where we found scores of visitors clustered around counters covered with pies and cakes, wigs, cosmetics, women's clothing, men's clothing, toys and games, hardback and paperback books, engravings and sketches and lithographs, and ceramic creations.

Behind the counters were a number of name-tag wearers—members of the faculty, volunteer assistants, and pupils of the school. (It has an enrollment of a hundred and twenty.) One of the last, a shy girl with a big smile, led us to Dr. Rothman, who proved to be a short, dark-haired dynamo of a woman hurtling from counter to counter and making change. "Everything you see was donated," she said, taking us in tow. "Bergdorf Goodman, Jonathan Logan, Saks, Butterick, Lady Arrow, and some of the neighborhood stores sent us things. I can't say enough about the Cookery Restaurant, on University Place, either. They've given us enough food to feed five hundred people. Mr. John gave us a hat to auction off, and Bella Abzug donated one of hers, too. Pauline Trigère gave us three full costumes."

A young shopper touched Dr. Rothman on the arm. "The clerk over there said you might reduce the price of this," she said, holding out a brown cashmere sweater. "After all, twenty-five dollars—"

"Not a chance," Dr. Rothman said bluntly. "If nobody else buys it, I'll pay the twenty-five dollars myself and take it home for my daughter. It's just her size."

As the disappointed purchaser turned away, a girl approached. "Hazel Scott is on the phone," she said.

Now Dr. Rothman herself looked disappointed. "Hazel Scott, the pianist, is one of our mystery guests," she told us. "I'd hoped she would be here by now."

With a parting word ("Look around, buy things"), Dr. Rothman turned us over to the nearest volunteer assistant, a gentleman with a name tag that also read "Dr. Rothman." "I'm the *other* Dr. Rothman," he explained. "The dentist. We've sort of made a family career of this school. Our daughter's here helping out, too."

We asked him how the bazaar was doing.

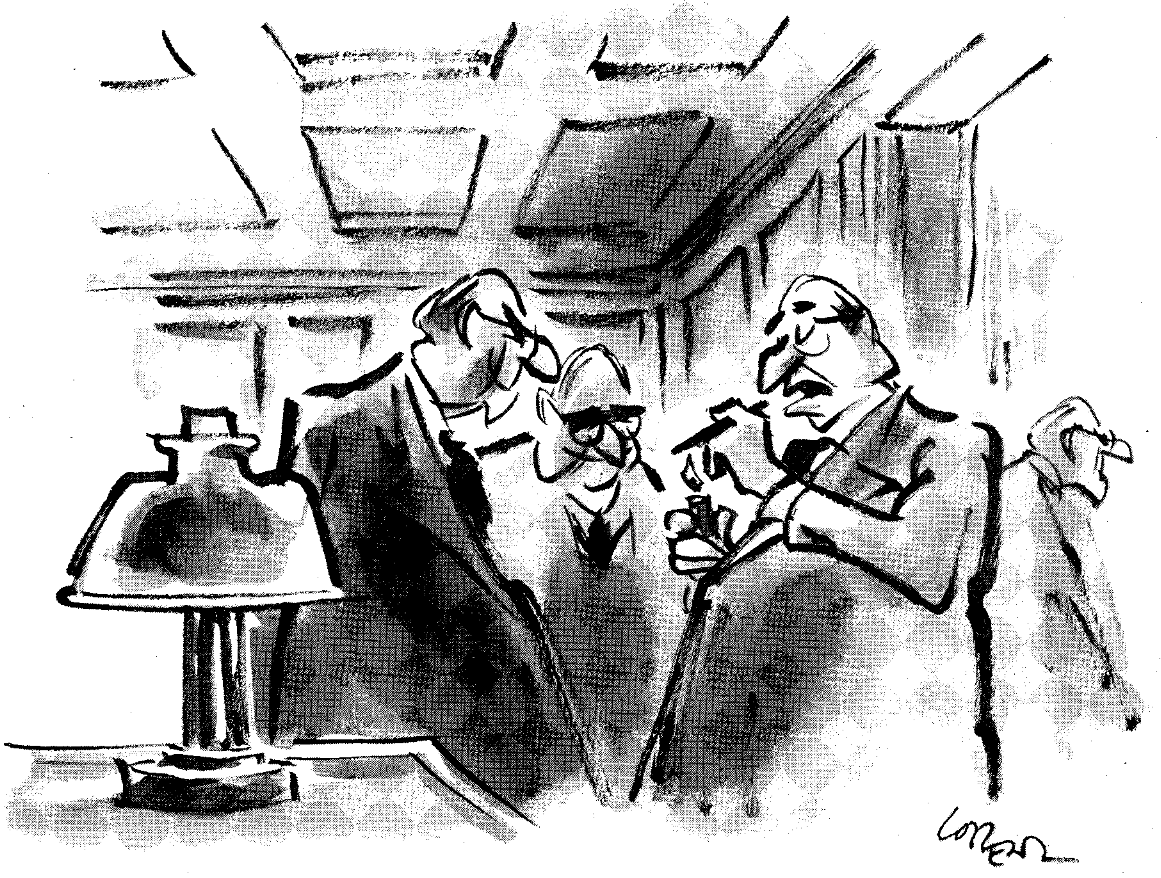
"I've been too busy to notice, if that's any indication," he said. Then he turned away to make change for one of the young salesgirls. "There's a success story for you," he said when she had gone. "That girl has been awarded a full scholarship to Boston University. Esther's working on her now to get her to come back here to teach after she graduates."

Taking our leave of the other Dr. Rothman, we wandered into the school's kitchen, inspected a menu of items costing up to two dollars, and paid forty cents for an egg roll and an orange soda. These we carried outside to the schoolyard, where lunch tables had been set up. Putting our tray down on one, we introduced ourself to a pretty blond woman, who told us she was Miss Alice Grant, one of the twenty-one teachers at the school.

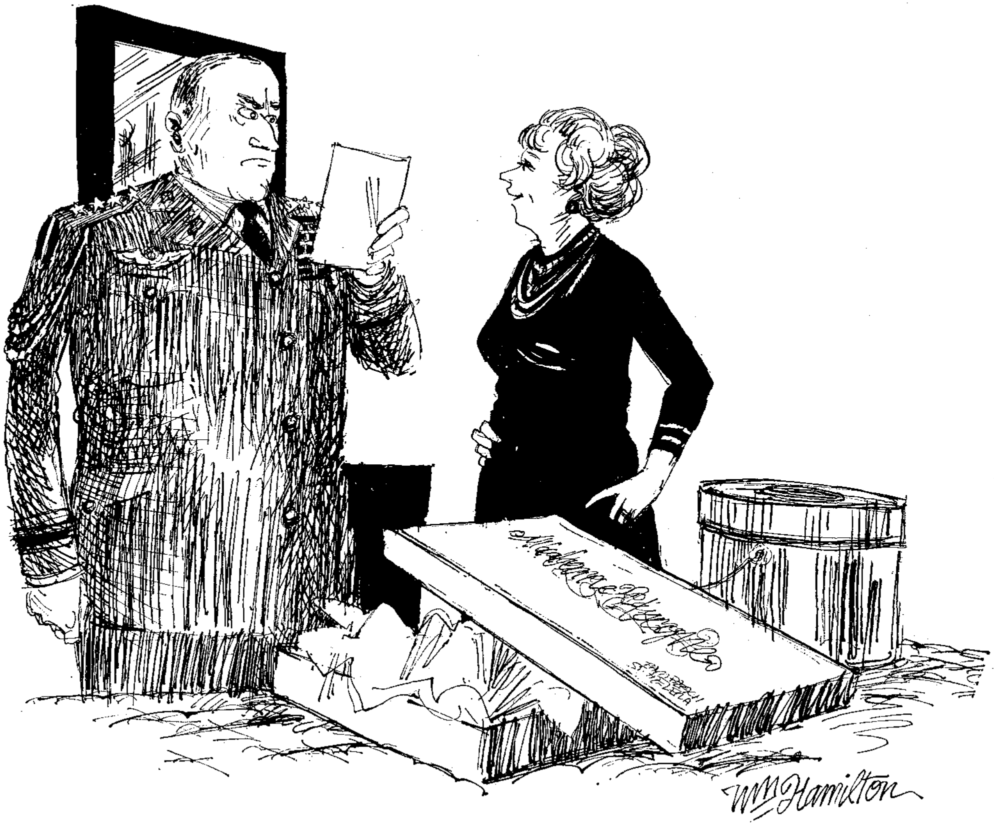
"As far as I'm concerned, this whole bazaar is as much for me as it is for the girls," Miss Grant said. "I'm in charge of our Step Program, which is one of the programs that were to be cut. Of course, I still have my job. I teach English and social studies. But that was our most promising program." Step, she explained, provided for the placement of Livingston School girls in the regular schools as assistants to teachers and to librarians and as secretarial workers. "It's been absolutely fantastic to see these girls making it," she concluded. "Making a place for themselves in the very schools that were unable to deal with them in the first place."

Mrs. Bobbie Landsman, Livingston's senior guidance counsellor, was at the table, and she told us that funds had also been cut from a school boutique, in which the girls sold items they had made themselves, and from the school's free-breakfast program. "We, the teachers, are picking up the tab for the breakfasts ourselves," Mrs. Landsman said, "and if you and all those other people will just go in and buy enough, we hope to be able to restore the Step Program and the boutique as well."

We returned to the lunchroom and bought a Sesame Street calendar, for a dollar and a half; two paperback books, for fifty cents; and a pair of neckties, at a dollar each. What we were most taken with, however, was a pair of doorknobs, each ornately engraved with the words "City of New York Public



*"Frankly, I feel we can learn much from China. For example, restoring dignity to the concept of menial labor."*



*"Hold your fire now, Harrison. Everyone's entitled to an occasional little cost overrun."*

• •

School," which were on a table of objects up for auction.

While we were waiting for the auction, we reëncountered our first escort, the girl with the big smile, who told us she was fourteen and lived in Queens. We asked her how the pupils felt about the Livingston School.

"It's a nice school," she said, "but it's rough being around girls all the time. That is, if you're a girl. But at least here they let you wear what you want to wear and study what you want to study."

We asked her what she wanted to study.

"Nursing," she said. "But they don't give that here, so this year I'm taking French, science, social studies, and English."

When it was time for the auction, one of the mystery guests, Councilman Carter Burden, took up a microphone to round up a crowd for the auctioneer—Dick Davy, the comedian. "Livingston School isn't cheap," the Councilman told the crowd. "Don't let it be said that its friends are cheap."

The crowd bid Bella Abzug's bonnet up to fifteen dollars, and we bid six dollars and fifty cents for the doorknobs, and got them. Shortly afterward, we said goodbye to Dr. Rothman (the principal), and told her we wanted to get in touch with her later and find out whether the bazaar had met its quota.

We called Dr. Rothman on Monday and learned that the quota had been met. "Hazel Scott did turn up, after all," she reported. "She came in white knee-length boots, a suède poncho, and hot pants, and the girls were thrilled, and she seemed thrilled with them. Then Jan Miner, who's a television actress, came in, and she auctioned off a strand of pearls she was wearing—her husband bid them in at fifty-five dollars—and, all in all, we did it. To restore the programs, we needed seven thousand dollars. Well, the letters I sent out raised thirty-one hundred, and we cleared about forty-five hundred on the bazaar. And then in the mail this morning I found a fantastic check from Burlington Industries. I had asked them for merchandise, but they sent along five hundred dollars instead—isn't that wonderful? So we're over our quota, and our programs are safe—until next year."

•

THE French Film Office gave a party last Tuesday evening for Henri Langlois, the director of the Cinémathèque Française, in Paris, and, yes, we were there. M. Langlois spent the week in New York for a retrospective showing of the films of Jean Epstein, described by the people at the Anthology Film Archives, which sponsored the retrospective in coöperation with the Cinémathèque and the Film Society of Lincoln Center, as "one of the major figures in the evolution of the cinema." M. Langlois provided the films from the vast Cinémathèque collection, and the Anthology Film Archives, which are in the Joseph Papp complex on Lafayette Street, provided the theatre. The apartment where the party took place, on upper Fifth Avenue, was provided by a lady called Dr. Ruth Rutschmann. Dr. Rutschmann is a friend of Yvette Mallet, of the French Film Office, who organized the party.

The first person we met when we arrived was John Putnam, the art director of *Mad.* Mr. Putnam has long hair and a mustache, both of which are turning from gray to white, and his face wears an expression of perpetual glee. Like most of the other guests, he had spent the early part of the evening downtown at a screening of Epstein's "Cœur Fidèle."

"How did you like it?" we asked.

"I liked it," he said. "But silent movies, for me, are not historical artifacts or Campy antiques—they're a kind of dreadful reactivated *actualité.* I'm fifty-four, and that's the kind of movie I used to plunk down a quarter to see."

Andy Warhol entered the room, followed by a retinue consisting of Paul Morrissey, his executive producer; Bob Colaciello, the editor of his film magazine, *inter/*VIEW; and Candy Darling, one of his superstars. Mr. Warhol looked as if he had had a bad cold for several years.

"Are you familiar with the Infant Jesus of Prague?" Mr. Putnam asked us. "You can buy them in religious-novelty stores. I've always wanted to manufacture an Infant Jesus of Prague, but with Andy Warhol's face."

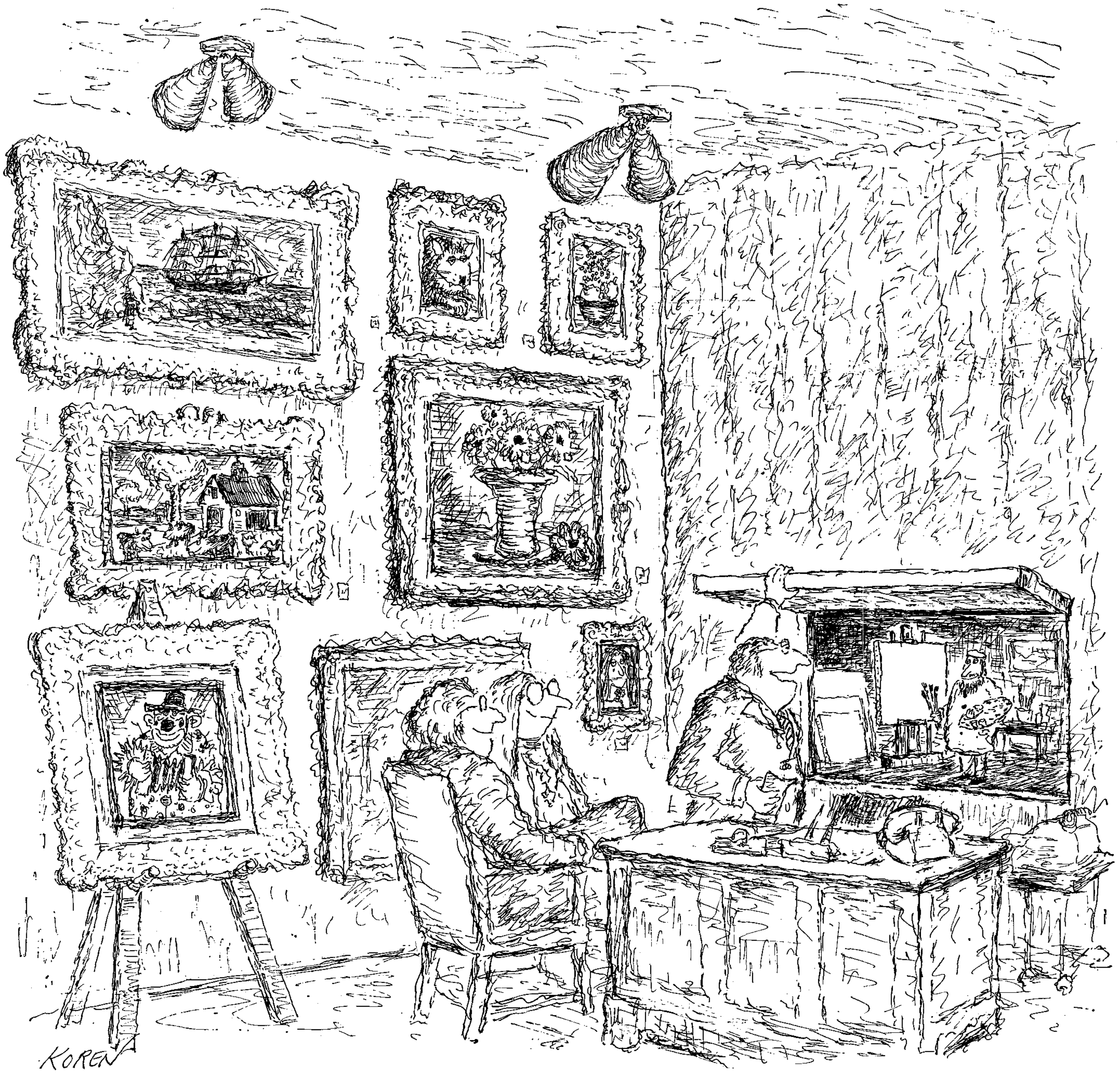
We drifted in the direction of the Warhol contingent. Someone came up to Candy Darling, whose skin and hair, which are the same shade of yellowish white, contrasted strikingly with her futuristic sunglasses and purple lips, and asked, "Who are you?"

"A very well-known and respected manicurist," Miss Darling breathed.

"Who's giving this party?" Mr. Colaciello asked.

"This apartment belongs to a lady called Ruth Rutschmann," someone said.

"Oh, God, I thought it was Ruth



*"One lyrical landscape—heavy on the Wyeth, light on the Expressionism."*

• •

*Roman*," said Miss Darling. "I mean, that's why I *came*."

Mr. Colaciello surveyed the other guests, who mostly presented an appearance of brownish, tweedy, nineteen-fifties bohemia, and said, "This is an intellectual party. We have no business at intellectual parties. I thought it would be up fare, but it's down fare."

"Look, let's leave without telling Andy," Miss Darling said. "He's always leaving parties without telling us. Let's do it before he does it, for a change." But it was too late, because Mr. Warhol had already left.

We moved along, and joined a group surrounding M. Langlois, whose bulk, which is monumental, obscured the chair in which he was sitting. He was saying that the American film he had most recently screened at the Cinémathèque was "The Last Movie," by Dennis Hopper, whose name he pronounced "Oppair," and that it had been a very big success.

A lady approached and asked M. Langlois, in French, if he would like a refill. M. Langlois handed her his plastic glass. "*Du Fresca, s'il vous plaît*," he said.

Someone asked M. Langlois how he dealt with young filmmakers who wanted to show him their films, and he replied, "I say to them, 'I see the film in the Cinémathèque, not in private.' I know that to see it first in private is a kind of censorship, because perhaps I will not like the film and not wish to show it. This is the reason I never see a film of young people before I offer them the hospitality of the Cinémathèque. If they make a bad film, they make a bad film. But who is to say?"

On our way out, we again encountered the Warholians, who, unlike their leader, had not left after all. "Do you know the Beacon Theatre, at Broadway and Seventy-fourth Street?" Paul Morrissey was saying. "It's so ornate, so beautiful. That's where films belong—not in these loathsome modernistic dumps."

# RICH PEOPLE ARE HAPPIER THAN POOR; HEALTHY, HAPPIER THAN SICK; YOUNG, HAPPIER THAN OLD

MY wife, Nettie, and I went to a party. We live in a country town, and there is not much to do when the summer goes away, so a party is a large event.

Everyone had white hair except the host and the hostess and Nettie and me. The other eight guests had white hair. We all sat with our drinks and talked. An old man beside me spoke about the pollution of the river, and we decided it wasn't as bad as it might be. A plump old woman with a Scandinavian name said that the fall had been the most beautiful in her memory. Warm and full of sun and calm. "Just unreal," she said.

The house was large and beautiful—mellow. Nettie sat across the room, and when she laughed her mouth opened wide and her small, yellowish, perfect teeth shone. I loved her calmly then, for a change, without desire. There was a silver dish of canapés near her elbow. I got up and went to her, excusing myself from a woman who was trying to stay awake. Our host was discussing his program for educating the young who live in the local, small-town slums—the same slums where I grew up. He was passionate about it, and he meant everything he said. If there ever were enough allocated money, his kind of ideas would wipe out the ghetto in thirty years.

When I picked up a cracker, I touched Nettie's hand. She smiled, then frowned slightly, as if I had committed an indiscretion. I turned to go back to my seat. On the way, I passed a huge, cloudy old mirror above one of the sofas. It took up half the wall. The room was dimly reflected—dark and light; candles glimmered. Deep in the mirror, the people all sat around.

And then I started. I couldn't find myself. I glanced away and felt the blood going out of my face. I looked cautiously again. I *was* there, but faded. Everyone else was sharply defined—the beautiful old people with silver hair and wrinkled necks, the benevolent host and hostess, Nettie. They all drank and smoked and gestured. Jewels glittered on one woman. I was almost invisible.

Disturbed, I went back to my chair. The woman on my left was enthusiastically talking about a villa a friend of hers was building in Portugal. Her husband began a discussion about the repressive, retrogressive politics of that country. I didn't say anything. I was frightened.

On the way out, saying good night, I glanced at the mirror again. Now my image was strong, sharp. I was there—tall, thin, dark. I can't describe the relief I felt. It was almost a kind of ecstasy. "Thank God," I said.

The hostess looked at me quizzically.

"Thank you. A nice party," I said. "Thank you for asking us. We'll see you soon."

Outside, it had been raining. The air was still very wet, and we brushed past green bushes heavy with rain.

Driving home, I told Nettie about the mirror. "Could *you* see me clearly in there?" I asked her.

"Oh, Alex, don't be silly."

"Could you see yourself?"

"Yes, I think so."

When we got to our apartment, we went right to bed. "What do you make of it?" I asked her.

She said, "I think you were very tired. Don't worry about it, dear." And she fell asleep.

It took me a long time to go to sleep myself. I got up twice and looked into the full-length bathroom mirror. I was there, all right—hard and clear. Forty-one years old, stripped, bags under my eyes, big hook nose. I reached out and touched the mirror. My hand. I went back to bed, and the last thing I thought about was that it was some kind of punishment, a way of letting me know how I have isolated myself, a warning to beware of too much self-attention.

ONE summer afternoon, it was too cloudy to go to the beach, and Nettie and I went for a drive in the countryside. We made a huge circle, perhaps eighty miles in circumference, in this place we both know best. We went inland a ways—past lush hills, an olive-green barn and silo stained dark by drizzle, into a little village full of white houses, a green, a square-top church.

Sitting silent together in the car, we drove back down by the river to the sea. Nettie asked me what I was thinking. I said, "Nothing. What about you?" She shook her head and closed her eyes. The radio played softly. I had been thinking about making love with her in the damp heat, and somehow it had seemed depressing, but I didn't tell her.

Our own town on the sea looked very organized and collected and developed after the country drive. We stopped at a dairy bar and bought ice-cream cones and then drove to the sandy shore road to eat them. I parked beside the seawall, near the long beach, where there were wild roses growing on the edge of the road. We could see the sand and the sea over the low wall. Actually, here the sea is a bay, and it is normally quiet; small waves lap at the soft white sand. On this day, though, there was a strong southeast wind, and large chunky green-and-white waves tilted into shore and shattered. It was misty on the beach; even the lighthouse was practically invisible. Out in the bay, the foghorns were sounding. We rolled down the windows and ate the ice cream, crunching the papery cones between our teeth.

Suddenly a teen-age boy appeared on the shoreline, running. He had long dark hair, shining wet, which bounced in a large mass as he pumped his legs. He was tan and strong, and his cut-off dungarees were soaked. A Sunfish emerged from the mist at the edge of the water. Two young girls crouched on it, and they shouted to the running boy—wisecracks about his starring on the football team. He laughed and spoke to one of them by name. Then the flat little board with its puffed sail turned out into the bay and disappeared in the mist. The boy stood for a moment with his feet in the water. He lifted a long curly piece of maroon seaweed with one foot, turned, and began jogging again.

We were parked not far from one end of the beach, and in a little while he reappeared and again ran down the beach before us, until he was invisible. We saw him do this perhaps a half-dozen times.

I said, "He must have a lot of guts to work out like that in the summertime. Maybe he does want to be a football star."

A wet, rich stink of protein decay passed through the car. I thought how strong and young the boy was, and that I was old. I told myself, "That's foolish. I won't be old for a long time." But the damage was done. I thought of joint and muscle aches that had re-

cently begun for no reason at all, more gray hair, deepening lines on the face that did not go away now.

Then I remembered what my father had said to me not long before. We were in a restaurant, and I had spoken about getting old and dying, referring to some carefree young people at the next table. My father, who is in his late seventies, said, “I don't worry. It doesn't bother me anymore. They will all follow.” At the time, that had been a great solace, and now I said it to myself. “They will all follow.” The strong boy appeared again, still jogging. As if it were me, I could feel the sand as it packed in under my bare feet—gritty, cold. And the wind. Once, it would have been invigorating. Today, I could never do this running thing. He was young and powerful; my life was more than half over.

“They will all follow.”

It didn't work.

I asked Nettie if she wanted to go home now, and she said yes, and we left the seawall and the running boy.

I WENT to the supermarket to pick up a small bottle of vanilla extract and a carton of cigarettes. I was standing in line at the express counter, and there were two women chattering in front of me.

Well, for Christ's sake. One of them was my teacher from the third grade. Miss Oates. Over thirty years ago, and I still recognized her. She just looked a little older. She had a package of hamburger and a white plastic bottle of bleach, and she was talking rapidly with this other woman.

I wanted to speak to Miss Oates. I hadn't seen her for maybe twenty years, and I hadn't spoken to her for thirty.

A girl in a tan smock rang up the purchases, and when she got to mine she was out of quarters. She left the register; she took a long time. When I finally got out, Miss Oates and her friend had moved out into the parking lot and were standing beside a small car, still talking.

I waited under the big metal canopy. It was chilly, with a raw wind blowing. I smelled lilacs—a faint, delirious smell. I looked over the wood fence that bordered the vast parking lot, and all I saw were maples and privet hedges. No lilac.

I thought, I might as well leave. This is stupid anyway. A forty-year-old guy taking up the time of an old retired schoolteacher. Just as I was heading toward my car, the conversation broke up. Miss Oates walked to her car, and when she had it unlocked and the door open I reached her. I said, “Excuse me. I don't know if you remember me or not, but I had you in the third grade. Ritter. Alex Ritter.”

She looked at my face and frowned. Then she said, “Oh, yes. Now I remember. But you were a chubby little boy. I'm glad you spoke. I wouldn't have recognized you. There were three or four of you boys, as I recall. You were all cute little fellows. And you're all grown up now, of course.”

“Yes,” I said, feeling foolish. “There were four altogether. Three boys and a girl.”

“I've seen some of you in recent years once in a while downtown.”

“My brothers and my sister don't live here anymore. They've sort of scattered around the country. But I can't seem to leave this town. I don't know what holds me here.”

“No, I never could, either. Some of us are like that.”

As she talked, I noticed that she was not the Miss Oates I remembered. Close up, she was ancient. Her eyes were cloudy, her color gone. Her hair was dyed unevenly red, poorly; her freckled neck hung in delicate cords. And she had a noticeable hunch to her back.

I said, “You were the best teacher I ever had.”

She said, “Isn't that lovely to say, after all these years. I daresay you had a lot of teachers after the third grade.”

“I mean it, though. You were the first teacher to take an interest. You knew something was wrong, and you made allowances for it.”

Her expression went from slow confusion to understanding. “Oh, yes,” she said. “How is she, how is your mother?”

“She died in the hospital eight years ago. She was sick right up to the end.”

“I'm sorry to hear that. You boys did very well, considering the circumstances. I don't remember a girl. Perhaps I never taught her. But *you've* done well. I think I read something in the paper about you not long ago. What was it?”

“Maybe about setting up the new law offices. I've gone in with Blackburn, Lemper & Stein. They've taken me in as a full partner.”

“That was it. Isn't that wonderful. And you're married.”

“Yes. No children.” I don't know why I added it, except that people always ask.

Miss Oates was getting tired, I could see that. She murmured, “Yes . . . yes . . .” the way people do when they want to go, when everything's been said.

I should have left. But I can never get enough of a thing, or of a person, or of a relationship, no matter how small or tenuous. I want more than there can possibly be. I said, "You taught me long division. And how to read rapidly and well. And you used to teach us those Safety songs, from a big flat yellow book you had—songs about careful ice-skating, and one called 'Don't Play Near the Railroad Tracks.' "

"You have a fine memory."

"You would stand at the piano and give us the key, and we would sing. It was beautiful."

She was tall and straight then, and had high coloring, and her eyes twinkled. With strong hands, surely, positively, she stood beside the piano in a green wool suit and struck a perfect chord. We sang. The sun came in through the windows. The room in that big brick school faced south, so it was always bright.

"We all liked you. We used to give you a surprise party for any occasion we could dream up, and you had to ask us not to do it anymore because the principal wasn't too happy about it."

"Well, aren't you dear to recall all that." She shivered.

I said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have kept you out in this wind. I didn't realize I was doing it."

"That's all right."

"No, it isn't. But I had to talk to you. I'm sorry."

"Don't be silly. It was a pleasure. All kinds of young people stop me and talk to me, and they're all very nice. Some even come to see me. I live at the Squire Hotel. Still. Forty-three years now. I have two rooms there—a lovely sitting room. Why don't you come and have tea sometime?"

"Thank you."

"It was nice to talk with you again." Her hands trembled. "I've been quite sick, but now I'm all right, and I can see people. The doctor said. Come by, and bring your wife. I'm all right. I'm *all right.*"

She smiled and got into her car. Sunk down, peering over the steering wheel, she drove slowly out of the parking lot.

I stood there and felt angry. I don't know why. Then I smelled lilacs again, and still I could see no lilac bushes anywhere. I walked to my car.

Goddam fool. It wasn't what I had anticipated. But what was that? The past, no matter how insignificant, was impossible to recapture. I had done something small, rather grotesque, futile.

I drove away. Now I was more melancholy than angry. What I wanted was to be eight again, a child in a miserable home in the slums. I wanted to sit in Miss Oates's room—to be warm, secure, loved there. I wanted to see *her*—healthy, alive, standing at the piano, striking the perfect chord.

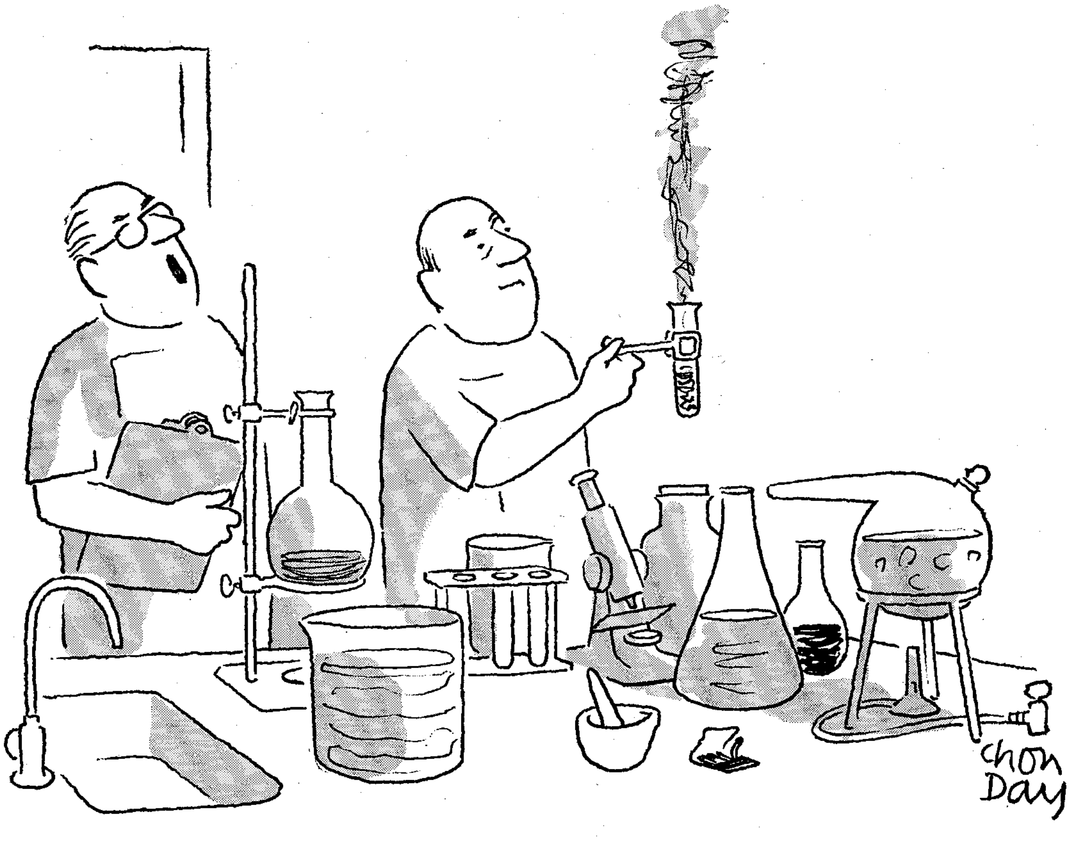
NETTIE had to go to New Jersey today to visit her grandmother, ninety-one years old and dying. It was our first long separation in eight years of married life.

We had a violent northeaster all day. The storm began right after I put Nettie on the train. The wind came in thick gusts. I was aware of it in the courthouse because of windows rattling, trees outside flailing. But I really noticed it when I got home. From our apartment on the eleventh floor, you can see the harbor and the whole town far away. The bridge up the river had its lights knocked out, and the water was so rough that there were no reflections; it looked particularly black and menacing, like the edge of the world. At the mouth of the river, only the Coast Guard light still pulsed white in the darkness. Directly below, little moored boats bobbed in the marina. The noise of their hawsers was shrill and constant, like peep frogs in March. Late-autumn leaves flew, and when they landed they matted in a mosaic on the black wet road.

I sat in the window and watched, eating some cold chicken Nettie had left for me. Then I put on old baggy clothes and drove to the shopping center to pick up the vacuum cleaner, which had been repaired. A mob of people rushed about in the pounding wind and rain. It was like an adventure.

On the way home, I took a shortcut to avoid stoplights. I went through dark narrow streets full of huge trees that had heaved up their sidewalks years ago and leaned together at the top. Near an old arched and vaulted brick school, I had to stop at a little intersection. There were branches lying in the street, and a deep puddle ahead. I glanced at a tall Victorian house that was all lit up. I had not noticed it before, and I thought the lights looked cozy in the storm. As the car sloshed through the puddle, I looked left into the curtainless windows of the big house. A lot of old people in there, people of both sexes, white-haired, bald, bent over, were gathering around a table. I assumed that they were going to eat.

I was appalled. I drove on, but I felt compelled to go around the block and return. Now the house was ghoulish in the storm, full of turrets and porches and gables. It had been sided



*"Sometimes I think you're a serious research-and-development man, Roberts, and sometimes I think you're just messing around."*

with cheap white "brick" shingles. There was a white sign hanging out front, with a small hooded light illuminating it, flapping in the wind: "SUNNYVIEW HEIGHTS."

A convalescent home. There were no heights, no sunny view. I went through the puddle more slowly this time. Old people were still arriving in the bare room for dinner. They moved as if they were in a play; they nodded and gestured, and pulled out chairs, and behind the panes of glass they seemed to be talking and enjoying one another's company. They were all wearing cardigan sweaters.

I drove on. I felt chilled, numbed. I passed cautiously over the leaves in the road—they could be slick.

When I got to the apartment building, I hustled in with the vacuum cleaner and took the elevator up. There was no one around. I made a large drink and sat by the window again and watched the wind knock the water against the seawall. Scores of cars passed by on the road out front, back and forth; people were going along the shore to see how much damage had been done. I was glad to see them.

I thought of going to a bar. I even thought of picking up a girl and bringing her home. I have never had an affair. I dismissed the idea long ago. Too much bother, too much pain for everyone concerned. The image of a naked young girl with me here in the apartment persisted—a scene of violent lovemaking to go with the storm. I had another drink. I read a little. The naked girl flickered and stopped.

It was very quiet in the apartment. Deathly. I listened at the door. Nothing. I pressed "Speak" at the doorbell and listened, and there was no voice out there, no sound except the wind.

I thought of Sunnyview Heights. I opened the apartment door. The long, carpeted hall was still, empty. All the blank doors faced one another. I stood in the open doorway and thought it was all like a Chirico, this hall, with me a part of it. We don't know any of the neighbors, or even what they do. We just say hello when we pass one another, or talk of the weather in the elevators.

Everything is mechanical in the building. As I stood there, I heard locks clicking, doors shutting far away, a dishwasher rumbling somewhere above. The elevators hummed, stopped on other floors. An incinerator door clanged. Then silence. No sound of a human voice. I stepped back into the apartment, locked the door, had a straight bourbon, and went to bed.

## SHADES MOUNTAIN

Here where a mass of autumn trees
rises to the left like a wall of red
and to the right iron ore
shudders away, what if I swerve to the right
suddenly, hauling the little car
and my friend and me over the desperate edge
beyond the expected motive,
lumbering through green and bitter red
of Pyracantha, careering down to burst
like destiny on Birmingham,
pocking the tranquil campus with the smoke
and flare of my decision?
What would it matter to either of us?
If I am my friend's keeper, what could I do
kinder for him than to drag his life,
stubborn and sad like mine, along with mine
fluttering like a pennant into the dark?

Nature is not for us—things open up
on every hand, open onto cliffs
sheer as the one blind Gloucester thought he fell from.

I have sat alone in a room at night
with one lamp, hearing outside
huge trees shake in the belligerent wind,
and thought that if I walked out on the porch
for a moment only, to watch leaves flail
the corner light, the wind
would tear me instantly apart.
The wind would tear us all apart
and scatter us like leaves, like dead leaves
through the uncaring streets.

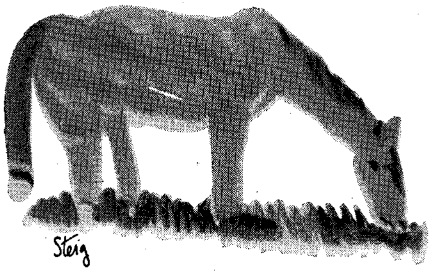
Nature is not for us—but I do not plunge
us into that dream of nature. . . .
I groan in second over the top,
around the curve, and plunge
down to the left in the secret pines
where rich men's houses glow
and their daughters pace in the coming dark.

—EVERETTE H. MADDOX

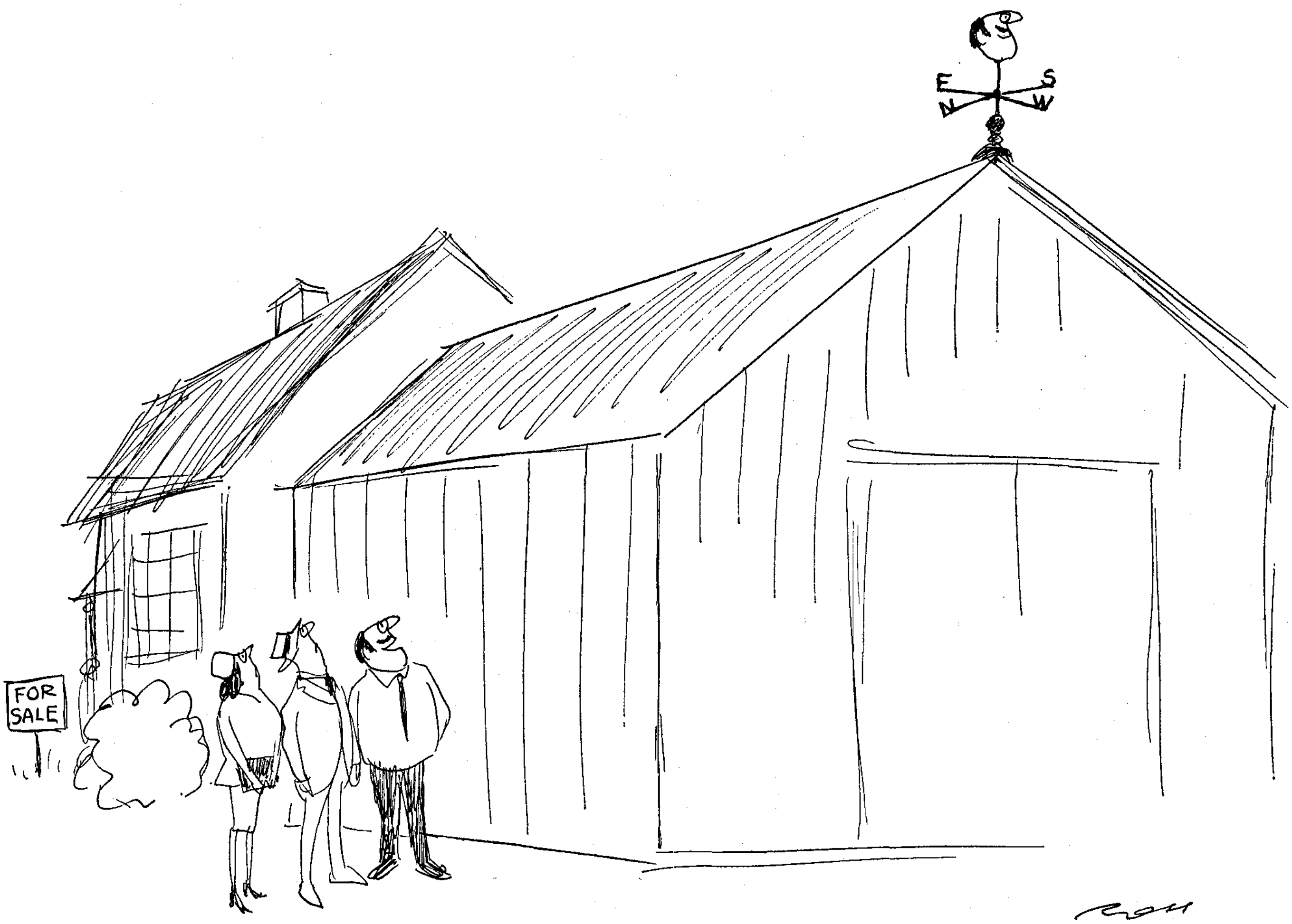
• •

Nettie called at eleven o'clock. She said, "Nana died at ten-thirty in her sleep." She asked me what I was doing, and I told her I was in bed with a blonde, and she said it wasn't a time for that kind of joke. She told me she missed me and would be home the day after tomorrow. She mentioned the storm; there had been flashflooding along the Jersey shore.

After our conversation, I did something I haven't done for many, many years, something odd for a married man my age. I went to the study and took out the strongbox, and from beneath the insurance policies, the few stock certificates, a copy of our will, two bankbooks, I removed three faded pornographic playing cards. No one knew I had them. I got back into bed and stared at the naked couples, trios. I shuffled the cards rapidly, nervously, in the silent room. I had had these cards since I was a boy in high school. I stole them from my best friend when I was about sixteen. He was very handsome, and he used to tell me in my back hall about all his conquests. I thought if I kept these pictures I would magically take on some of his beauty and his power. It hardly worked, but I kept the pictures anyway and used them by myself locked up in the bathroom.



Now I stared at the cards and



*"Of course, you must feel free to put up your own weathervane."*

• •

moved them in the same ritualistic order I had always done. Nothing happened. They did not excite me. They made me laugh. I got up, flushed them down the toilet, and went back to bed.

After tossing for a long time, I took two pills and finally went to sleep.

"HOW was the open house?" I asked Nettie.

"You didn't miss much," she said.

A local stockbroker and a friend, Jim Barnett, had opened new offices in a restored nineteenth-century mansion. We have a little money left over now, and I decided recently that we should start putting something away with him for our old age. I had had to go to New York the day of the party, so Nettie went alone.

"You know," she said, "they didn't even have gin. It was hot and lovely out, and it was a garden party, right in that little sunken plot between the big old houses. I would have loved a gin-and-tonic. I had to settle for Scotch.

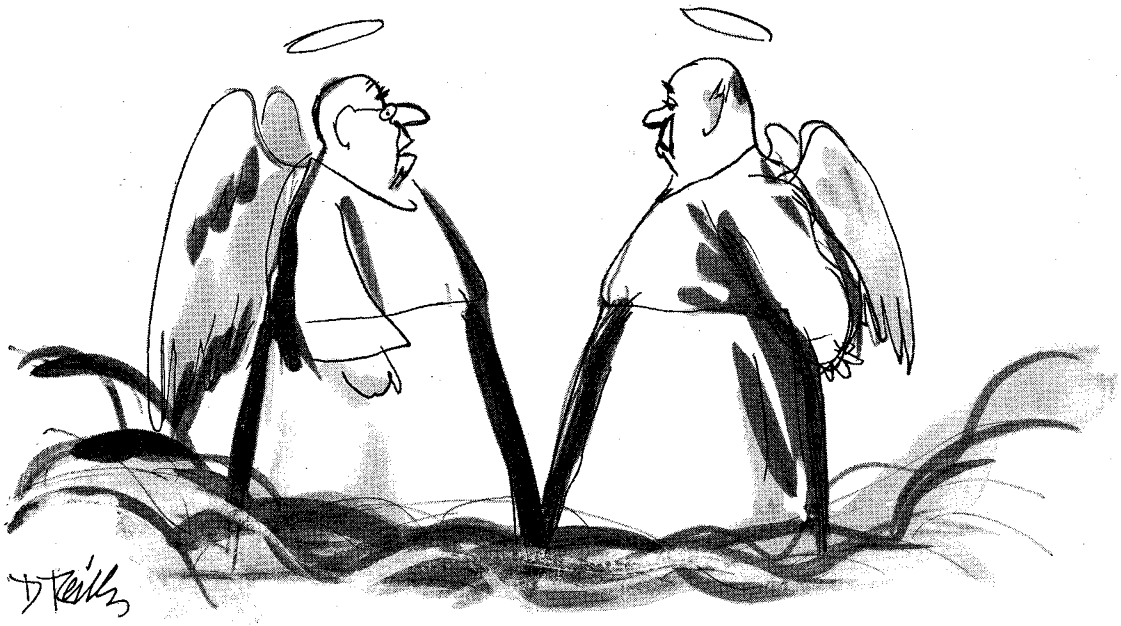
"I got there late and stood around the edges alone, but I didn't mind. Of course, Jim Barnett came over, and he was very polite and kind, and he told me to have you stop by the office when you could. I think he already had a head start with the drinks, because he said to me out of the corner of his mouth, 'Did you ever see such a collection?'

"There *were* a lot of people, some of them really rich—you could tell. One old lady in a beautiful beige linen suit and brown suède shoes with flaps on them could just about make it down the big stone steps, but then she had a Scotch-on-the-rocks, and she laughed and talked in this croaking voice with Jim for a while, and then she creaked up the steps and left, just as the sun was beginning to cool.

"A couple of men came up to me and made a pass. They were on the make all over the place. I just had one drink and left.

"There *was* one funny thing. Not funny. No. You remember Lilly Tourjee, who teaches botany at the college? Well, she came just before I left. She's the one who married Morton Fleming only a couple of years back—he died two weeks ago. It was a late marriage—she's not young. A dear person, really. I never met anyone more gentle. I can't imagine why she was there, unless it was to take her mind off things. She came with a lady—I don't know who *she* was. Lilly Tourjee was next to me; her friend was talking with a couple of insurance sharks. Lilly, poor thing, she stood there by herself all gaunt and small. I said, 'Excuse me, aren't you Mrs. Fleming?' I told her who I was and that I had had her for botany fifteen years ago—what a good course it was. She just looked at the ground and smiled a little. She said she remembered me, that I'd been a fine student, but I don't think she remembered me at all. I didn't mention her husband, naturally. I asked her if she'd like a drink, and she said no in this distracted way. She looked so pale and hazy. I guess she was under some kind of sedation. She didn't have any makeup on—no lipstick, even. Her lips looked chapped.

"Her friend came over with a drink, and she asked Lilly in a loud voice if she was all right. Lilly said that she was perfectly fine, fine. She didn't look up, and the lady winked at



*"I was damned lucky to get here before industrial pollution became a sin."*

me and made an exaggerated sad face and went back to her men.

"We talked about the weather—how beautiful it was—and I couldn't think of a thing more to say. We just stood there, and I told her I had to leave pretty soon. Then out of the blue she said to me, 'Did you happen to read the *Times* today?' I said no. She said, 'I read the silliest article in there today. It seems the federal government in Washington has just completed a big study on the subject of happiness. You know—what causes happiness, or unhappiness, I forget. The government spent something like three hundred thousand dollars on this long study, and do you know what their conclusions were? That rich people are happier than poor. That healthy people are happier than sick. Young people happier than old. And so forth. Isn't that something? Isn't that the silliest thing you ever heard in your life?' At that point, she started to cry. I put my arm around her and tried to comfort her, but she cried harder, only she didn't make any noise. I caught her friend's eye, and she came over, put down her glass, and led her away, up the steps to the sidewalk.

"It was awful. I could hardly keep from crying myself. Jim Barnett came up to me and said it was a shame, that she was a fine woman. That she had been very happily married only a little while.

"Then this woman next to me leans over and says confidentially, 'It's all right, he left her quite well off.'

"I just looked away and started toward the steps. Jim came along. I thanked him for the nice party, and he said it was his pleasure. When he'd walked me a ways, he looked back and said, 'People like her should be shot.'

"From the sidewalk, I looked down into the little garden. When I left, everyone was still standing there, all dressed up, drinking and shouting in the gloom."

ON my way uptown today, I passed, as usual, through the slums. In order to go from the residential part of town to the business district, you *have* to pass through the slums.

I spent my childhood in this neighborhood. The streets are narrow, crowded with shingled, symmetrical wooden houses from around 1840, with peaked roofs, large square chimneys, and fan windows. Very few trees. There is a synagogue—now closed, filled with pigeons and swallows—and a heavy granite Catholic church still in use. All the houses seem to stand so that they receive the poorest, the most depressing light. There are great patches of ragweed. A lot of gas stations make grease spots on the sidewalks, in the gutters. The gas stations are old and look like little Hollywood sets—Mediterranean stucco, with red or green tile roofs.

Very little has changed in this neighborhood since I was a boy. Wholesale businesses in heavy square brick buildings are still there—produce, beer, plumbing supplies, canned goods. The three-family wooden house I grew up in is intact, if shabbier, with some windows boarded over, its front door fading, with a handle for a doorknob. The major change is in the people who live there. When I was small, the slums were filled with Italians, Irish, Poles, Lebanese, Jews. Now they have all moved out and up, and they have been replaced entirely by Negroes and Puerto Ricans.

On my way to work today, I looked at the streets, and I really saw them for the first time in years. I saw how gray they were, and desolate. There were papers, cardboard, aluminum foil, beer cans in the gutters. Empty wine and whiskey bottles stood in small empty doorways. A little park lay barren, trampled, only a few laurel bushes in it trying to be green. And I knew it was all the same as it had been when I was a child. Nothing was different.

Driving slowly in the early-morning sun, I saw three very small children playing. They were Puerto Rican—two girls and a boy. The girls wore grownups' clothes—long pink and green satiny dresses, wobbly silver high-heeled shoes, red and blue bandannas tied about their heads. The three of them moved around a parking-meter pole, which was taller than they were. With their arms straight and used as spokes, they whirled around the pole, fast, their heads thrown back, their mouths open in laughter.

I remembered doing the same thing with my friends when I was small. I thought how happy I was then. And then I thought, No, I wasn't. I wasn't happy at all.

By the time I got to work, I forgot about the children moving around the pole, and childhood, and happiness. When I went home at the end of the day, I didn't look at the old neighborhood. I drove through it half conscious, as usual. I hardly saw the ugly buildings, the brutal way the dying sun struck them.

After dinner, after I had showered and read the local paper, I remembered the three children for no reason at all. They startled me, the way they popped into my mind, whirling. I wanted to tell Nettie about them, but she had fallen asleep before an old movie on TV.

I wish I could find another route to my office, even if it meant a wide detour, but there is only one way to go.

—H. L. Mountzoures

# WAS BLÜCHER LATE AT MARATHON?

IT was before the invention of the wheel. Sun worship went on, involving the sacrifice of blondes in bras and primeval minis. Cremation was practiced, the body, dead or alive, being pushed out to sea on a raft. Husbandry was primitive. These appeared to be a Mesolithic people, living on fish, fruit, and the flesh of saurians. Oil of a thick, yellowish kind was employed to set fire to a diplodocus (or perhaps an iguanodont), which came adrift from its halter and threatened mountainous havoc. The moon had not yet been born, though the sun was clearly in labor and flashed prodigiously. When parturition eventually took place, man, after some momentary confusion, took the new orb in his stride. Its phases were chalked up on the rocks, and calendar-making began. The first real tide was for some reason a good deal delayed, but when it came it was a whopper. None of the participants, man or beast, aged at all during the brief span of these catastrophes.

Thus, in short, the scenario of a film called "When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth." (Or was it ". . . Roamed the Earth"?) The title was on the screen for less time than the name of the hair stylist, and even that I have forgotten. But as we are about to voyage in some rather strange seas of thought, I think we had better break up the stream of consciousness with a few subtitles of our own; e.g.:

### REACTION OF AN EDUCATED MAN

The natural reaction of an educated man to this kind of flimflam is scorn. Chronological fiddling, up to a point, is to be expected in a Technicolor excursion into prehistory; anyone who rose up in the balcony and cried out, "You have blurred the distinction between the Carboniferous and the Permian," would properly be dismissed as a pedant. But to show man shoving stakes into a stegosaurus stretches the credibility gap to something over a hundred and thirty million years, which is too much. The postdating of the birth of the moon by about four aeons is a damned liberty.

### WHAT ABOUT ORION, THOUGH?

An educated man intent on nourishing his scorn by checking the approximate dates of terrestrial and celestial epochs is bound to get sidetracked. When, for instance, was Orion born—or, anyway, how far off is it? Well, it turns out that you can't look up the distance to Orion, or to any other constellation. You have to ferret out its individual stars, and the results are highly unsettling. Here is a rundown, at the time of writing, of the distances in light-years of the brightest jewels in Orion's accoutrements: Alnitak, sixteen hundred; Bellatrix, four hundred and seventy; Betelgeuse, five hundred and twenty; Mintaka, fifteen hundred; Rigel, nine hundred; Saiph, twenty-one hundred. Alnilam, plumb in the middle of the belt, is ignored in my table of distances, but I have reason to believe it is about equidistant with Alnitak, give or take a few million million miles. Orion, as viewed, is a fake. Bellatrix is contemporary with Erasmus, and one's view of Rigel, down there at the tip of the sword, was launched during the Battle of Hastings. The whole thing is a worse jumble of periods than the Forum Romanum. And if we turn northward for a glance at the Andromeda Nebula, we are back in the Pliocene era, which is about the gravest disorientation that can occur to the naked eye.

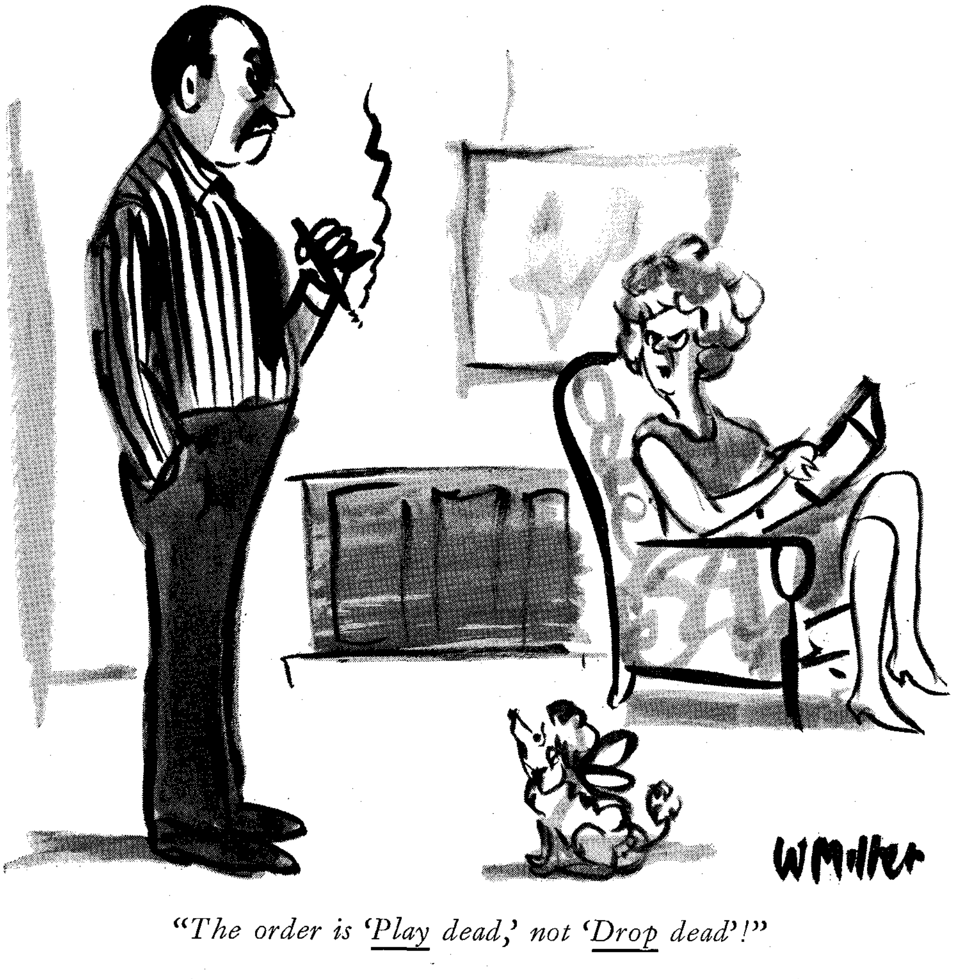
### WHITHER IS ALL THIS TENDING?

To a recantation, actually, on a par with Galileo's. Since that vast anachronistic agglomeration we call the night sky is generally accepted as a satisfactory spectacle, worth looking at on a fine evening and strongly suggesting that it has some kind of genuine and contemporaneous existence, it is ridiculous to jib at a few prehistoric blondes being harassed by low-flying pterodactyls. Light is a two-way affair, and if our Jurassic reptiles are now showing on extragalactic screens at around one hundred million light-years away, while Joan of Arc is clearly and simultaneously visible on Betelgeuse, there is no earthly or universal reason why our own scenarios should not take a broad view. Films like "When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth" are seen, on reconsideration, to be unnecessarily conservative. We may as well, in fact,

### DO AS WE WOULD BE DUNNE BY

and draw up a scenario of our own. What I have in mind is a conspectus of world history as viewed simultaneously from various vantage points in the universe—wide-screen stuff, produced by a Toynbee rather than a Joseph E. Levine. When the action opens, it is the Eve of Waterloo, though unlikely to remain so for long.

SCENE: *A gala ball in progress in the Parthenon. Phidias is putting finishing touches to the decorations. Amid a gay*



*"The order is 'Play dead,' not 'Drop dead'!"*

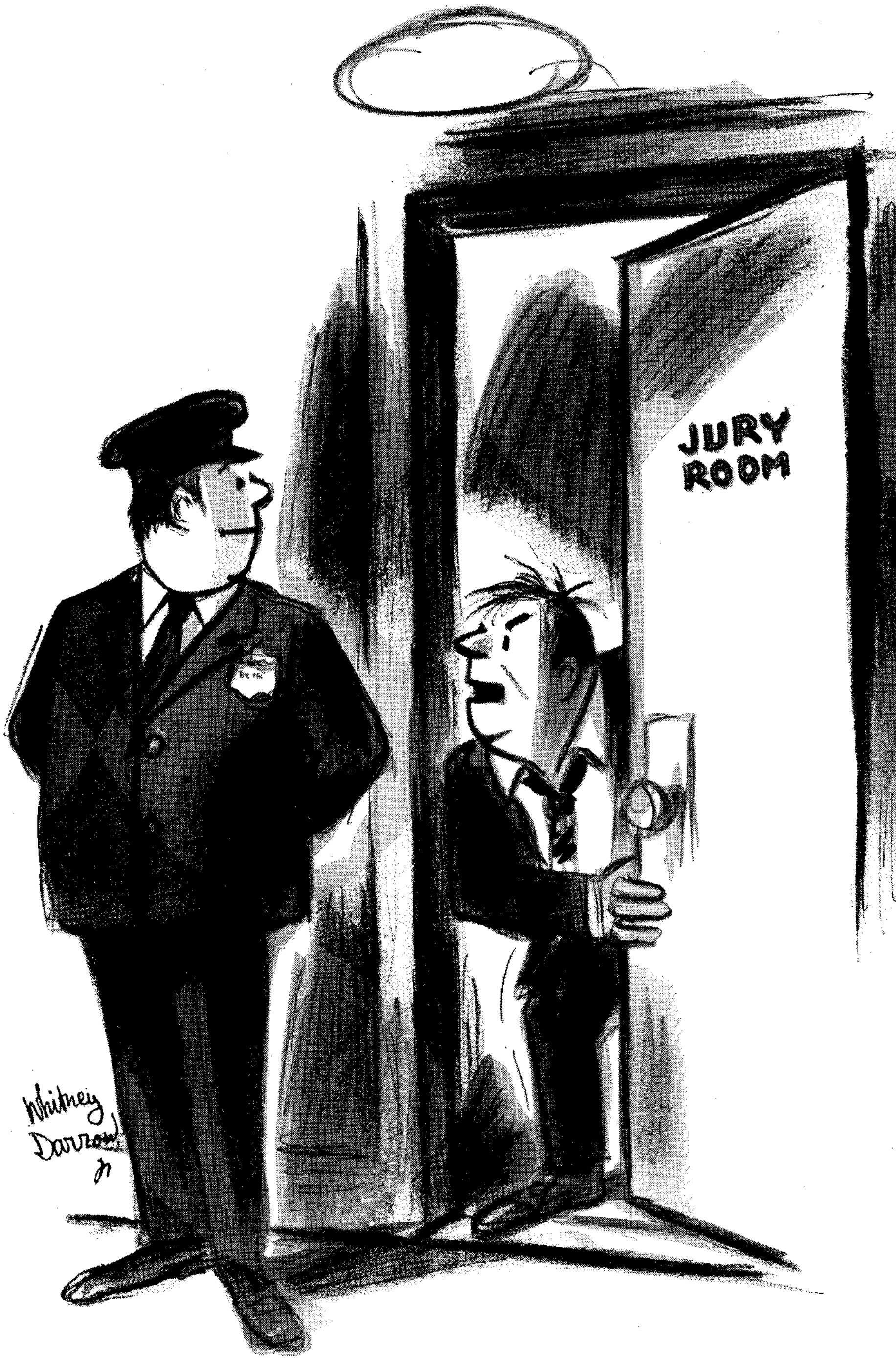
*throng of Fourth Dynasty Egyptians, whose profiles are turned to the camera, the tall figure of Wellington, unmistakable in doublet and hose, makes a sombre contrast. He is chatting with Cleopatra and Lady Hamilton, who wear their famous Quatre bras. A distant rumbling is heard without, and Pheidippides gallops up.*

PHEIDIPPIDES: The Fourth Ice Age is advancing! (*Dies of cold.*)

WELLINGTON: Very well. Stand by to repel hordes of woolly rhinoceroses coming down from the north.

*The camera pans, if that is the word, to Samuel Pepys, busy at his electric typewriter. He serves as a sort of continuity man, to keep things in perspective, and has just written* (*in a manner clearly visible to patrons, even in the cheaper seats*), *"Meanwhile, in another part of ye Universe, threatening Magellanic Clouds are gathering."*

*A stampede, for the first time on any screen, of woolly rhinos, egged on by Geronimo and quantities of Apaches. It must be realized, as Pepys will explain, that at this time the Thames and the Rhone flowed together into an ocean called Tethys, completely cutting off the U.S. Cavalry from what is now Europe. This obviates any hackneyed situations and raises hopes that the Indians will join Wellington in time.*



*"We're still deadlocked at eleven to one. May we see Exhibit A—the blunt instrument?"*

*Enter Edmund Burke at a run, carrying the sacred flame from Olympia. (Or it could be Prometheus, with a badly pecked liver.)*

BURKE: An event has happened upon which it is difficult to speak, and impossible to be silent.

LADY HAMILTON (*in some confusion*): Kiss me, Thomas Hardy.

*The action now hots up. A group of Neanderthalers, fleeing southward in face of a rumor that their skulls are shortly to be measured, discover the source of the Nile; Archimedes, in a semicomic interlude, tries to invent the wheel, watched by a crowd of jeering Babylonian cyclists.*

GENERAL SHERMAN (*heavily outnumbered at Dismal Swamp by tyrannosaurs, sabre-toothed tigers, etc.*): Where the devil did all these come from?

HARRIET STOWE: I 'spect they just grow'd, like triceratopses.

*These events throw Napoleon, whose stagecoach has already been held up by John Wayne, behind schedule, and give an opportunity for a brief dialogue at H.Q. before the decisive struggle begins.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Easy does it. Little strokes fell great oaks.

GENERAL PATTON: If you believe that, you can believe anything.

*Another part of the Acropolis. Enter three Aurignacian blondes pursued by Karl Marx. The Age of Fishes begins—in a small way, at first. Rochefoucauld gives vent to a suitable aphorism, and a choir of Heavenly voices rouses the Light Brigade to one last assault, reducing the Parthenon to its present state and inflicting an even more far-reaching personal wound.*

CLEOPATRA: I'm hit, by God! My nose is half an inch shorter.

WELLINGTON: By God, so it is.

*The history of the world changes, to the evident delight of Pascal. The days lengthen perceptibly, and reports of new galaxies pour in as fast as H. G. Wells can log them. It is apparent, as people begin to grope for their hats, that the Universe is contracting again at speeds well in excess of 186,000 miles a second. Queen Victoria, remembering (in a telling flashback) his success over the sparrows in the Crystal Palace, asks Wellington to give his advice in these difficult times. However,*

### I'D RATHER BE BOILED IN HOYLE, SAYS DUKE

—not very meaningfully perhaps, but it was high time we had another of those subtitles to wind up with.

—H. F. ELLIS

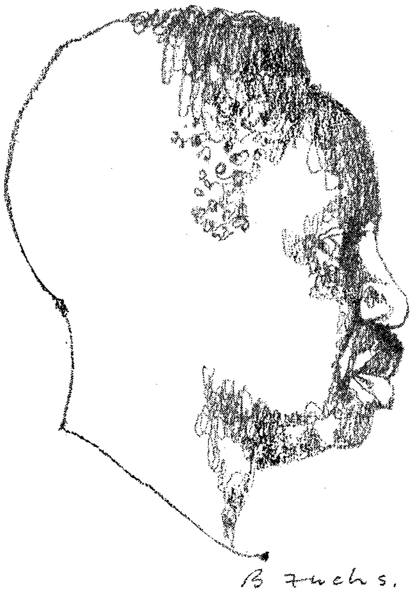
# PROFILES

## PRESIDENT

### III—WE MUST RUN WHILE THEY WALK

IN 1961, at the time of Tanganyika's independence, Julius Kambarage Nyerere, who was his country's first Prime Minister and has remained its first President, was known throughout much of the Western world as one of the most moderate and sensible of Africa's new leaders. Today, a decade later, most Americans and Britons, if they know anything of Nyerere at all, have a vague impression of him as an extremist who has allowed his country—which, since shortly after its merger with Zanzibar, in 1964, has been known as the United Republic of Tanzania—to become "China's foothold in Africa." Neither reputation bears much resemblance to reality. It is true, however, that a number of crises that afflicted Nyerere in 1964—his Army revolted and he was forced to call on British troops for help, and he formed the union with the offshore island of Zanzibar, where black Africans had overthrown an Arab-led government and quickly formed close attachments with China, the Soviet Union, and East Germany—caused him to shift his political balance to the left. It is also true that in February, 1965, when he made a one-week state visit to China, Nyerere was greatly impressed by what he saw.

One evening the following year, while making a four-day visit to the Tabora region, in central Tanzania, Nyerere tried to explain to a foreign visitor what the visit to China had meant to him. He was wearing a collarless, coat-style shirt and trousers of a style that he and many members of his government had begun to wear a year or two before. The uniform was known locally as a "Tanzanian suit," but to many Westerners it looked suspiciously like something Mao Tse-tung might wear. The Tanzanians were already exceedingly sensitive to such talk, and often pointed out that Nyerere had first seen such a suit on Zanzibar and had admired it for its simplicity, and that Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, who had visited Tanzania in June, 1965, had remarked that the suit was not heavy enough for the Chinese climate. Nyerere also wore an Arab cap, a *kofia*, from Zanzibar. Earlier that day, an upcountry elder had chided him, saying, "Why do you wear that? It's a Zanzibar cap." And when Nyerere had replied, "No, it's a Tanzanian cap," the town elders had all laughed, because the concept of Tanzanian union still seemed unreal.



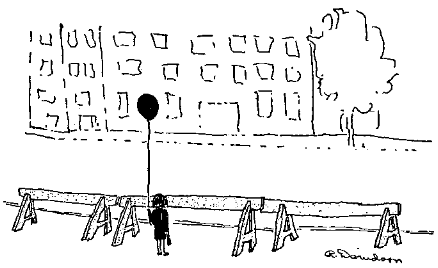
*Julius K. Nyerere*

"Well, I wish the Cold War were not a complicating factor here," Nyerere said, when his visitor asked him to describe his China trip. "I wish we could just speak simple facts. If you take me to see General Motors, I will marvel. If you take me to London, I will say, 'How wonderful.' Last year, I visited Holland, a small country but a very advanced country, and"—his voice was high in wonder—"they are spending hundreds of millions of pounds just to *push back the sea!* Well! All I can say is, 'Wonderful.' But it is irrelevant to what we can do in Tanzania. The assembly plants in North America and Europe are irrelevant. The time will come—but it hasn't yet. Today we inspected a little dam that cost fifteen hundred pounds. That we can do. And if we could make dams like that everywhere and give everybody water, it would be a revolution. China is different. China is a backward country trying to pull itself up. But it is two steps ahead of us. No—three steps in some places, two in others, *one* in others. You can see the steps, and you say, 'Boy! Why didn't we think of that? We should do that!' I should send many people to see these things. But it has nothing to do with the Cold War. It is a question of what we are capable of. I've been telling my own people, 'We've got to change; we must mechanize, we must have better tools.' But what are better tools? Not the combine harvester. If I were given enough combine harvesters for every family in Tanzania, what would I do with them? No mechanics, no . . ." He shuddered at the prospect. "It would be a serious problem—unless, of course, I sold them for hard cash. But we still have to give the people better tools, tools they can handle and can pay for. Americans, when they speak of better tools, are talking about something quite different. We are using hoes. If two million farmers in Tanzania could jump from the hoe to the oxen plow, it would be a revolution. It would double our living standard, triple our product. This is the kind of thing China is doing. An ancient people, dealing with the difficulties of feeding seven hundred million people. The *stage* of their development is relevant to us. I wish I could state this as true, observed fact, and nothing more. But when you say, 'From China you can learn,' they say we are going Red."

He remained silent for a moment, and then went on, "But also there is a problem of attitude. I don't know quite how to put this. There is a difference between Eastern and Western countries, and between poor and rich countries. The West is just too individualistic. All the textbooks of Western countries talk about rights, rights, rights, and no duties. The Charter of the United Nations is a charter of rights. Very good. This is very good. You couldn't state it better. Schools, churches talk about rights all the time. And duty is usually defined as 'obey the law.' The minimum! In the Eastern countries, there has been a reaction to this. A reaction, I think, that works like a pendulum; to strike a balance, you must swing each way. When human society has exaggerated something very much, I think the opposite must be established before a balance can be reached. And the Eastern countries have something Africa needs: a stress on duty. The West looks at this as privation of freedom. They would say, 'Duty! They regiment the people.' Yet I feel that for our type of world, where it is so easy for a man to make himself comfortable at the expense of the many—especially for those in power and those with an education—we must look at the other side of the coin. One of the biggest dangers in Africa now is corruption at the top. This is the *silent* scramble for Africa. Make yourself rich as quickly as possible. And if that is questioned, you are questioning the people's freedom."

IRONICALLY, Nyerere's shift toward the left was given a push by a series of diplomatic events in 1964 and 1965 for which the Western countries were partly responsible. The first was a problem posed by the merger of Tanganyika and Zanzibar in April, 1964—what to do about relations with the two Germanys. Since independence, Tanganyika had had extremely cordial relations with West Germany, and was counting on Bonn to make a sizable contribution to a five-year-plan that was to be announced in May, 1964. In fact, Tanganyika, which comprised most of what had once been German East Africa, had enjoyed a sort of foster child's relationship with the West Germans. On the other hand, East Germany had rushed into Zanzibar after the revolution and established an embassy there—its first in Africa. To protect their diplomatic foothold, the East Germans began to build the Zanzibaris a radio transmitter, and sent in a freighter laden with clothing and other goods; they also promised to rebuild an entire township in the Ng'ambo district of Zanzibar Town. Abeid Karume, Tanzania's First Vice-President and the ranking Tanzanian official on Zanzibar, assured the East Germans that the islanders would allow nothing to spoil their newfound friendship. Faced with such a curious problem, the Tanzanians expected the West Germans to approve of the union and agree to some sort of compromise, such as the reduction in status of the East German Embassy on Zanzibar to a consulate. The United Republic would refrain from recognizing East Germany, the Tanzanians promised, and the net result would be that East Germany would lose its only embassy in Africa. The government of Chancellor Ludwig Erhard insisted, however, that any compromise would violate the terms of West Germany's Hallstein Doctrine, under which Bonn refused to have diplomatic relations with any nation, except the Soviet Union, that had relations with East Germany. As a result, no steps whatever were taken until February, 1965. Then the Tanzanian government announced its decision: while continuing to withhold formal recognition of East Germany, the United Republic would permit the East Germans to open a consulate-general in Dar es Salaam, the capital, in compensation for the imminent closing of their embassy on Zanzibar. The West German government retaliated with astonishing swiftness. It cancelled a military-aid program to Tanzania, which had included four million pounds to equip and train a Tanzanian Air Force and Navy, and withdrew its air and naval training teams virtually overnight. Bonn also announced that at its next meeting the West German Cabinet would consider "further moves to put pressure on Tanzania." This response represented precisely the sort of clumsy diplomatic bullying of a weak nation by a powerful one that Nyerere most deeply resented. He asked the West Germans to cancel all remaining aid immediately, including three million pounds that had been promised for technical aid. "A hungry dog will accept food in any way you give it to him, even if you throw it at him," he said at the time. "It is different with a human being. You have to be careful about the way you give food to a hungry man. He has his dignity to preserve." He later remarked that some people had "expected the union of Tanganyika and Zanzibar to solve the problem of German reunification, but it did not."

During that same period, three incidents occurred that severely damaged Tanzania's relations with the United States. In November of 1964, Nyerere's Minister of External Affairs and Defense, Oscar Kambona, returned unexpectedly to Dar es Salaam from the town of Arusha, in the northern highlands, and called a press conference to announce that the government had "concrete evidence" that "certain Western powers"—specifically, the United States, in league with Portugal—were preparing to attack Tanzania. Seemingly enjoying his role as the Tanzanian Paul Revere, Kambona sent the Organization for African Unity, in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, a cable that said, "HAVE THE HONOR TO INFORM YOU THAT THE UNITED REPUBLIC HAS GATHERED SUFFICIENT DOCUMENTARY AND FACTUAL EVIDENCE TO REVEAL EXISTENCE OF PLOT BY CERTAIN WESTERN POWERS TO OVERTHROW TANZANIA GOVERNMENT AND SUBVERT NATIONALIST AND LIBERATION MOVEMENTS." Two days later, he told a crowd of seven thousand angry Tanzanians at Moshi, on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, "We liked the Americans, because they know how sweet freedom is, and because they pressed the British to give us our freedom. Why are they now trying to undermine our government?"

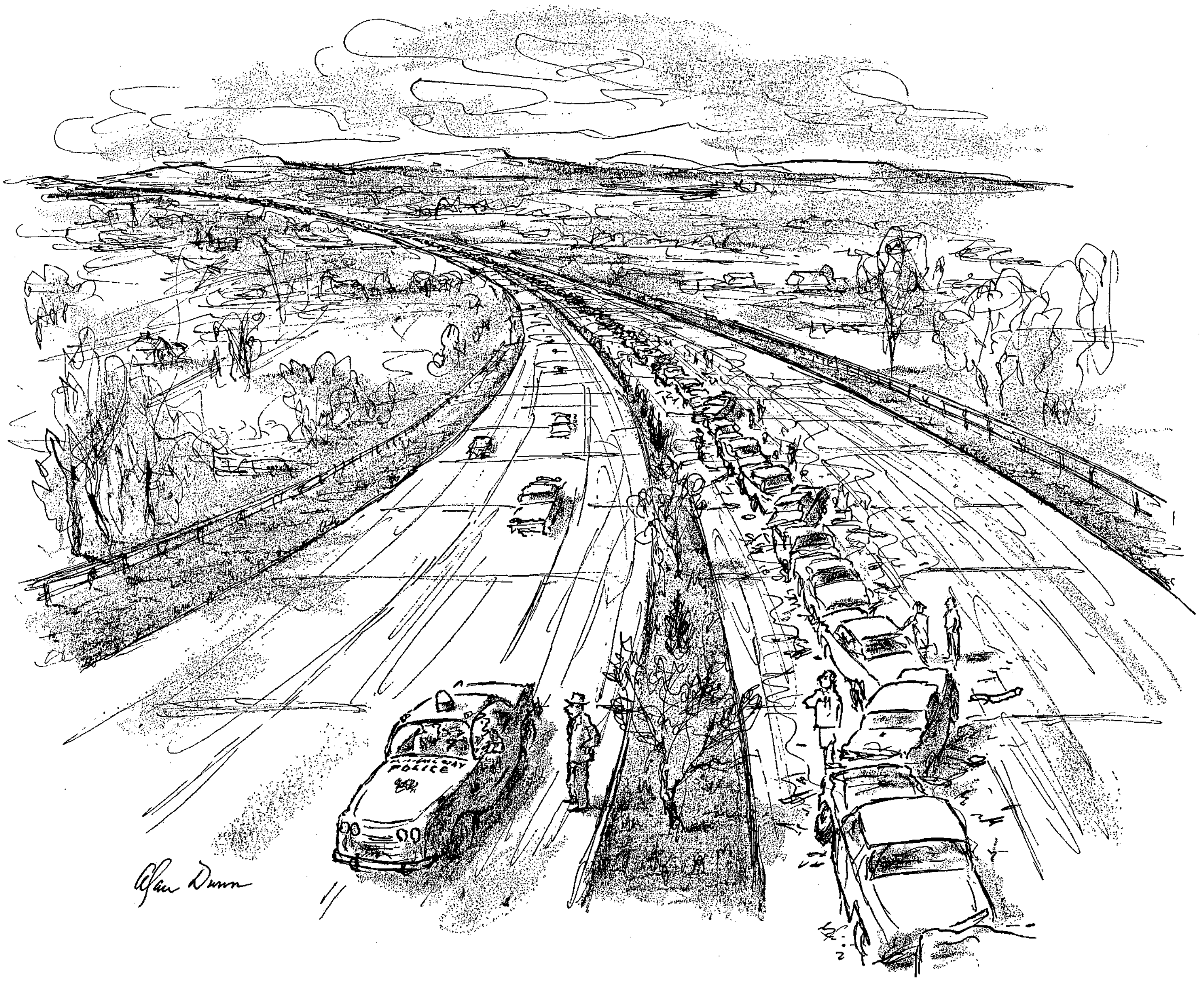


## IN THE MENTAL WARD,

little light
from out-of-doors. A visiting child
intrudes on the darkened hallway;
he takes sweet mint toothpicks
from his pocket; smiling and beckoning
to the patients, he holds them out with small
encouraging gestures: Are here. Not bad thing.
No hurt. Good thing. You do.
Comfortable
now, their terror drowsing after
evening "meds," bulked out
in pajamas and robes, curious,
companionable as kine, they come and flock
to him, the sad lean years, they take
toothpicks, they tear the paper off,
they clip them between their jaws
and stand with sage expectancy,
they turn and gaze at one another,
slowly, gravely, with perfect ease,
their astounded tongues divining
the secret, freedom!, rousing the wild wood.

—IRVING FELDMAN

• •



*"It's darn near all the way from New York to Buffalo, where some dame suddenly slammed on her brakes."*

• •

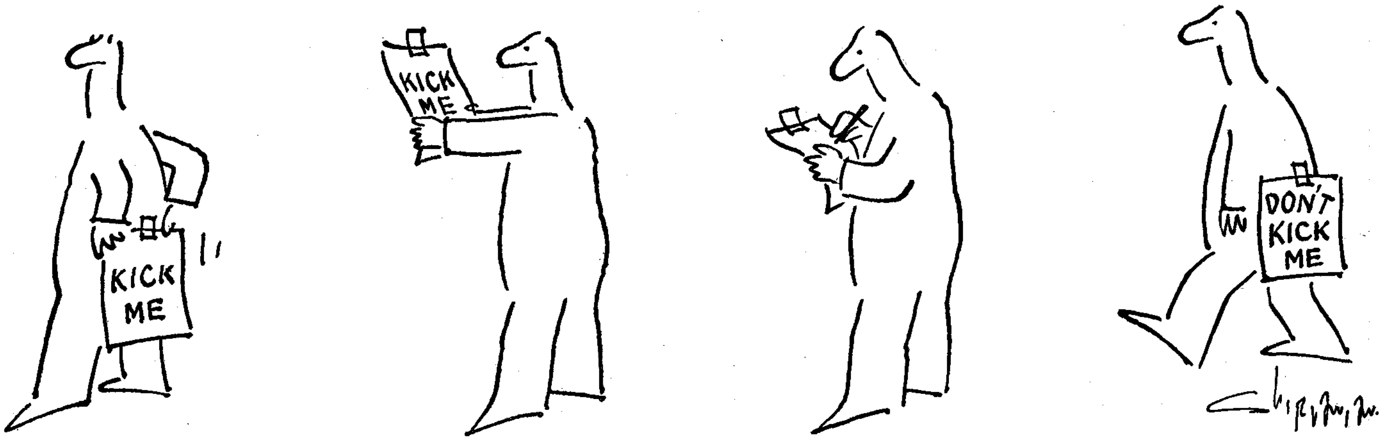
While anti-Americanism raged across Tanzania, the United States Embassy in Dar es Salaam waited for almost a week to examine the "documentary evidence." It turned out to consist of three photostats of what purported to be Western diplomatic messages, all written in French. One of the three supposed messages referred to "special arrangements to overthrow the government of Mr. Julius Nyerere" and replace it with "one still being studied by the Department of State." Another, said to be addressed to an ambassador, asked for nine thousand pounds for recruiting South Africans for a "putsch," and added that the United States sought to obtain "assurance from Great Britain that she will not intervene." An American diplomat said at the time, "It will be no problem demonstrating that the documents are forgeries. The real question is whether the evidence presented will be accepted." Nyerere had been spending the week at Lake Manyara, in northern Tanzania. He was said to have received the documents from Andrew Tibandebage, an old friend, who was then Tanzania's Ambassador to the Congo, and to have given them to Kambona, saying, "Deal with this." When Nyerere returned to Dar es Salaam a few days later, Westerners hoped he would explain that the documents were false. Instead, at an afternoon rally of about twenty thousand people, Nyerere gave a long, emotional speech about world problems, in which he referred again and again to the possibility of a mistake. If the documents were not genuine, he said, he would be "the first to thank God." The Americans had denied their authenticity, he said, and would be given a chance to prove their claim.

Western diplomats were disappointed that Nyerere was not more explicit, but in any case they tended to place most of the blame on Kambona, who had blandly told them that such public disclosure of unproved allegations represented "the African way of dealing with problems." Some Westerners even believed that Kambona had used the incident to damage the position of the United States in Tanzania and had jealously attempted to weaken Nyerere's own relations with the Western countries. Both Kambona and Nyerere insisted in later years, however, that Kambona was not responsible for the disclosure of the documents. "I was only the announcer," Kambona has said. "Nyerere called me from Lake Manyara and asked me to make the documents public. Whether they were true or not, we thought this was the best defense against them." Nyerere has essentially agreed. "It's unfair to blame Oscar for that," he has said. "If I hadn't wanted it announced, I wouldn't have given them to him." Nyerere said that he might have used different words or different methods if he had announced the documents himself but that the basic responsibility was his.

Later that November, while the issue of the documents was still fresh in the minds of Tanzanians, Belgian paratroopers borne by United States Air Force planes dropped on Stanleyville, in the Congo, to save the lives of whites who were being held hostage by Congolese rebels. The airdrop took place while negotiations for the hostages' release were going on in Nairobi between William Attwood, the American Ambassador to Kenya, and Thomas Kanza, the Foreign Minister of the rebel movement that had captured much of the eastern Congo. Of all the statements of protest from African heads of state, none was angrier than Nyerere's. "In an action reminiscent of Pearl Harbor, foreign troops were flown into the Congo at the very moment negotiations were taking place to secure the safety of all who lived in the Stanleyville area," he said. Westerners in general were astonished by the African reaction to an operation that might well have saved several hundred hostages' lives, and were irritated because the African leaders said little or nothing about reports of the rebels' murdering fifty hostages, including Paul Carlson, an American missionary doctor who had been condemned to death on charges of spying.

The key to the reaction against the airdrop lies in the Africans' consciousness of their vulnerability. Nyerere had distrusted Tshombe ever since Tshombe led the secession of Katanga Province from the Congo, in 1960, particularly because at one point Tshombe had suggested to Nyerere the possibility of merging Katanga with Tanganyika. During the years of Congolese fighting, between 1960 and 1965, Tshombe became a symbol of the African who used white support and white mercenaries to kill his brothers and destroy his own country. In Tanganyika during those years, "Tshombe" was the ugliest epithet possible. Nyerere regarded Tshombe's return to Léopoldville as Premier in 1964 as a betrayal of Africa. At the time, Nyerere observed to a foreign visitor, "There are three dead men who, if they should come to life today, would ask, '*What* is happening?' They are President Kennedy, Dag Hammarskjöld, and Patrice Lumumba." Nyerere also believed, apparently, that the 1964 paratroop landing in Stanleyville was aimed not just at rescuing hostages but also at ending the Congo rebellion and thus helping the Tshombe regime. It is true that Nyerere and other Africans overreacted to the news of the airdrop; it is also true, however, that in failing to exert greater pressure against Tshombe's accession to power in Léopoldville the Western powers failed to appreciate the depth of the African leaders' hatred of him. When a European friend of Nyerere's was asked why Nyerere had reacted so violently to what was, after all, a humanitarian mission to save lives, the friend replied, " 'You'll do all that for white skins!' That's what the Africans would say. 'And you don't do anything at all about the millions of Africans in South Africa and Rhodesia.' That's the African reaction. Nyerere is not a racist, but he's a fanatical African."

About a year after the airdrop, Nyerere himself tried to explain to an American visitor why he had reacted to it as he had. "One of the best things that could happen to Africa would be for the United States to understand her," he said. "This should not be difficult. The United States fought its own revolution in 1776, defining in language that can never be bettered why an otherwise peaceful, sensible people would take up arms and fight. Of the countries born of revolution, the greatest is the United States. Today, you have an ethic based on freedom. You judge society by that ethic. You find Alabama intolerable because of your own ethic. I find it very natural that, during the Second World War, Roosevelt should have said to Churchill, 'How can we fight for freedom elsewhere in the world when you stop the Indians from governing themselves?' One accepts that an American would ask, 'How can we justify preserving an empire while we are fighting for freedom elsewhere?' But then something went wrong. I think the United States is schizophrenic in this matter. It says, 'You must back up the United States in the anti-Communist struggle.' In some corner of its mind, it accepts that Africans have a right to independence. You relegate Africa's case to some corner; it does not matter very much. If there is a conflict, you back up your allies, and not freedom. All right. The Congo becomes independent; trouble takes place; there is danger of the Congo's getting dismembered. No Communists were involved. What started it off was a mutiny, so the natural effort was to stop the disintegration. On the whole, I think, Kennedy avoided letting it become a Cold War issue; he wanted to work through the United Nations to help Lumumba and the central government. All right, then there was a puppet regime, with Cyrille Adoula as Premier. But we didn't quarrel. But eventually Tshombe, the Katanga man, was back and Adoula was kicked out. I know the United States is not as old in this game as the Europeans, but still its man was pushed out. I don't believe the United States was responsible for bringing Tshombe back, but there he was. The very fellows who had been fighting the U.N. force bring back this fellow—and the U.S. embraces him. All right, the United States—a very honorable man—says, 'We joined in the Stanleyville operation to rescue the missionaries,' and then the United States is extremely surprised at our reaction. When Africa almost unanimously condemned this! Now I ask, Why is the U.S. surprised? Why this failure to understand? Killings had been going on in the Congo. Why did this particular threat of killing disturb them? Mercenaries had been recruited who *enjoyed the killing of Africans*—why didn't this worry the United States? Out of its own ethic, the United States should have been our ally in all this—in stopping the mercenaries, these haters of the human race, who enjoyed killing. Why pick *this*? And then they turn it around and say that we want the missionaries to be exterminated, to be eaten up! I've said before, in trying to explain this: Try to imagine a Jew who recruits ex-Nazis to go to Israel and assist him in a power struggle. How would the Jews take it? Then suppose he has a powerful ally. If the Jews react against this man, would his ally be surprised? The best thing that



can happen for us in Africa would be for the United States, this power with a good ethic, to understand us. Our continent is a continent we don't control, and we feel strongly about this."

The third incident impairing relations between the United States and Tanzania was the most serious. In January, 1965, Nyerere called in the American Ambassador, William Leonhart, and told him that he believed that two American officials in Tanzania were engaging in subversive activities and that the men were therefore being expelled within twenty-four hours. The two were Robert Gordon, who had been counsellor of the Embassy in Dar es Salaam for about six months, and Frank Carlucci, the Consul on Zanzibar, who had seemed to be performing admirably under difficult circumstances. Nyerere is said to have assured Leonhart, moreover, that he understood that neither the Ambassador nor the State Department was involved in these activities. The implication was that the two men were Central Intelligence Agency employees who were plotting to overthrow the regime on Zanzibar—a plot that the State Department didn't know about but would presumably approve if it succeeded. At a subsequent meeting between Tanzanian officials and American diplomats at State House, a member of Nyerere's staff asked, "What about the ammunition they were getting?" The Embassy concluded that the source of the accusation lay in telephone conversations that Gordon and Carlucci conducted regularly between Dar es Salaam and Zanzibar and that, it was assumed, had been monitored by intelligence services on one or both sides of the Zanzibar Channel.

The United States government responded to the expulsion of Gordon and Carlucci by expelling the counsellor of the Tanzanian Embassy in Washington—one of two diplomats assigned to the Embassy—and by calling Leonhart home for consultations. Tanzania, in consequence, recalled its Ambassador to the United States, Othman Shariff, and relations remained strained for many months. The Tanzanians were surprised and angered by Washington's action, pointing out that Nyerere—in a curious gesture perhaps intended to help the United States save face—had written to President Johnson that the dispute was between Tanzania and "two American individuals . . . who happened to be servants of the American government." He refused to produce evidence to support the charge against the diplomats, and said, "We are a small country, but we are a sovereign state like the United States of America. . . . We do not bully, and do not like being bullied."

What had actually happened, apparently, was a minor classic of American bureaucracy in action. Carlucci, who had been anxious to give First Vice-President Karume a favorable impression of the United States, had told Ambassador Leonhart a few days earlier that he would like to have President Johnson send a message of greetings to Karume on January 12th, the first anniversary of the Zanzibar revolution. But which day was Tanzania's national day? Was it Tanganyika's Independence Day, December 9th, or Saba Saba, the seventh day of the seventh month, or Revolution Day, January 12th, or Union Day, April 26th? Leonhart reasoned that the proper national day was December 9th, and that greetings should be sent from President to President—from Lyndon Johnson to Julius Nyerere. Carlucci persisted; he asked Leonhart about getting Vice-President Humphrey to send greetings to Vice-President Karume. Again Leonhart said no. Later, however, he added that if he was wrong, and other nations sent greetings to Karume, the United States would have another chance on the "second twelfth." This meant February 12th, which was being celebrated that year as the anniversary of the revolution, because January 12th fell during Ramadan. Leonhart also said he didn't think that anybody "higher than Williams"—Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs G. Mennen Williams—should sign the message. A day or two later, Carlucci complained to Gordon on the telephone that he wasn't satisfied with what Leonhart had told him. Gordon replied, "Why don't you go direct? The boss doesn't want any part of it." He meant that Carlucci might appeal directly to the State Department in Washington but that the Ambassador didn't want to get involved in the request. In impeccable bureaucratese, one of the men used the phrase "Operation Second Twelfth," and the words "enough ammunition"—meaning the information necessary for making a case to Washington. Not surprisingly, the Tanganyikan intelligence agents who listened in on the conversation failed to comprehend the American jargon. Or perhaps it was the Zanzibari intelligence agents who misunderstood. Or perhaps someone heard the conversation and understood full well its potential for exploitation. In any case, the incident occurred at a time when Nyerere and his government were seriously worried about the situation on Zanzibar and about the Western reaction to what was happening there. Moreover, the Army mutiny on the mainland a year earlier had caused the Tanzanian government to become preoccupied with security precautions; visitors noticed copies of "The Invisible Government," a book mainly about the workings of the C.I.A., in the offices of several Tanzanian ministers. Nyerere's friends and colleagues gained the impression that Nyerere genuinely believed the diplomats to be plotting—or, at least, believed it plausible that American agents might be resorting to such methods to overthrow the regime on

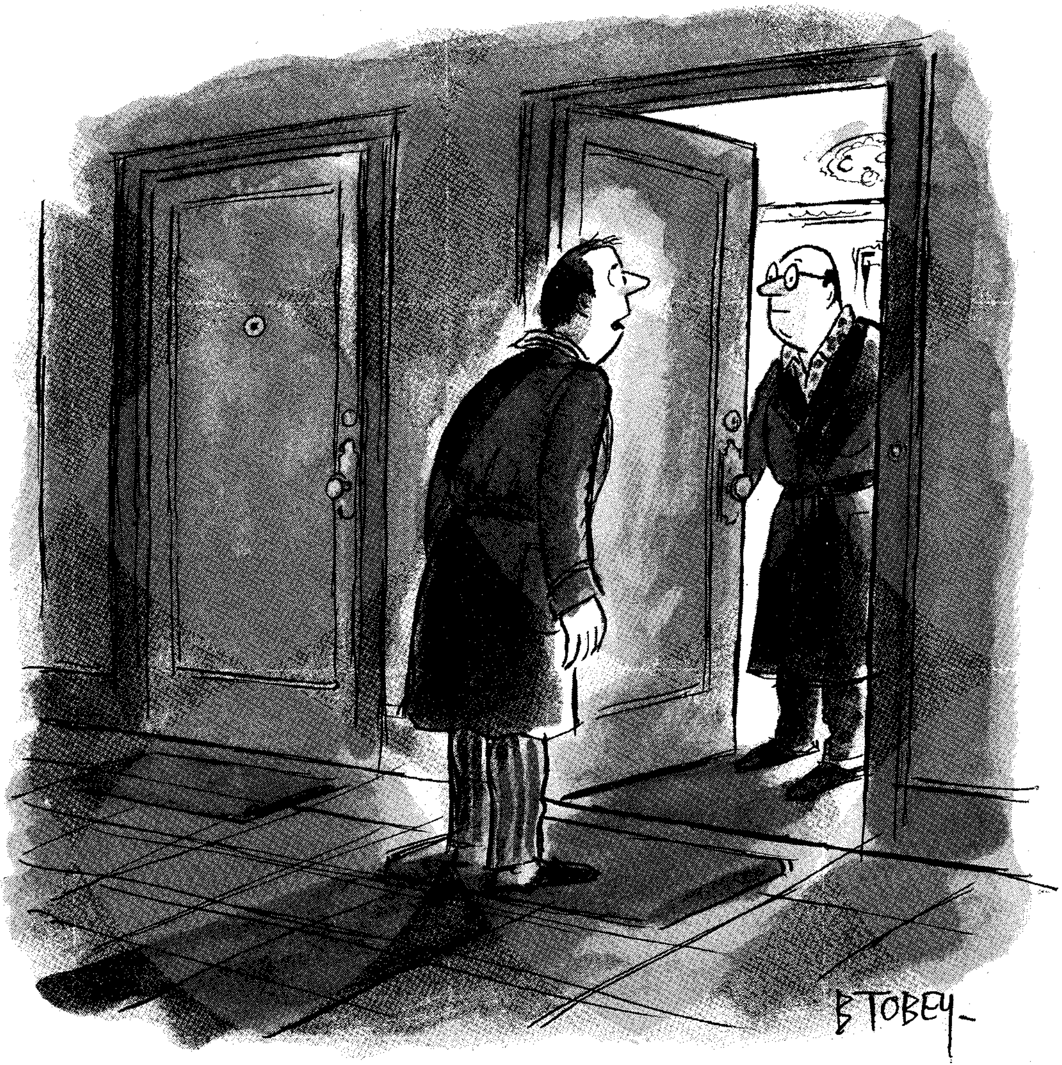
Zanzibar. "But whether the President understood the situation or not is irrelevant," one Tanzanian has said. "The Zanzibaris did not understand."

In subsequent years, the Vietnam war became a serious source of friction between Tanzania and America. "The U.S.A. must recover from the delirium of power," Nyerere told a conference of his party, the Tanganyika African National Union, in 1967, although he characteristically matched his criticism of American policy with a tribute to those Americans who opposed the war. Not all Tanzanians were so gracious. For several years, the TANU-sponsored daily newspaper, the *Nationalist*, had maintained a stridently anti-American line, which probably caused more damage to Tanzania's relations with the United States than the Tanzanians realized. One casualty of the ill-feeling was the Peace Corps. Tanganyika had been the first African country to ask for volunteers, and by 1966—five years after the Corps began its operations—the number of Peace Corpsmen in Tanzania had reached nearly four hundred. But the Corps was criticized steadily by the *Nationalist*. Nyerere himself said in 1967 that the idealism of the Corps had waned and that the organization had been infiltrated by "people whose motives were no good." Late in 1969, the last volunteer went home.

In the early years of its independence, Tanganyika probably inspired and impressed more young visitors from America and Western Europe than any other African country. A Ugandan political scientist, Ali Mazrui, published an article in the East African magazine *Transition* in 1967 in which he described a contagious social phenomenon he called "Tanzaphilia." He defined it as "the romantic spell which Tanzania casts on so many of those who have been closely associated with her," adding, "Many of the most prosaic Western pragmatists have been known to acquire that dreamy look under the spell of Tanzania." Particularly susceptible, he wrote, were Western intellectuals, who saw in Tanzania—largely because of Nyerere's personality and ideas—a place that might achieve the political goals that they had failed to realize at home. Tanzania still has a cult of overseas admirers, but the size of the group has been reduced by the ill-feeling and misunderstanding of the last several years. Americans who live in Tanzania find the antagonism and suspicion difficult to accept. Late in 1967, one Tanzanian tried to explain it to a visitor. "We are intimidated by the power of the United States—the idea that the United States could move in on us any time it wanted to and there would be nothing we could do," he said. "There was Stanleyville, and there is Vietnam. There is also Tanzania's growing relationship with China, and the realization that the powerful United States doesn't like this and might do something about it. But most of all it is a continuation of 1964 [the Army mutiny and subsequent events], when we felt so helpless."

Relations between the United States and Tanzania have gradually improved since 1965 but have never returned to their pre-1964 warmth. During both the Johnson and the Nixon Administrations, high officials have tended to visit only those African countries where their reception was most likely to be friendly, and they rarely stop in Tanzania anymore. Nyerere paid a state visit to Canada in 1969, but he was not invited to come to Washington. He visited the United Nations in October, 1970, but he did not meet President Nixon.

NYERERE's most serious dispute with the West occurred in December, 1965. At that time, he broke off diplomatic relations with Britain after the British government failed to take effective action to end the unilateral declaration of independence by the white-minority government in Rhodesia. The dispute had really begun at a Prime Ministers' Conference of the Commonwealth of Nations held in London in June of that year. At the meeting, Nyerere dissociated Tanzania from the portions of a final communiqué that dealt with Rhodesia and with Vietnam. "We tried for a long time to get an assurance from the British government that whatever negotiations they



"*I saw a light on here, and I wondered if you were worrying about the dollar, too.*"

# Introducing fourteen days of unspeakable self-indulgence

A Rolls Royce gleaming in the morning sun. A private jet waiting to take you to Tangier, or Dubrovnik, or Venice or a yacht anchored off the Turkish Coast. And throughout your 14 days, extraordinary style and exquisite elegance. A Renaissance vacation is unlike anything that has come before it.

Your vacation begins the moment you arrive in Paris. A host from Renaissance will meet you. He'll guide you through customs, collect your baggage and take you directly to your hotel. You will soon get used to leaving all the nasty details to us: tipping, transportation, or whatever gets between you and your pleasure. In the morning, after a leisurely breakfast, you are off to the private jet port at Le Bourget in your chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce.

## Your home 40,000 feet aloft

Renaissance is the first vacation to take advantage of one of the great aeronautical breakthroughs of the last decade: the Falcon jet. The fan jet Falcon is a smaller but more versatile version of the 707 and 747. Jetting about in a Falcon is a very practical way to travel. How else could you spend 14 days touring Paris, Corfu, Izmir, Venice and the Loire Valley while losing only eight hours in travelling time?

## The heart of the matter

A Renaissance vacation offers four exotic itineraries. You are accompanied by your host and seven travelling companions. (There are never more than eight in a group.) Wherever you land, a car will be waiting. And because you land at uncrowded jet ports you'll be whisked through customs with the alacrity of a visiting dignitary. You'll dine at restaurants famous for their haute cuisine. For your nights you can expect the unexpected. Perhaps a private villa overlooking the Mediterranean, a château, a yacht, a country club, or even a 14th century castle.

On a Renaissance vacation you are the only one in charge. Your host will never intrude, but is always there if needed. If you think of an interesting local side-trip, for example, he'll arrange for a car and driver to pick you up. And since everything is included in one price, your host takes care of all the bills and gratuities.

You may sign up with a group of seven friends. It's even possible for three couples to have an entire jet to themselves. So fill in the coupon. Or call us right now.

19 East 73rd St., New York, N.Y. 10021
Telephone (212) 628-4825

Please send me more information about Renaissance vacations.

Name:
Address:
City: State: Zip:
My travel agent is:

1

**Renaissance**

F-BSTR
2603 TV 75

NOW YOU CAN LOUNGE IN VASSARETTE TOO

At-home drama in a wonderful crazy patchwork print.
A sleek little nylon bodysuit.
More wild color in a flowing sleeveless robe buttoned at the yoke, sweeping wide open from then on. The perfect dash of spice for those special quiet evenings. Sizes P-S-M.
About $50.

Vassarette®
Bodydressing

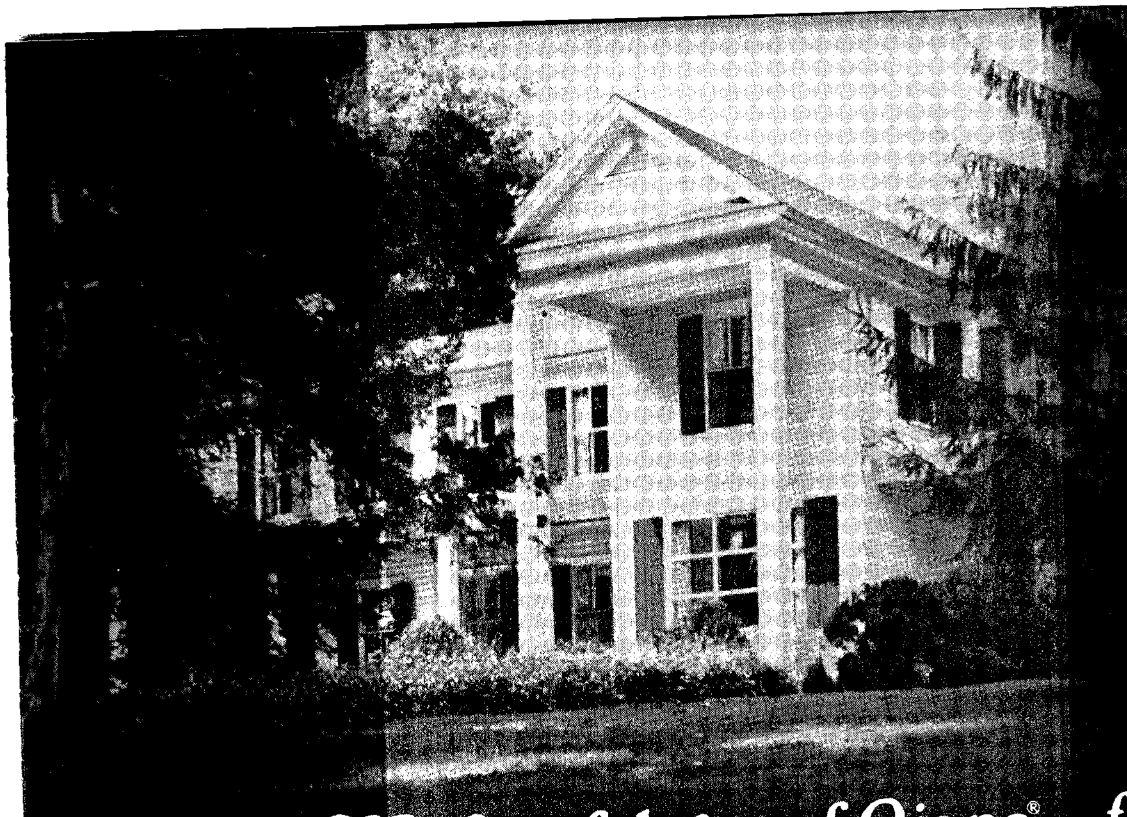
DIVISION OF MUNSINGWEAR, INC. 261 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

were carrying out were aimed at the achievement of independence in Rhodesia on the basis of African-majority rule," Nyerere said after the conference. "We were unable to receive this assurance." He also took exception to a proposal by Prime Minister Harold Wilson that the Commonwealth send a peace mission on Vietnam to Washington, Saigon, Moscow, Hanoi, and Peking. "I am merely suggesting that the Commonwealth as such should not appear to be backing Mr. Wilson or the United States on this issue," Nyerere said. "For all I know, China might say it would receive the mission. But I am saying that it is not for us to take action which, going by past performance, appears to be one-sided, and is putting China in the dock." Nyerere was completely alone at the conference in his stand on each of these issues. He told a friend at the time of the debate, "It's terrible. It makes me seem arrogant. As I started speaking, I knew people in the conference would say, 'Nyerere is taking the position because he wants to establish himself as a radical leader—or because of commitments to China.' I could almost *hear* them thinking this."

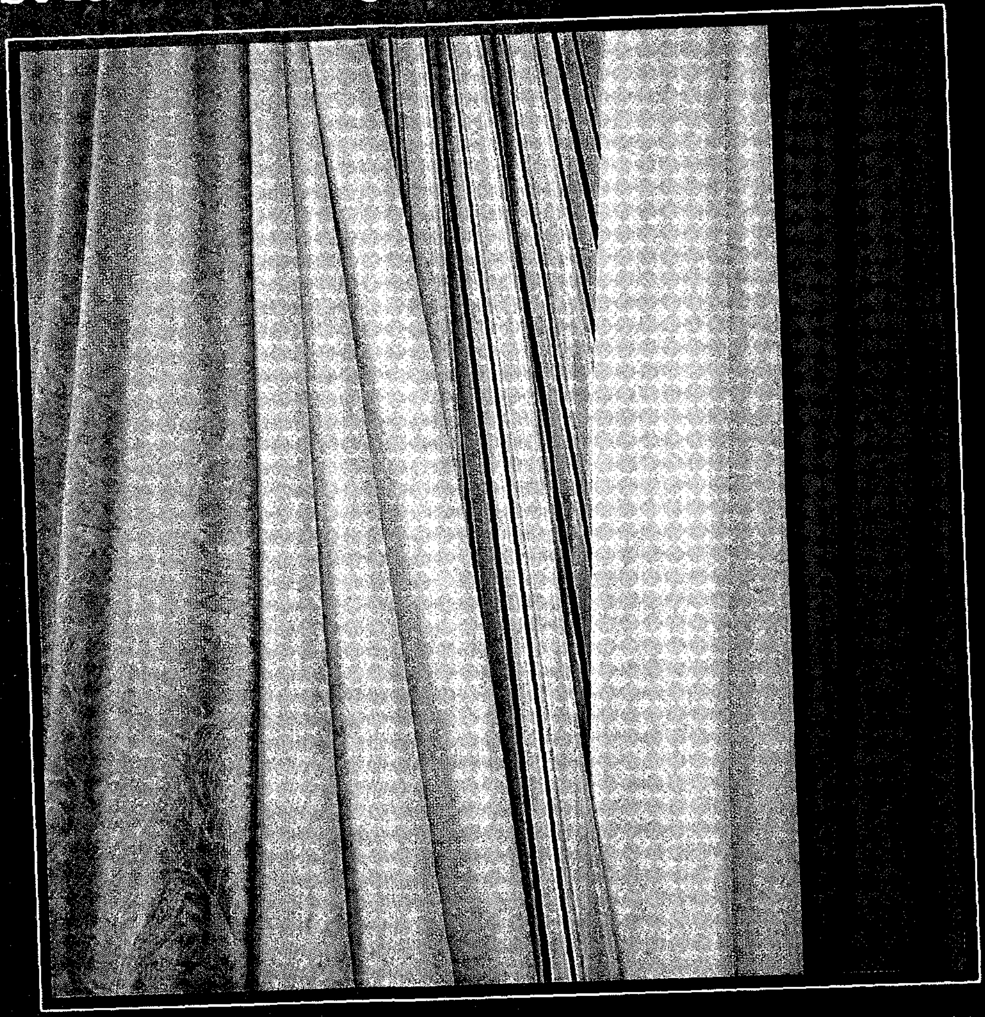
As early as September of 1965, Nyerere threatened to withdraw from the Commonwealth if Britain should negotiate independence with the Rhodesian government headed by Prime Minister Ian Smith. Like many other African leaders, he feared that an independent Rhodesia would inevitably align itself with South Africa and the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique, and he felt that Rhodesia's whites, who numbered less than a quarter of a million, should not be allowed to perpetuate their hold over the colony's four million black Africans. In October, the heads of state of nations belonging to the Organization for African Unity met in Accra, Ghana, for their third annual summit meeting, and the organization passed a unanimous resolution in which its members urged Britain to suspend Rhodesia's constitution, using force if necessary, and threatened to break off diplomatic relations with Britain if the British allowed the Rhodesian minority regime to declare independence. The Rhodesian declaration was issued on November 11th. At first, Nyerere had counselled caution; Britain, he said, should be given a chance to solve the Rhodesian problem in its own way. On December 3rd, the Foreign and Defense Ministers of the O.A.U. nations met in Addis Ababa and voted that member nations would break off diplomatic relations with Britain on December 15th unless the British crushed the Rhodesian rebellion by that date. Friends have said that Nyerere thought the ultimatum was stupid but that he concluded, "If we don't do it, nobody will ever take Africa's word again, and, worse, we won't believe in our word, either." Knowing that nothing would happen to settle the Rhodesian crisis in such a short time, Nyerere immediately began to prepare his people for the break in relations on December 15th. "My decision could mean hardship," he told a rally at TANU headquarters. "Are you ready to accept it?" Besides the loss of existing British aid, he went on, the decision meant the cancellation of a loan agreement amounting to seven and a half million pounds, which was ready to be signed. He also warned his people that violence against British residents would not be tolerated. "No British subject need have any fear for his personal safety either from the institutions of the government or from the people of the United Republic," he said in early December.

In the days before the December 15th deadline, support for the break in diplomatic relations began to lag among some members of the Organization for African Unity, and Nyerere noted that the decision at Accra had been unanimous but that "now some African leaders have gone back to their capitals and started to look at their bank balances," and he added, "This is ridiculous!" When the British complained that the situation in Rhodesia could not conceivably be settled before the deadline imposed by the resolution, Nyerere replied, on December 12th, that what was needed was merely "clear evidence of Britain's intention to take strong action" to put down the rebellion. The African demand, he pointed out, was for Rhodesian independence "on the basis of majority rule." On December 14th, Nyerere delivered an address entitled "The Honor of Africa" before the National Assembly, explaining why Tanzania would stick to its O.A.U. commitment. At midnight, seven hours after Nyerere's speech, Tanzania broke off relations with Britain, and eight other O.A.U. members followed

PARK
PARK
TGoddard



*The first fabrics of Qiana®... for interiors.*



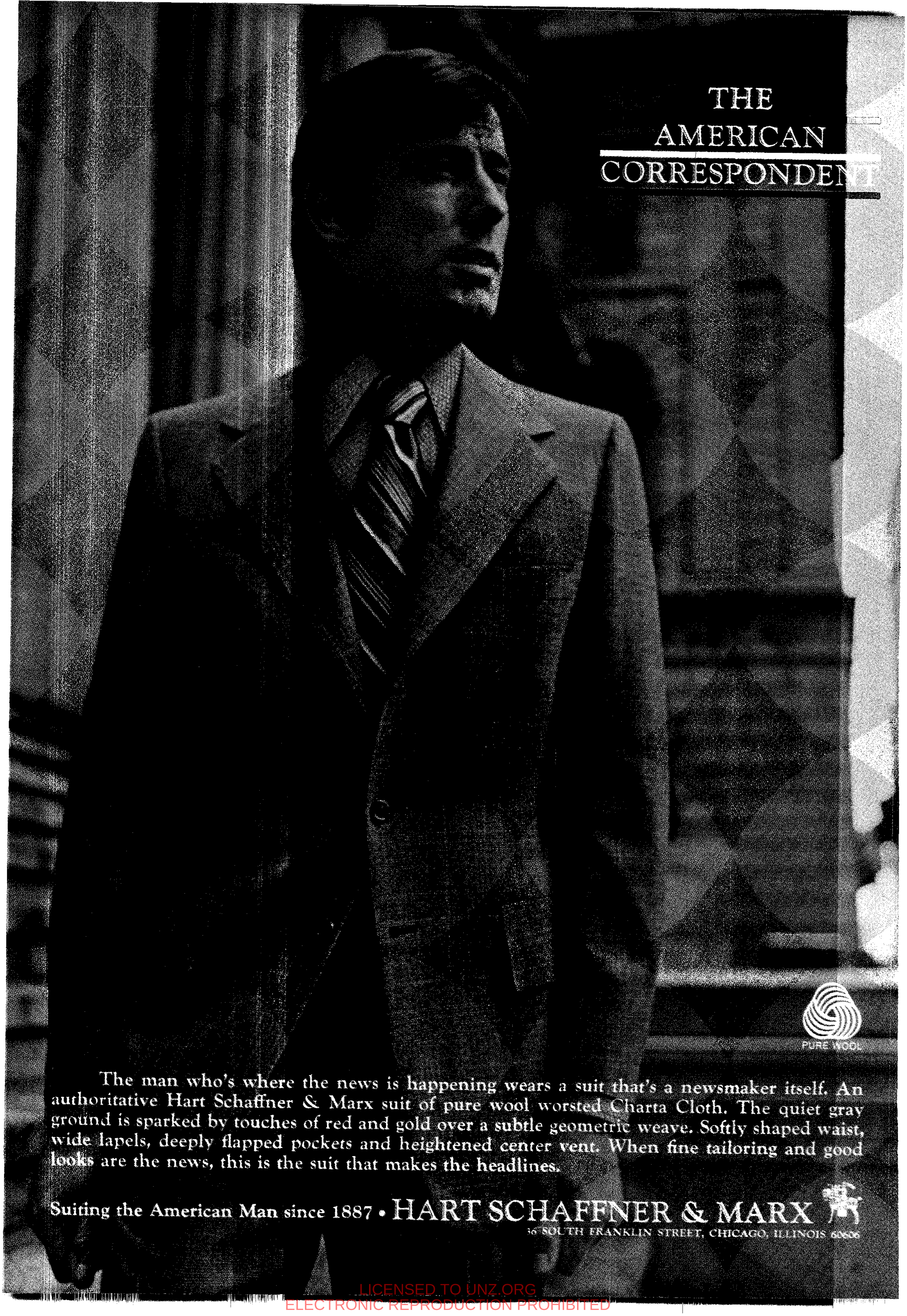
From Schumacher's own looms comes this exclusive collection made with Qiana® nylon by Du Pont. A classic stripe, damask, and moiré with so sumptuous a look and extravagant a hand that you'd never suspect they're so practical. Schumacher fabrics of Qiana® are dimensionally stable... fade resistant... extremely durable... need minimal care. The ultimate for luxurious decoration.

Available through interior designers and at the finest stores.

**SCHUMACHER**

F. Schumacher & Co. • 939 Third Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10022

available with
DUPONT
ZEPEL
STAIN REPELLER



# THE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

The man who's where the news is happening wears a suit that's a newsmaker itself. An authoritative Hart Schaffner & Marx suit of pure wool worsted Charta Cloth. The quiet gray ground is sparked by touches of red and gold over a subtle geometric weave. Softly shaped waist, wide lapels, deeply flapped pockets and heightened center vent. When fine tailoring and good looks are the news, this is the suit that makes the headlines.

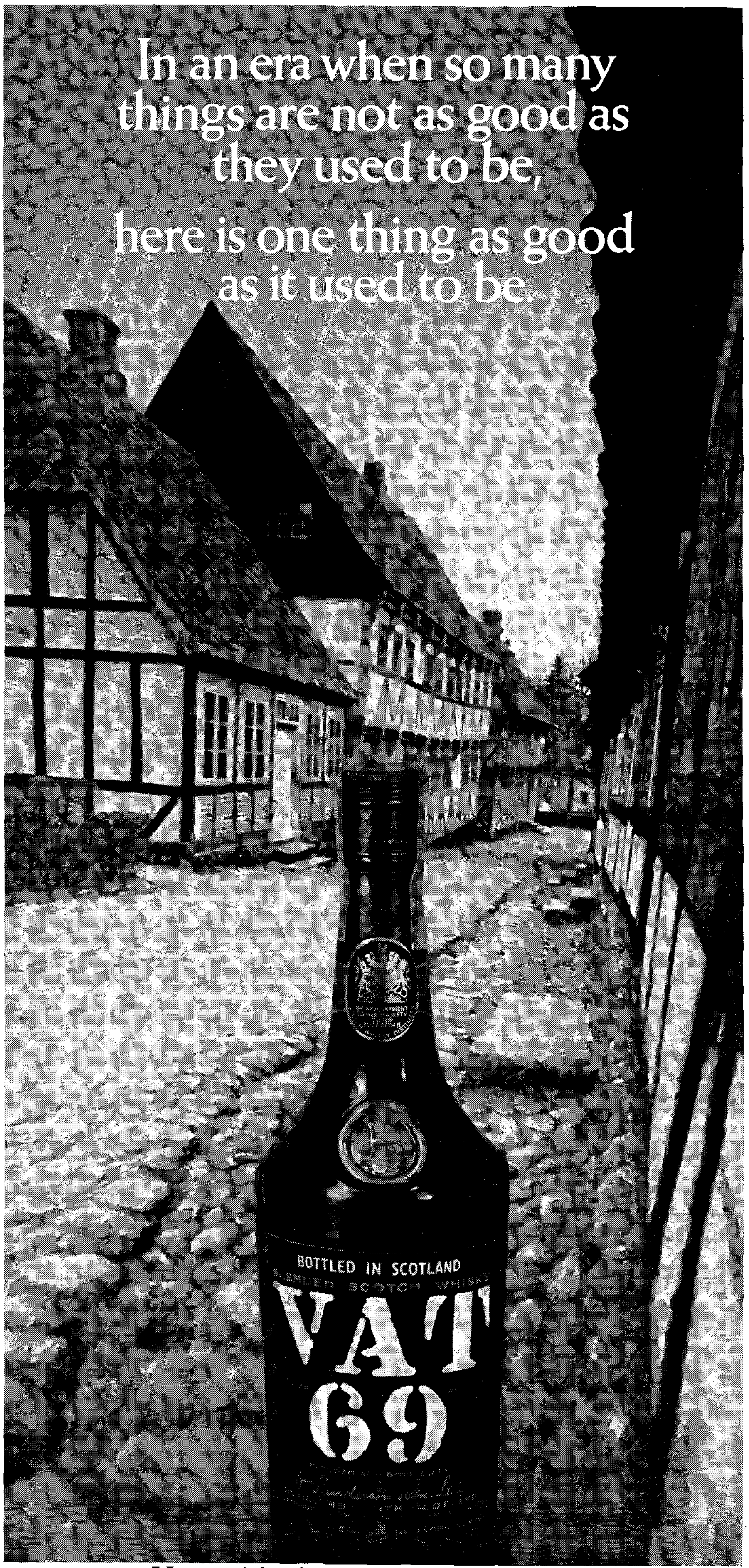
Suiting the American Man since 1887 • HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

36 SOUTH FRANKLIN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60606

suit—Guinea, Ghana, Mali, Egypt, Mauritania, the Republic of the Congo, Sudan, and Algeria. Twenty-seven did not. In a press conference that day, Nyerere said, "If Mr. Wilson has some ambition to be the British Prime Minister who broke up the Commonwealth, I can regret it but I cannot stop him from fulfilling his ambition." And what if Britain should take measures against the Smith government in Rhodesia following the deadline? "I will be very pleased if I prove tomorrow to be the greatest fool that Africa has produced," Nyerere said. Privately, he was dejected by the lack of support from other African nations and also by the break itself. "They were my friends," he said of the British. Tanzania and Britain did not resume diplomatic relations until almost thirty-one months had passed.

The diplomatic community in Dar es Salaam tended to respect Nyerere's decision concerning Rhodesia but also to view it as excessively rigid. "When he has made up his mind, he sticks to it," one Western diplomat said. "It made no sense to break with Britain. It tended to defeat the very thing he was trying to bring about." Sir Richard Turnbull, the last British governor of Tanganyika, once remarked of Nyerere, "He has a tremendous adherence to principle. As Shaw said in his 'Prefaces,' the man who would 'sell all and follow me' would create absolute chaos. Well, Julius would sell all and give it to the poor and rather enjoy the ensuing chaos. There's a shadow of a death wish in him. He likes to follow a principle to its logical end rather than its realistic end. But he's a bigger man than that suggests."

Nyerere apparently never regretted the decision. "We couldn't have lived with ourselves otherwise," he said a few months later. "We went to Accra, we heads of state. I was there. I could have dissociated myself, I could have said, 'This is absurd.' But I thought it was reasonable, and the matter serious. A few months later, there was a followup meeting. I sent my Second Vice-President. The representatives considered what steps might be taken, and they settled on the matter of diplomatic relations. This was something all were capable of. We couldn't march armies to Rhodesia—we don't *have* the blessed armies—but we could make a strong expression of Africa's feelings on the question of racism. Fine! In private relationships, there are some people we know whose yes means yes and whose no means no. It must be the same here, so that the world can look


In an era when so many things are not as good as they used to be,
here is one thing as good as it used to be.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69

**Vat 69 Traditional Scotch Whisky**
100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Dist. U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

We're closing the Caribbean Vacation Gap!

with "The loveliest islands of them all"
ss Romanza*
ss Regina**

Take a break . . . fly to the Caribbean in a few hours on a plush KLM/ALM jet and enjoy a Cruise vacation now! Chandris Cruises has made it easier to fill the gap between vacations by expanding their 1971/72 Caribbean Hide-a-way Cruises, with more itineraries, more islands, more excitement, and more ways to enjoy Caribbean Cruising. Both the ss ROMANZA, your beautiful Caribbean hostess, and the elegant ss REGINA, offer the widest selection of cruises to the Caribbean. There are eleven exciting itineraries, offering weekly 8-day cruises, 15-day cruises, a Christmas cruise, and a New Year cruise. PLUS exciting Amazon River, Central Caribbean, and Transatlantic cruises that you won't want to miss! AND you'll love cruising with Chandris Cruises, where you'll have the best in: "fun, food, and friendly people"! Both ships are fully air-conditioned, have large swimming pools, lively nightclubs, and spacious sundecks that make ship-life a treat.
Prices for the exciting Hide-a-Way Caribbean Cruises start from $125 for 8 days (low season) and $140 (high season) plus air fare. Don't delay, see your travel agent or send us coupon for colorful brochures.

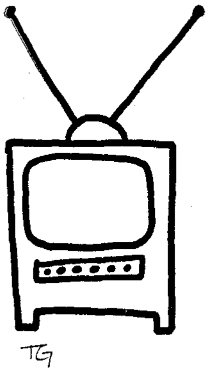
*Greek Registry **Panamanian Registry

chandris cruises
666 Fifth Ave. N.Y. N.Y. 10019
Tel. (212) 586-8370
Boston, Chicago, Miami (Port Everglades)
Philadelphia, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______ CY

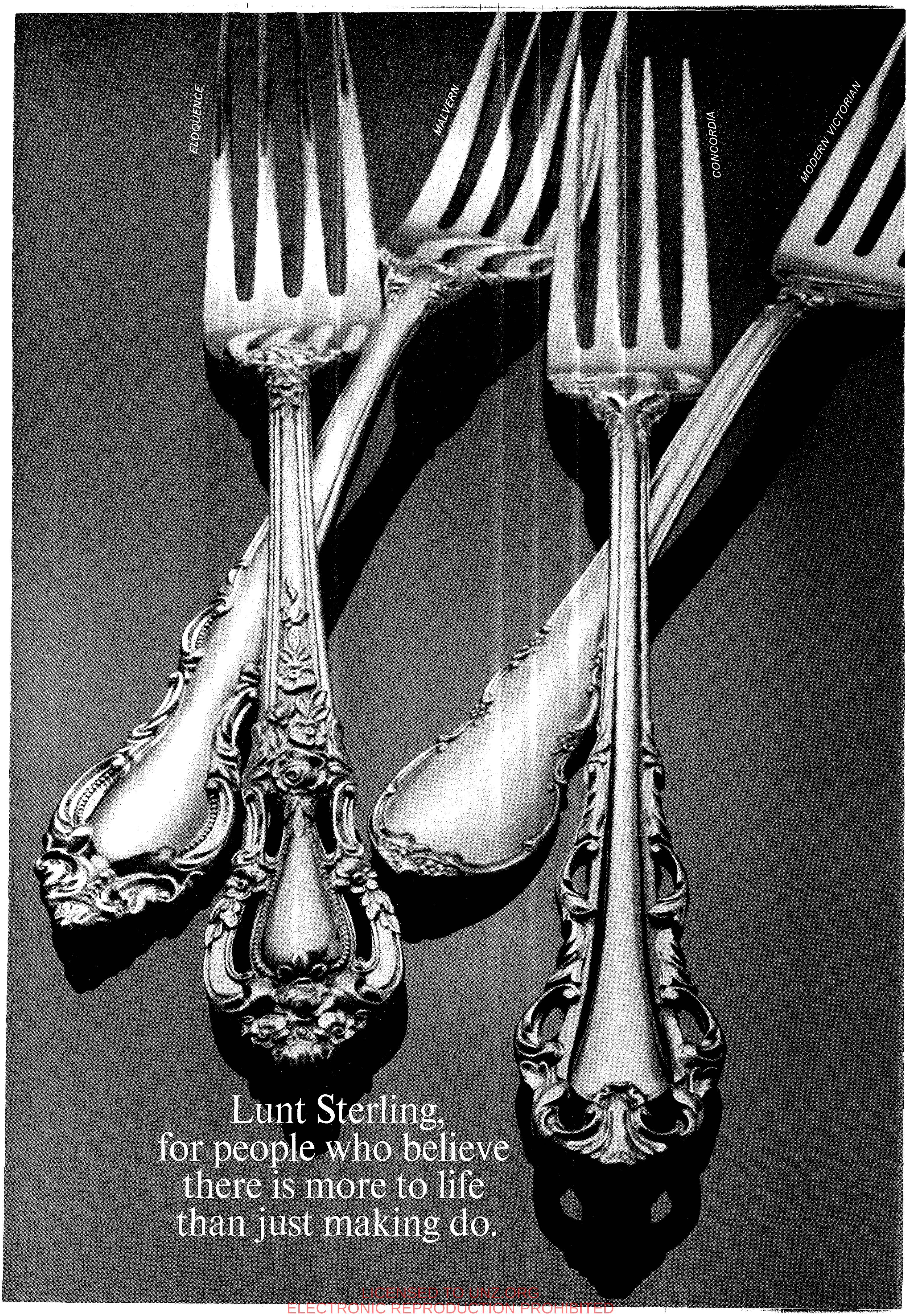
on this yes as meaning something. Or else they will say, 'Those Africans—you can't rely on them. You never know if their yes means yes.' Would it help Tanzania to establish a reputation for undependability? Can young nations afford to be cynical about morals? For old nations, morals become an instrument of power. Can young nations afford this?"

GIVEN Nyerere's preoccupation with the problems of developing a backward country, and given also his respect for Spartan living and his abhorrence of luxury, it was probably inevitable that he would develop a fascination with China; the events of 1964 accelerated the process. The Peking government had already made efforts to strengthen its diplomatic presence in East Africa. In June, the Chinese had promised the Zanzibaris a five-million-pound interest-free loan and a shipment of arms and offered a ten-million-pound loan to mainland Tanzania. In August, Tanzania had signed an agreement to allow a group of eleven Chinese military technicians to serve as Army instructors and translators, and Nyerere had reacted angrily to Western diplomatic pressure against the move; most of the officers in his Army were British-trained, he pointed out, and he had just signed an agreement with West Germany to train an air wing, so the arrangement with the Chinese represented "a little attempt to show that we are non-aligned." By the following June, the Chinese had sent more than a thousand tons of small arms and ammunition to Tanzania.



When Nyerere made his state visit to China, in February, 1965, he assured his Chinese hosts, "If it were possible for me to lift all the ten million Tanzanians and bring them to China to see what you have done since the liberation, I would do so." On his return to Dar es Salaam, he told a press conference, "At times, I thought it was unfair that our kind of country should be expecting economic assistance from a country like China, which is being extremely economic, when we are not being economic." He said that China's Foreign Affairs Minister, Chen Yi, had told him that his ministry, which employed three thousand people, had the use of only about ten cars. "I passed this information to Oscar immediately," Nyerere said—Oscar being Oscar Kambona, his own External Affairs Minister. Four months later, Chou En-lai visited Tanzania and repeated his famous remark of the previous year that "revolutionary prospects are excellent throughout the African continent." Kenya and a number of other African governments had objected to this ominous forecast, but Nyerere chose to interpret it as a call for social and economic revolution. "Africa is very much ripe for revolution," he said in a speech of welcome. "And I can assure you Chou En-lai is not responsible for this. If the revolution is not allowed to take place, Africa will not be Africa." At a state banquet for Chou, Nyerere described how much the trip to China had meant to him. "The single-mindedness . . . the conscious and deliberate frugality with which your people and your government efficiently and joyfully conduct their affairs, was a big lesson for me, and through me for my people." (As if to underscore the point, Nyerere announced in an address to the National Assembly four days later that his government would thereafter serve no more liquor at its official receptions but only beer, soft drinks, tea, and coffee, and that, except for four-wheel-drive bush vehicles, no automobiles that cost more than nine hundred pounds apiece—about twenty-five hundred dollars—would be bought for government officials.) Despite the warmth of the reception he gave Chou, Nyerere closed his speech with one of his characteristic warnings about Tanzania's independence. "But from no quarter shall we accept direction, or neo-colonialism, and at no time shall we lower our guard against the subversion of our government or our people," he said. "Neither our principles, our country, nor our freedom to determine our own future are for sale."

Since that time, the Chinese have made no serious mistakes in their dealings with the Tanzanians, but not long after Chou's visit they demonstrated that they did not yet quite understand Nyerere. A short time after the visit, President Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria, whom Nyerere respected immensely for his support of the black-liberation struggle against the white regimes in southern Africa, was overthrown. The Chinese let it be known that they would immediately recognize the new Algerian regime, which was led by Colonel Houari Boumedienne, and wanted to proceed with an Afro-


ELOQUENCE
MALVERN
CONCORDIA
MODERN VICTORIAN
Lunt Sterling,
for people who believe
there is more to life
than just making do.

A Patek Philippe doesn't just tell you the time.

It tells you something about yourself.

For illustrations of timepieces in the 1971 collection, write:
10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

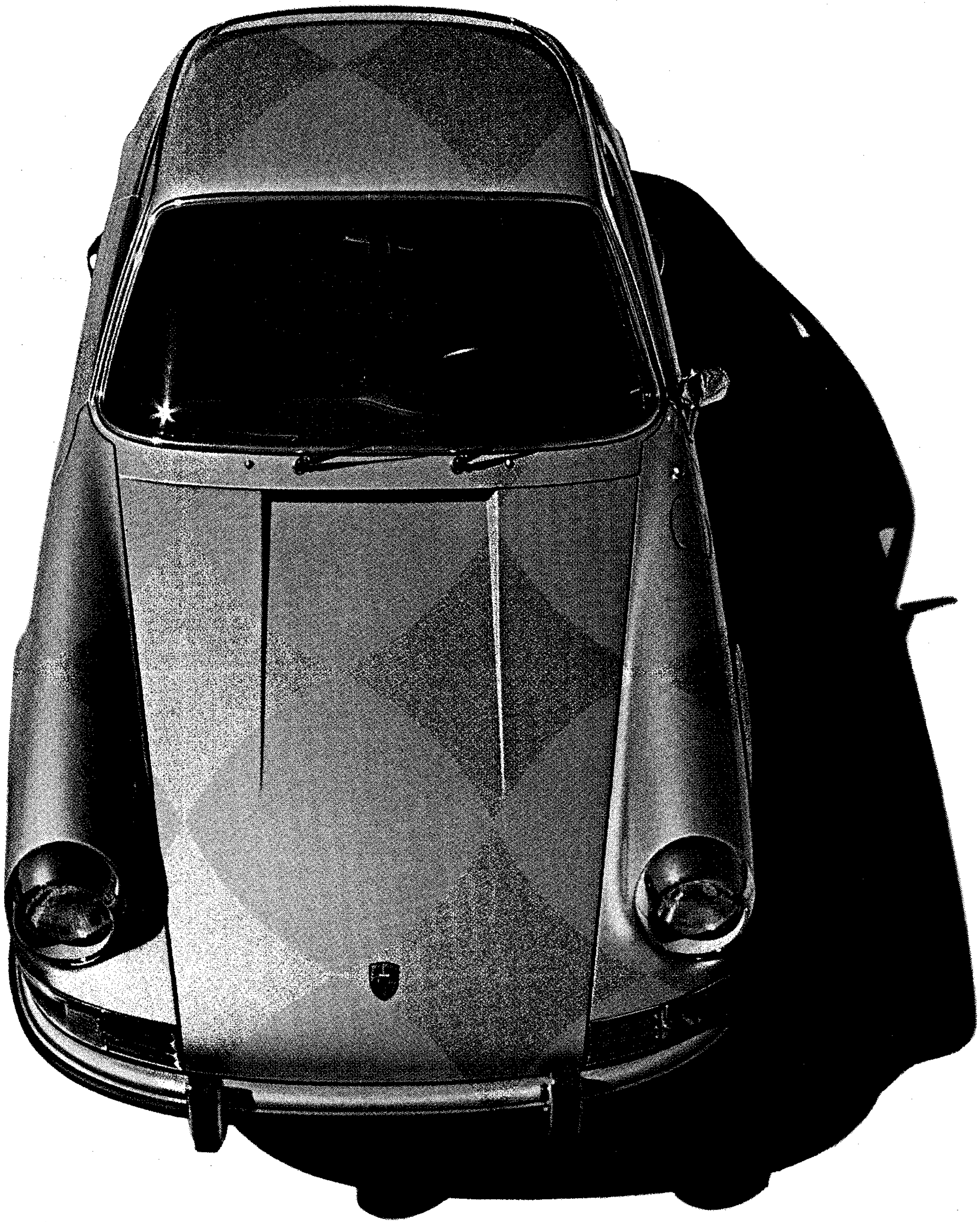
Crompton is your corduroy.

Gordon of Philadelphia jacket.
Crompton wide wale cotton corduroy.
In country colors. About $80.
Lord & Taylor-Man Shop, New York; Filene's, Boston;
Georgetown University Shop, Washington, D.C.; Jack Wood Ltd., Charlotte, N.C.;
L.S. Ayres-Sycamore Shop, Indiana; Dayton's-Northbriar Shop, Minneapolis.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY- INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10018.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA.

Asian conference that was scheduled to be held in Algiers in late June. Nyerere was appalled. "Can't they understand the meaning of friendship?" he asked. "Friendship cannot mean that just because a friend is overthrown you forget him. They want me to go to Algeria now, while Ben Bella is sitting in prison. That my friends can't understand this surprises me, and it surprises them that it surprises me." He took the position that he wouldn't go to Algiers unless Ben Bella was released or put on trial and the charges against him proved or disproved. A few days later, Nyerere was also dismayed when the Algerian Ambassador to Tanzania, who had at one time been an ardent supporter of Ben Bella, returned from Algiers after the coup and, at the Dar es Salaam airport, denounced Ben Bella as a man who "played off one Algerian against another" to set himself up as dictator. "Everything is in good order and in good hands," the Ambassador said. Nyerere never received him at State House again.

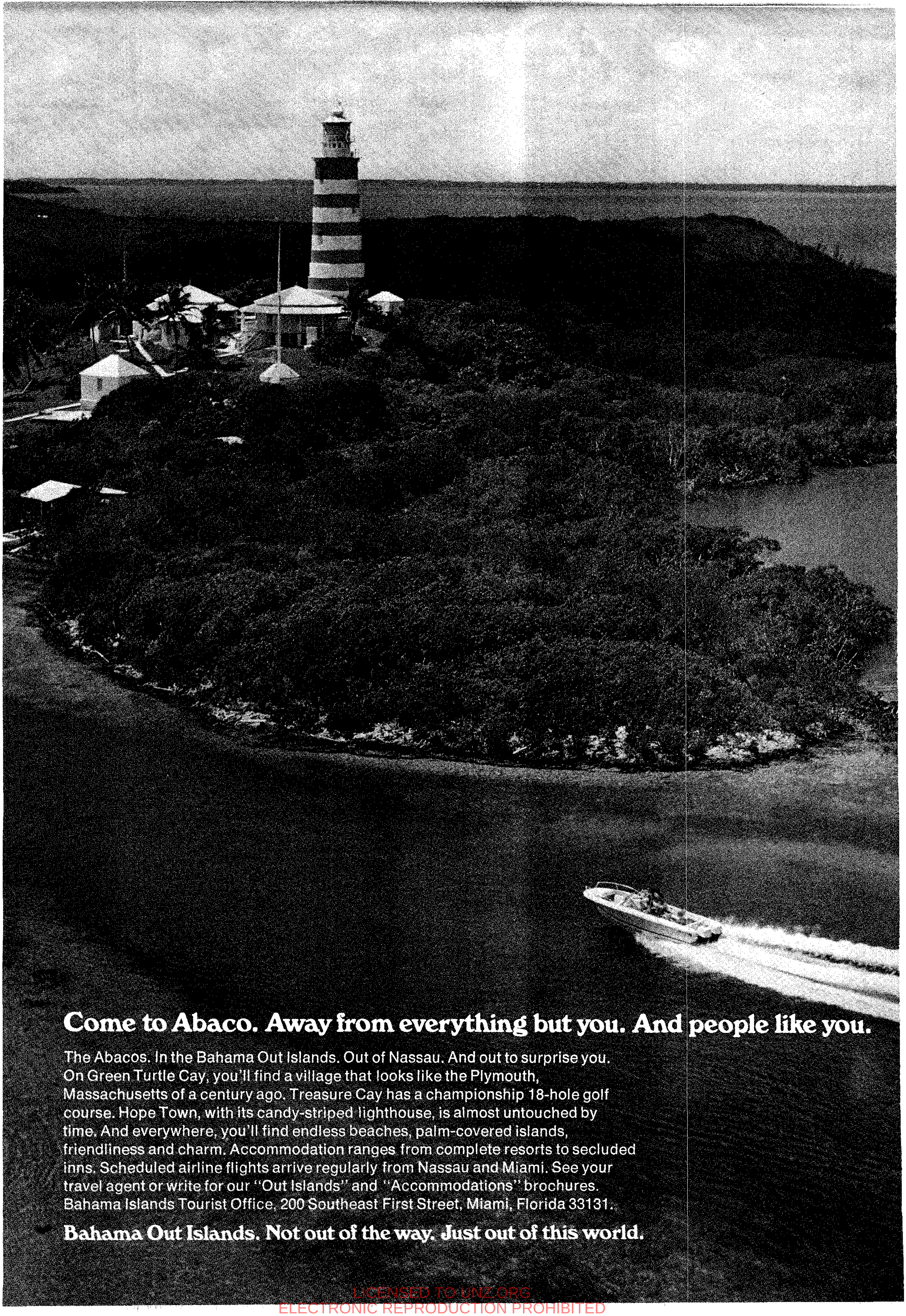
The Chinese were already at work on a project that was intended to be a dramatic demonstration of their good will toward Africa. Kenneth Kaunda, the President of Zambia, had wanted a railroad north to the Tanganyikan coast for years before his country became independent, in 1964. Since Zambia had no access to the sea, most of its exports—mainly copper—and imports were shipped on rail lines that passed through Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories of Mozambique and Angola. After Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence from Britain in November, 1965, the Zambians became determined that the northern rail line should be built, and they felt that if Britain and its allies were unwilling to bring the Rhodesian rebel regime of Prime Minister Smith to heel, they could at least build a railroad that would decrease Zambia's dependence on the white south. Kaunda had discussed the railway plan with Nyerere as early as 1963, and had found him more than willing to go along with it, since he not only sympathized with Kaunda's predicament but also wanted the railroad as a means of developing southwestern Tanganyika. Kaunda solicited the support of several Western countries—Britain, the United States, France, and West Germany—without success, but in 1964 the Chinese told him that they might be willing to help. In 1965, after Chou's visit to Dar es Salaam, the Chinese sent a twelve-man team to make



"There is no such thing as the perfect car. There is only the perfect car for now. A car with all the latest proven engineering concepts and design ideas."

**Dr. Ferry Porsche**

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.



**Come to Abaco. Away from everything but you. And people like you.**

The Abacos. In the Bahama Out Islands. Out of Nassau. And out to surprise you. On Green Turtle Cay, you'll find a village that looks like the Plymouth, Massachusetts of a century ago. Treasure Cay has a championship 18-hole golf course. Hope Town, with its candy-striped lighthouse, is almost untouched by time. And everywhere, you'll find endless beaches, palm-covered islands, friendliness and charm. Accommodation ranges from complete resorts to secluded inns. Scheduled airline flights arrive regularly from Nassau and Miami. See your travel agent or write for our "Out Islands" and "Accommodations" brochures. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131.

**Bahama Out Islands. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.**

a preliminary survey of the Tanzanian portion of the route.

The reason for the Western reluctance to aid the project was its high cost, which was estimated originally at sixty million pounds and later at almost a hundred and fifty million. The reluctance was strengthened by a 1964 World Bank report concluding that a railway was not practical for the amount of traffic that would be involved; instead, it recommended improvements to the highway between the Zambian copper belt and Dar es Salaam, which would cost only eleven million pounds. At Kaunda's urging, the British and the Canadians then sponsored another survey, which was finished in 1966 and which estimated the cost of the railway at a hundred and twenty-six million pounds, plus twelve million pounds for improvements in the port of Dar es Salaam. The Anglo-Canadian report offered the view that the railway could be operated profitably if Zambia committed all or nearly all its traffic to the route. But by the time the survey was completed, whatever slight Western interest that previously existed had vanished. The United States later agreed to rebuild the highway between Iringa, in south-central Tanzania, and Tunduma, on the Zambian border, at a cost of about thirty million dollars.

"I am determined that this railroad shall be built, and I am prepared to accept money from whoever offers it to see that it is built," Nyerere said in July, 1965. Two months later, he confirmed reports that the Chinese had made an offer to build the railroad. "At present, we have only one definite offer, and that is from the Chinese," he announced. No other offers were ever received. The Tanzanians did not quarrel with the Western arguments that the rail line was too expensive, but they blamed the West for not placing a very high political priority on what was, after all, the most monumental development project that either the Zambians or the Tanzanians had ever contemplated. One day late in 1967, a Tanzanian talking with a visiting American said, "Look at this." He held out a London *Sunday Times* article reporting that the American involvement in Vietnam was costing the United States twenty-three million pounds a day, and said, "Our railroad could be built for what the Americans are spending in Vietnam *every week.*"

In 1970, after finishing a two-year survey of the railway project, the Chinese signed a final agreement with

JOHN COCHRAN

If I've told him once
I've told him ten times
don't be so affectionate in public—
but I'll still wear my
Je Reviens perfume.

PARFUMS WORTH PARIS

JE REVIENS PERFUME MADE BY PARFUMS WORTH PARIS. PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50. TO $5.60. FOR A PACKET OF SACHET PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. NY, 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

## The Killowen

*Our very newest turtle-neck sweater. A unique blend of all wool yarns has enabled our designer in Ireland to give us this unusual look—a mottled horizontal effect, in two great color combinations*

BURGUNDY, GOLD AND BEIGE
NAVY, GOLD AND BEIGE

*Sizes:* 38 to 46

$20

*Also available in a crew-neck sweater.*

BURGUNDY AND GREY, OR BROWN
AND BEIGE COMBINATIONS

*Sizes:* 38 to 46

$20

PLEASE ADD 75C FOR MAIL ORDERS

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
*Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes*
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

Tanzania and Zambia. The accord called for the Chinese to make an interest-free loan of a hundred and sixty-eight million pounds, repayable by the two countries equally over thirty years, beginning in 1983. All local costs, including the pay of as many as ten thousand Chinese workers to be sent to Tanzania and Zambia, would be covered by the sale of Chinese goods on credit to state-owned trading corporations in the two countries. Both countries accepted the risk that they might be saddled with some expensive or inferior goods that they might not have bought otherwise. Among all foreign-aid projects undertaken in Africa, the Tanzam Railway will rank with the Soviet-built Aswan High Dam, in Egypt, and Ghana's Volta River Dam, which was financed primarily by the World Bank, the United States, and Britain. It will be the largest foreign-aid project ever undertaken by the Peking government.

The primary reason for China's huge aid commitment to Tanzania and Zambia remains somewhat uncertain. Some Western observers have suggested that the Chinese have an eye on Zambia's copper; also, that they would like to acquire facilities for the testing of intercontinental ballistic missiles launched from the Asian mainland, but it is most unlikely that the Tanzanians would coöperate in any such venture, particularly if the Indian government objected strenuously. It has also been pointed out by Westerners that if a military buildup in Tanzania should lead eventually to serious fighting with the Portuguese along the southern border with Mozambique, and particularly if the Portuguese were backed by the South African Army, Tanzania could find itself dangerously dependent upon the Chinese and could be forced to accept whatever terms the Chinese might choose to offer.

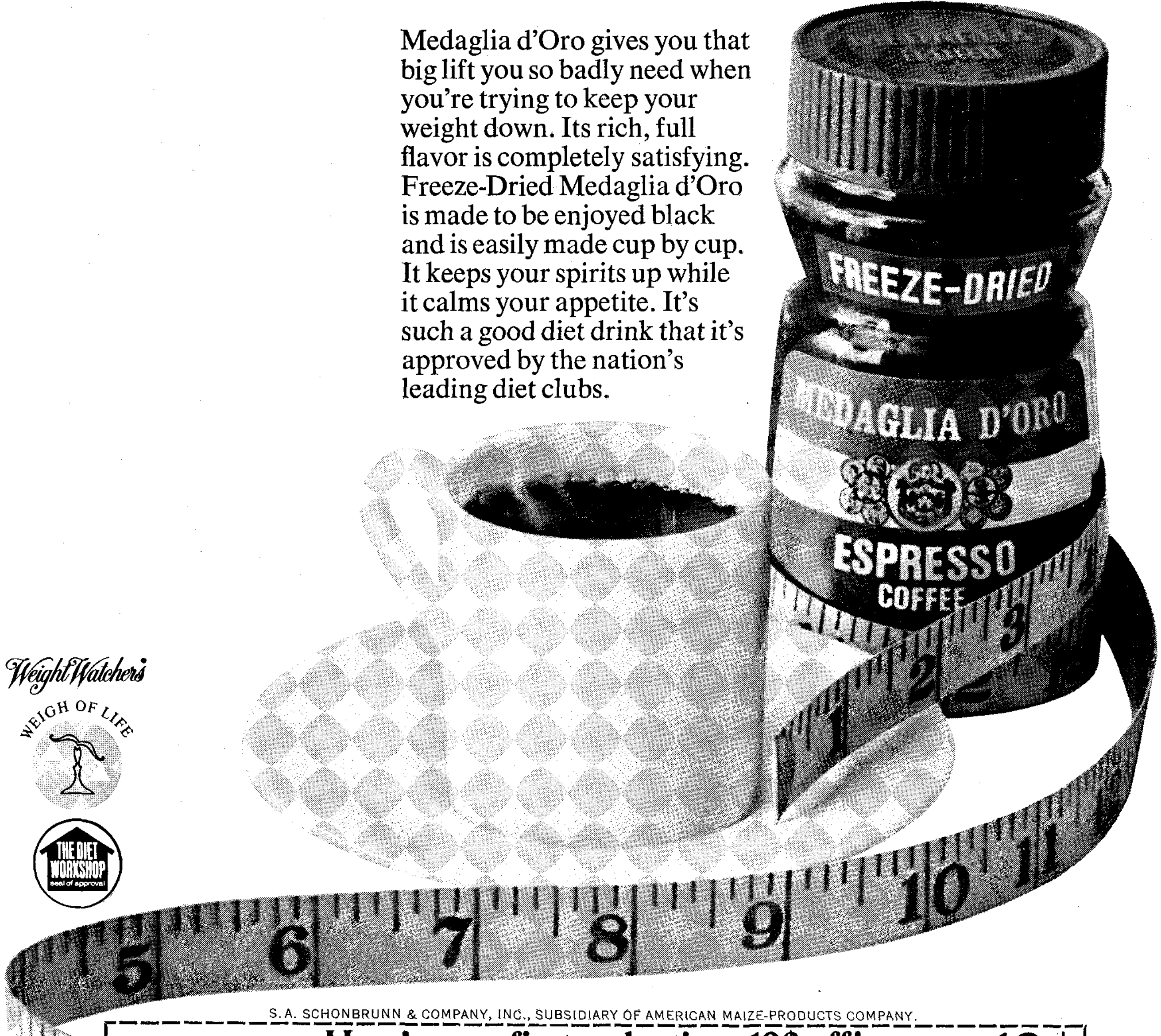
However that may be, it seems clear that the Chinese are in the process of making a long-range commitment to Africa. Presumably, they are calculating that the Western nations will continue to withdraw their aid and abdicate their influence; that the white countries will draw together when the crisis comes in southern Africa, as it surely will; and that the countless individual relationships that bind the men and institutions of Tanzania and its neighbors to those of Britain and—to a lesser extent—the United States will not survive beyond the next twenty or thirty years. Lamentably, most recent evidence seems to support the validity of the Chinese calculation. Throughout most of 1971, the British government has appeared to be on the verge of resuming arms shipments to South Africa; in early October, the United States Senate voted, despite a United Nations embargo on important Rhodesian products, to permit the importation of Rhodesian chrome, thereby strengthening a white-minority regime that is outnumbered by Rhodesia's black majority by at least twenty to one.

EARLY in 1966, at a time when Tanzania, as a result of a series of foreign-policy incidents, had lost most of the foreign aid it had been receiving from the West, a visitor asked Nyerere if he felt that his policies had unnecessarily deprived his country of any aid. "The current criticism is that I have tended to be rather overprincipled, and that this has cost us development funds," he replied. "But this is easier to say than to prove. Yes, we have lost some aid—the seven-and-a-half-million-pound loan from the British, for instance. The difficulty with a loan, you know, is that it is often tied to procurement, and then there is the problem of local costs to go with the loan. But with this loan the British would have been paying the local costs, too. It was one of the best offers we ever received. Another example: One country most interested in helping us, because of its history, was West Germany. Then we clashed over the German interpretation of Tanzanian unity. I believe this was inevitable. I was not elected to sell the blessed country to the highest bidder. The real source of money in the world is the West. The West is wealthy, and it has the experience. At one time, I was very popular with the Western world—a model of reasonableness. But what development did we get? There is very little philanthropy in the kind of aid required for nation-building. But there is a little. The Scandinavian countries, led by Sweden, are an example. They feel an obligation, as wealthy countries, to assist in development. And Canada, too, to some extent, I think. In Sweden, it's almost a national feeling. Of course, this feeling of obligation is present, in varying degrees, in all countries. But it does not dominate decision-making. In the United States, what dominates is: You have got to fight com-

# How to keep your spirits up and your appetite down.

## Snack on Medaglia d'Oro.

Medaglia d'Oro gives you that big lift you so badly need when you're trying to keep your weight down. Its rich, full flavor is completely satisfying. Freeze-Dried Medaglia d'Oro is made to be enjoyed black and is easily made cup by cup. It keeps your spirits up while it calms your appetite. It's such a good diet drink that it's approved by the nation's leading diet clubs.



Weight Watchers
WEIGH OF LIFE

THE DIET WORKSHOP
seal of approval

S. A. SCHONBRUNN & COMPANY, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF AMERICAN MAIZE-PRODUCTS COMPANY.

**Here's your first reduction–10¢ off!**

**10¢ OFF**

**10¢ off towards the purchase of a 2-oz. jar of Freeze-Dried Medaglia d'Oro.**

FREEZE-DRIED
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
ESPRESSO
COFFEE

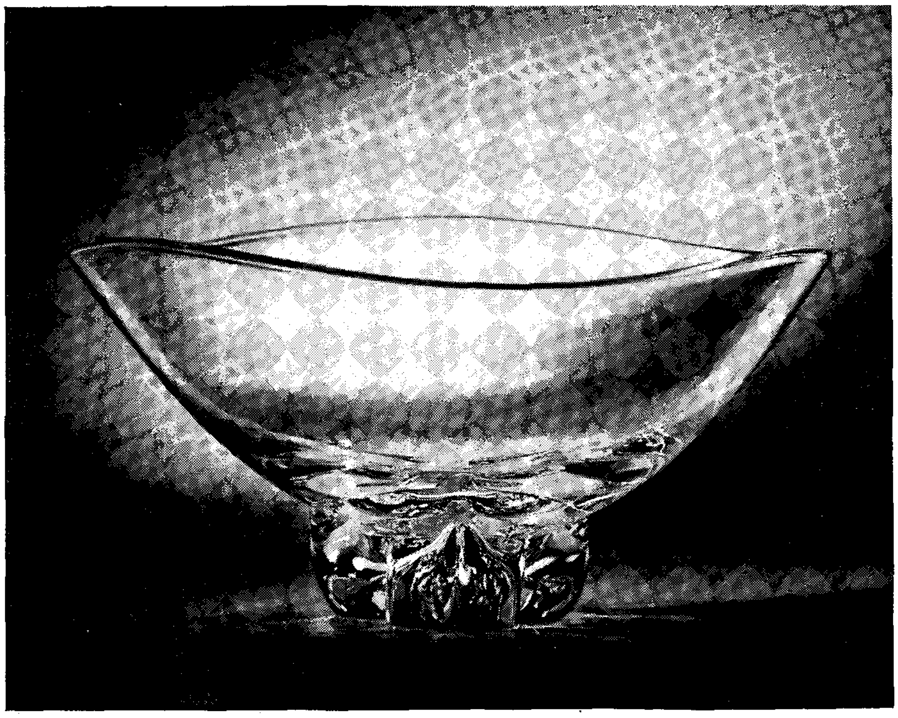
TO THE GROCER: Each coupon entitles your customer to 10¢ off towards the purchase of a 2-ounce jar. For each coupon you accept as our authorized agent, we will pay you 10¢ plus 3¢ handling charges, provided you and your customers have complied with the terms of this offer. Any other application constitutes fraud. Invoices showing your purchase of sufficient stock to cover all coupons must be shown upon request. Void if prohibited, taxed or restricted or presented by outside agencies, coupon brokers or others who are not retail destributors of our merchandise. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. Coupons will be redeemed by sales representatives of S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. COUPON EXPIRES MARCH 19, 1972.

**10¢ OFF**

**Store Coupon**

NYR

**10¢ OFF**



*Trillium Bowl • 9¾" wide • $107.50*
*For 80-page Christmas catalogue in full color, send $1.00*

Triangular crystal bowl—a distinguished centerpiece, with or without flowers

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK • N.Y. 10022 • (212) PL 2-1441

Stieff Co.

800 Wyman Park Drive
Baltimore, Maryland 21211

The Stieff Jefferson Cup. An authentic reproduction of those designed for Thomas Jefferson in 1810, in sterling silver with gold lining. Miniature Jefferson Cups shown on 7 inch Stieff sterling silver tray.

Jefferson Cups, $63.00 the pair, (engraving not included). Miniature Jefferson Cups, $10.75 each. Tray, $38.50. At fine stores everywhere.

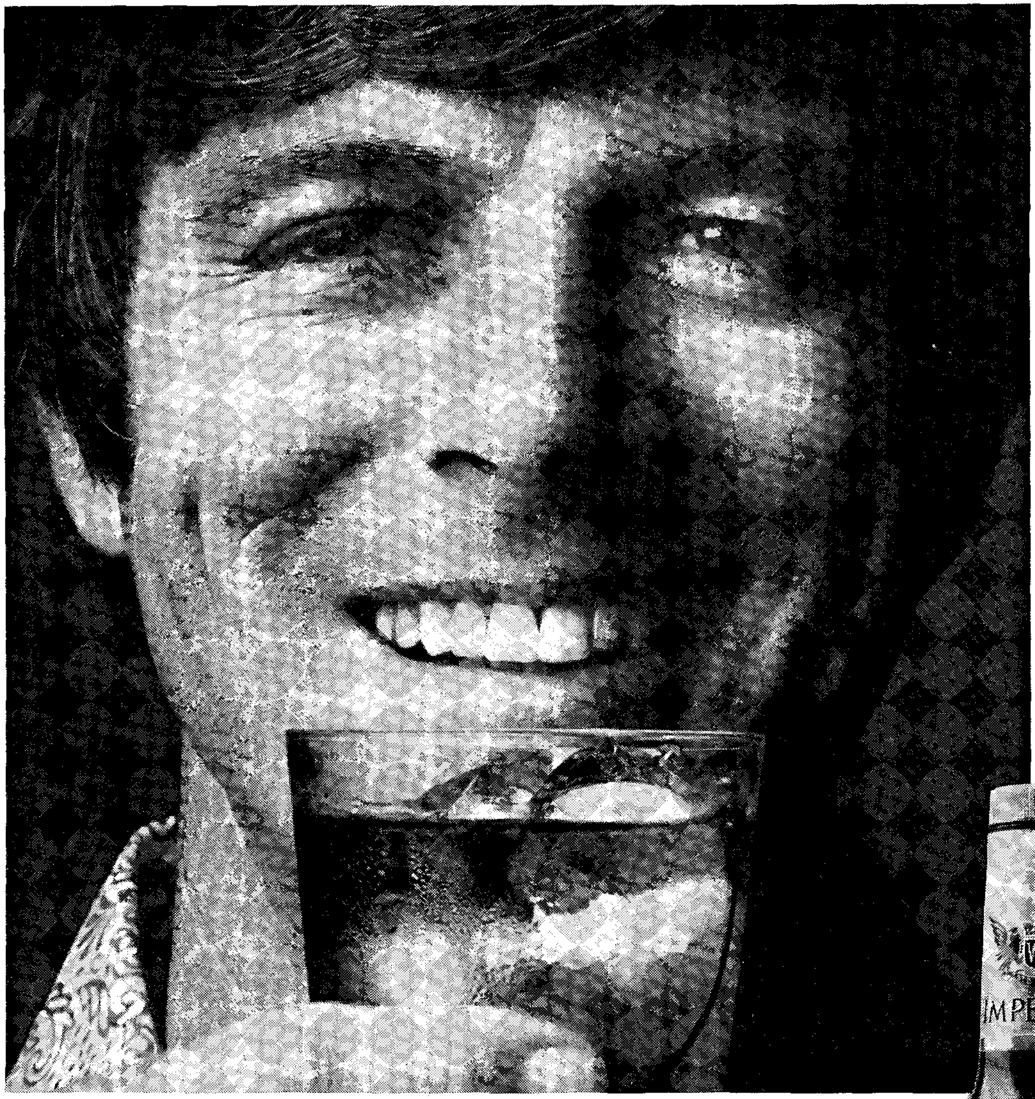
munism! And, particularly: A country must matter, politically, before it can be given aid."

His visitor asked Nyerere if he felt that a country could attract more aid by being non-aligned than by being aligned to either East or West. "No," he said. "The country has got to be strategic. For example, the United Arab Republic. India, the same. The problem in giving aid to India is not the millions of needy but the millions of Chinese. The Indians, after receiving the check, could easily thank the Chinese! We are living in a most unfortunate world. The struggle for power is global. If we were in the Middle Ages, you could ask the pope to divide the world—not between Spain and Portugal but between the United States and Russia. Yet this is changing, too. China is around, and she cannot be ignored. Africa is Europe's sphere of influence. It was long an appendage of Europe. As far as Africa goes, the world thinks, for example, about the Congo, 'Ah, Communists against the West!' About Ghana it says, 'The Chinese and the Russians have been asked to leave.' But this is an oversimplification. If it hadn't been for the Cold War, I think the struggle would have been between Europe and the United States. The struggle would have been between America leading the fight for freedom and Europe saying no. But the Cold War came along. And the United States became much more concerned about Russia than about freedom. So it became identified with Europe and with colonialism. And without a single inch of Africa of its own! We say to the United States, 'You are a revolutionary power.' But no. The United States must listen to its allies, and its allies are in Europe. The United States still shapes its policies in regard to Africa *through London!* On Nigeria, on Ghana, certainly on East Africa, the United States will never listen to us. It will listen to London but not directly to us. Well, Europe still wants to keep us as its sphere, and we want to be nobody's sphere. We are not fighting the United States—we want to establish a direct relationship with it. The assumption in the United States is 'They want to be Chinese.' This shorthand is understood! Communists! It is clear! It is understood!" He threw up his hands, feigning despair.

The discussion then turned to Vietnam, and, inevitably, to China and the United States. Nyerere said he believed that the American role in Southeast Asia was based on a fallacy—that pow-

**IMPERIAL**

THE GOOD-NATURED WHISKEY



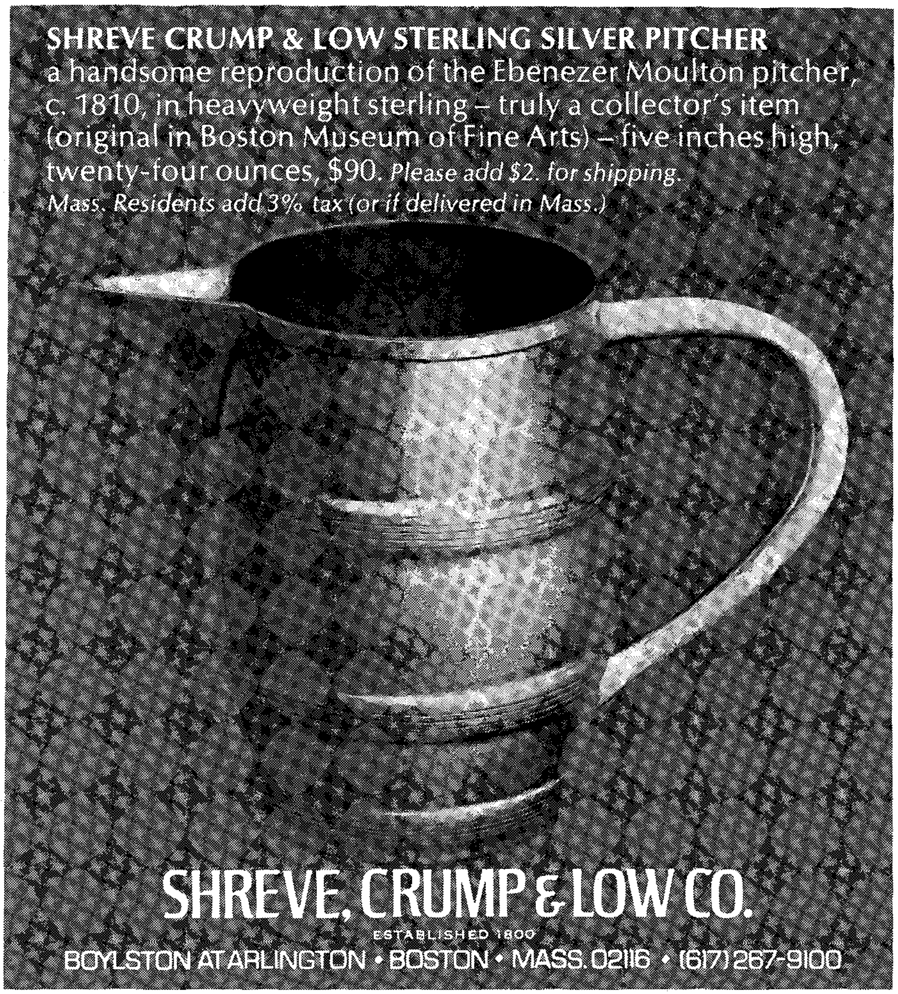
IT MIXES WELL

Good whiskey starts with good grain. But Imperial gives nature a big helping hand. We take the time to gentle the taste, to make our whiskey a sip smoother than the rest.

That's why Imperial is so popular. Its rich taste comes on light and goes down easy. In any kind of drink. So mix it up with Imperial. Even the price is good-natured.

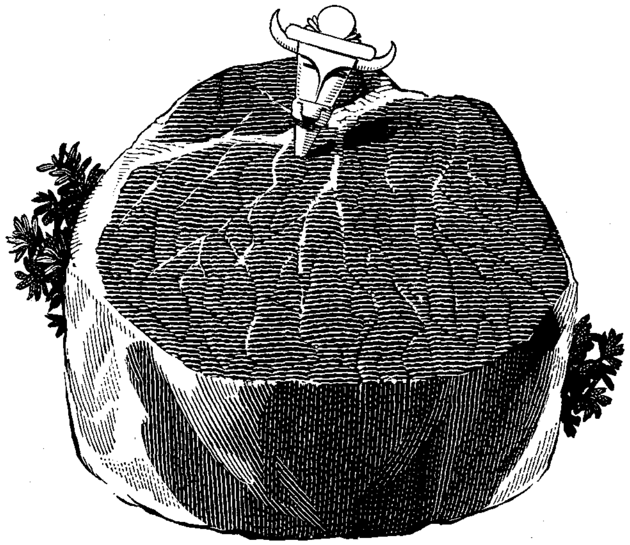
IMPERIAL
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER
Blended Whiskey

© 1971 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS


**SHREVE CRUMP & LOW STERLING SILVER PITCHER**
a handsome reproduction of the Ebenezer Moulton pitcher, c. 1810, in heavyweight sterling – truly a collector's item (original in Boston Museum of Fine Arts) – five inches high, twenty-four ounces, $90. *Please add $2. for shipping.*
*Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)*

**SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.**
ESTABLISHED 1800
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON • BOSTON • MASS. 02116 • (617) 267-9100

la pièce de résistance



and seven others marvelously like it. aged and aged and aged.
then snapped up and frozen at their prime. magnifique!
eight filets, prime, six ounces each, twenty-seven dollars, selection 30406.
hand delivered, of course.

pfaelzer prime
**pfaelzer brothers,** inc.
(FEL-ZER)
for our gift brochure, Dept. YM12, 4501 W. District Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60632
Add $3.00 for shipments west of the Rockies.

er could be used to contain China. "I don't believe you can contain China," he went on. "What is the meaning? But I understand power, and therefore I understand the U.S. as a power with global responsibilities and views—I understand that. What I cannot understand is the policy—started long before Vietnam—based on the idea that one way of assuring world peace is to ostracize China." Recalling that a leading churchman had once questioned his support of the Chinese, Nyerere went on, "I was tempted to quote Abraham Lincoln, who said that God must have loved the common people; otherwise he would not have created so many of them." Then, with great feeling, he said, "But these people are our brothers, seven hundred million of them, and they have a right to a share in the fellowship and also the goods of this planet. It's a pity I have to speak as a head of state. If I could speak as a newspaperman, I'd shout it from the top of Kilimanjaro: It's wrong! The Chinese here in Tanzania—their mere presence is a problem. In the beginning, when people asked me about the Chinese here, I would answer, 'They are not causing me trouble.' Now I am being asked, 'Why are they *not* causing trouble? Why are they so *tame* in Tanzania?' I have a letter an American friend brought me, written to a newspaper, in answer to some bishops and archbishops who feel I'm too friendly to China. So I even have bishops and archbishops worrying about it. I assume that the Holy Ghost is less concerned than the bishops; otherwise, I'd be facing very serious consequences. The Americans are trying to adjust themselves to Russia, thanks to Kennedy. But they have failed to accept China, a proud people, a great people, with a history that goes back for centuries. The Chinese are very proud, they speak with one voice, they are no longer just a humiliated giant, they have a pride in their achievement. If we are beginning to understand Russia, why not China? Kennedy—I have great respect for that man; he was a good man, a great man. One day, he had to say to Russia, 'Get out of here,' and the whole world said, 'My God, nuclear war,' and Kennedy took the maximum risk and said, 'Get out of here.' Whatever we may say, it's just possible that China is feeling the United States is too close to it—too strong to be so close."

Since Nyerere had so often objected to the tendency of the West, and particularly of the United States, to judge Africa in terms of the Cold War, his visitor asked him if he felt that there

# Avis saves lost souls.

Getting there may be half the fun, but not when you're lost and about to be late for a business meeting.

To save you from this fate, some rent a car companies give you maps. Avis goes them one better. Along with our maps we give you a special toll-free Hot Line number.

If you get lost, call 800-231-6000* anytime of the day or night and we'll help you get your bearings.

Next time find your way to Avis. We'll rent you a sparkling new Plymouth or other fine car and then we'll go out of our way to be sure you don't go out of yours.

**Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.**

*In Texas, call 800-392-3966, toll free.

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

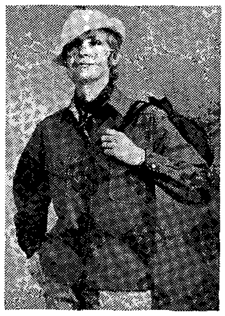
The comfortable ugly* shirt

*Men's Moleskin has extra-long tails, tucks in neatly.*

**Moleskin—feel great in it!**

Soft as velvet inside and out. Tough as fine chamois leather to wear for years. Moleskin is comfortable because it's a thick, lightweight double-weave to keep you warm . . . absorbent pure cotton to keep you dry. A special joy for those who can't wear wool.

A shirt for roughing it. Rustle-free in the woods and darn near mosquito-proof. With two buttons on each pocket to safeguard things you carry. For all outdoors or just loafing. Most any time of year. Anywhere. And easy care—machine wash or dry-clean.



*Mary Rosenberg wears hers as a shirt-jacket.*

*Ugly? Not if you want rugged good looks in a shirt that actually *improves with wear.* Moleskin takes on a nice, aged patina. The longer you wear it, the better it looks.

All men's and women's sizes. Send your shirt or sweater size for proper fit. (Add $2.00 for men's sizes 17 and 18.) Colors: red and camel tan. Full return privileges.

**$9.95, postage free. Two for $18.00**

**FREE:** Norm Thompson's 80-page color catalog, "Escape from the Ordinary."

**Norm Thompson** **1805 N.W. Thurman Portland, Ore. 97209**

Telephone orders any time: (503) 222-9104

Moleskin shirt(s): Qty. Size Color

Men's

Women's

☐ Check enclosed. Charge to my ☐ BankAmericard. ☐ MasterCharge. (Please include *all* raised letters and numbers on credit card.)

Card No.

Signature X

☐ Send free catalog, "Escape from the Ordinary."

Name Dept. O-17

Address

City

State Zip

was such a thing as an African Communist. "By definition, there shouldn't be an *African* Communist, any more than an African Christian," he said. "He would be a Communist, wherever you might find him. I don't know—there might be such a thing. Among intellectuals, perhaps, who have been to Europe, some might have become intellectually convinced Communists. There might be a sprinkling of these—highly intelligent people, who find Communism extremely appealing, and are often disillusioned. They come back from Europe and they are confronted with *Africa.* What is the application of Communism to Africa? How do you begin applying the textbook of Communism to Africa? And it is textbook Communism they have learned in London and Paris. How do you go and preach it in Sukumaland—how? In a peasant country without feudalism, how do you do it? How do you begin? An African Communist has a real problem. He may study Communism in London, but when he comes back to Africa he finds that it's a tool he cannot use. And then he realizes that he must become a pragmatist. From a distance, Africa looks like a classic Communist situation, but in reality it's a Sukumaland situation."

In September, 1965, a few months before the break with Britain, Tanzania had held its first general elections since 1962. Until the early part of 1965, most members of the Tanzanian Parliament had assumed that they would be renominated by TANU, the country's sole political party, and would thus be assured of reëlection. Instead, the party approved a new system, which was incorporated in the interim constitution, under which two candidates were selected for almost every constituency. Only six incumbent members, including Second Vice-President Rashidi Kawawa and four Cabinet ministers and one junior minister, were unopposed. Nyerere was also unopposed. His popularity was such that the party was not prepared to nominate anyone to oppose him; in all likelihood, no one would have chosen to run against him anyway. Such discontent as existed within Tanzania was rarely expressed except in private. On Zanzibar, there were no parliamentary elections; it was still too soon after the revolution, the government explained. But the Zanzibaris did have a chance to vote for or against the President. In answer to a question during the campaign, Nyerere told a group of voters on Zanzibar that it would be dangerous for him to be elected President for life. "If that happened, you would be right back where you were under the Sultan," he said. "I could even call myself Sultan Nyerere." He devoted much of his campaign to explaining the use of the ballot. "Those who do not wish me to be President of Tanzania for the next five years have simply to put a tick in the space on the ballot paper where it says '*Hapana,*' " he would say. ("*Hapana*" means "no.") "But if you feel that I should continue as President, I hope you will go to the polls and vote for me by putting your tick on the Presidential ballot paper under the word '*Ndiyo.*' " ("*Ndiyo*" means "yes.")

Considering Nyerere's continuing popularity, the size of his victory was hardly surprising. In 1962, in a two-man contest, he had drawn ninety-eight and one-tenth per cent of the vote; in 1965, when he ran unopposed, he received nearly ninety-seven per cent. The surprise came in the number of incumbent members of Parliament who were defeated. In Rufiji, to the southwest of the capital, Mrs. Bibi Titi Mohamed, Junior Minister for Community Development and National Culture and the president of the TANU national women's organization, was badly beaten. Another casualty was Paul Bomani, the Minister of Finance, who was one of Nyerere's ablest colleagues. Bomani's friends pointed out that the voters blamed him for introducing a five-per-cent development levy on salaries three weeks before, but another reason for his defeat may have been that the Bomani family was widely resented in Mwanza, on the southern shore of Lake Victoria, for its wealth, and specifically for the power it wielded within the Victoria Federation of Coöperative Unions, a large cotton coöperative. All told, two ministers and six junior ministers were defeated, in addition to three junior ministers who failed to secure the party's nomination for reëlection. Nine backbenchers were also defeated, and thirty-seven others either did not seek reëlection or were not renominated. Of the one hundred and seven constituency members of the new Parliament, eighty-six were freshmen. Among the winners were Derek Bryceson, the Minister of Health and the only European in Nyerere's Cabi-

# BISQUIT COGNAC.
# THE NAPOLEON OF NAPOLEONS.

Call yourself Napoleon and a lot of people will call you crazy.

We're Napoleon.

But we're also cognac. The reason Bisquit can call itself cognac is that we are one of those very elite brandies which come from the exclusive Cognac region of France.

But while Bisquit makes several great cognacs, only one is called VSOP Napoleon.

Its bouquet, its smoothness and its absolute delicacy separate it from all others.

You see, even the grapes that go into cognac can be of differing qualities.

Ours is blended only from grapes that grow in what experts consider the two outstanding sectors. That blend is called Fine Champagne.

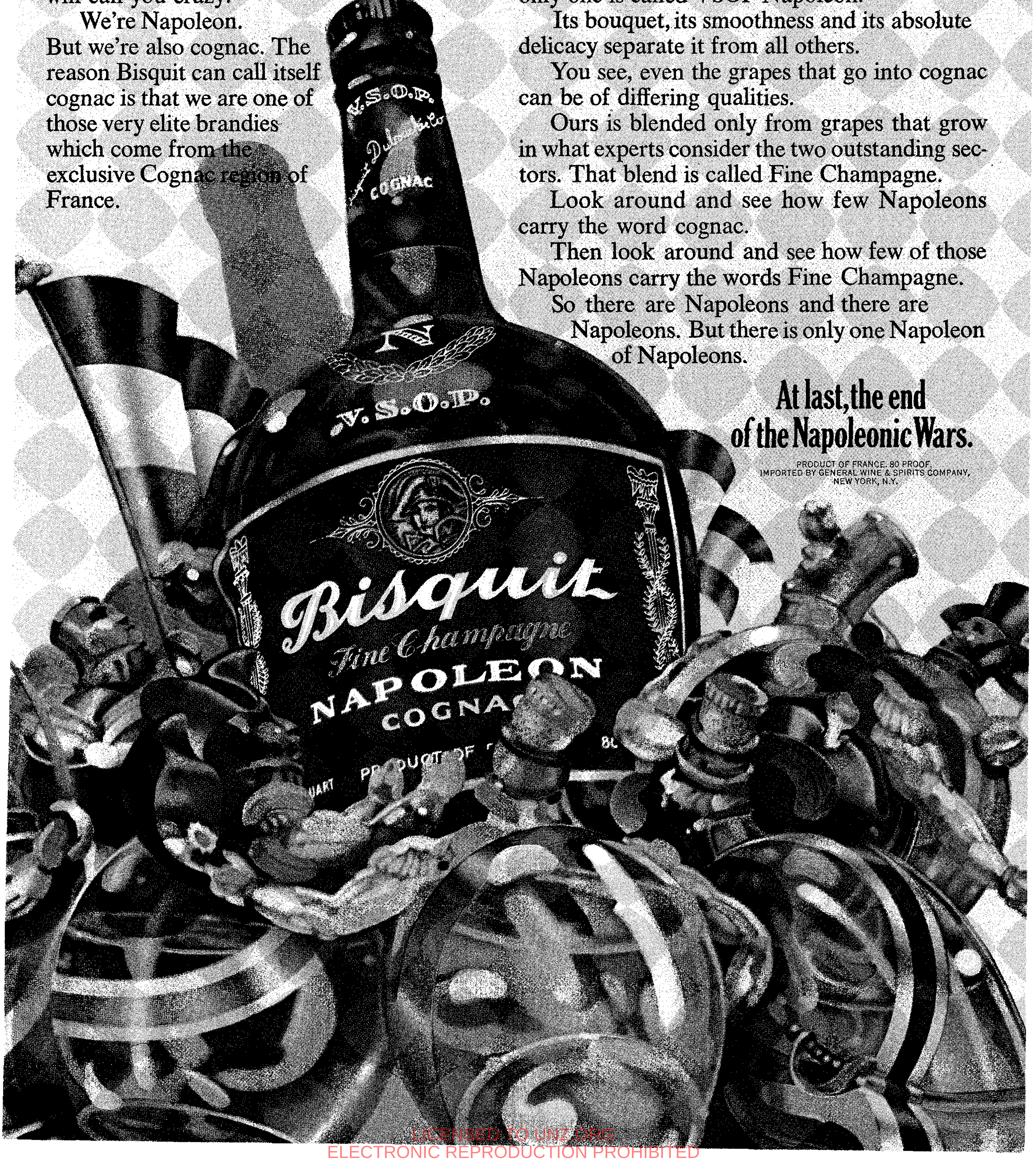
Look around and see how few Napoleons carry the word cognac.

Then look around and see how few of those Napoleons carry the words Fine Champagne.

So there are Napoleons and there are Napoleons. But there is only one Napoleon of Napoleons.

**At last, the end of the Napoleonic Wars.**

PRODUCT OF FRANCE. 80 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY,
NEW YORK, N.Y.



# How Polaroid went to unusual lengths to giv

## A simple, inexpensive way to make studio-quality portraits of people.

As long as there have been cameras, there has been photographic portraiture. Because nothing interests people more than people.

But until now, there has never been a portrait camera that gives the amateur what he needs: portability, simplicity of operation, high picture quality, and low cost.

Polaroid Corporation has directed its efforts for some time toward filling this gap. And has succeeded.

Our approach was to resist the tendency toward complexity; we strove to maintain singleness of purpose. And to achieve that purpose, we were as willing to use or modify existing principles as to design new features.

The result is that the new Polaroid Portrait Land Camera is the world's first and only portable, simple-to-use, low-cost camera that produces studio-quality portraits.

At the core of the problem was the dilemma of focal length vs. perspective distortion.

Pictures from conventional cameras, taken at close range, show pronounced distortion. Increasing the distance to the subject lessens distortion, but makes the image too small for a desirable portrait.

Techniques have been developed to try to overcome this problem. The telephoto lens is one; but it is expensive, and loses picture quality and corner illumination.

The most satisfactory solution has been the "studio" portrait camera. By using relatively simple lenses with a long focal length, and keeping them at full distance from the film, quality is maintained. But it is usually a heavy, expensive camera requiring careful adjustment.

With this background, Polaroid chose a 220mm, single-element lens, placed at full distance from the film plane. And to maintain lightness in the resulting elongated body, we molded it of a rigid though lightweight plastic. So the entire camera weighs under two pounds.

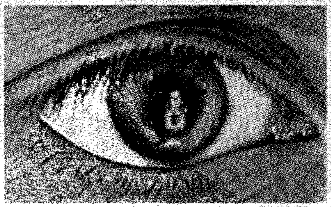
We added a shutter with a constant speed of 1/60 sec., and an aperture with a normal setting of f29.

We thus not only minimized perspective distortion,

POLAROID PORTRAIT LAND CAMERA

# eople what they wanted but could never get.

but added enough depth of field so that precise subject distance is not required. And the shutter speed is optimal for conventional posed portraits.



**Long focal length gives the same beauty as in the eye of the beholder.**

Since the subject distance is fairly constant at 39 inches, we were able to design a unique combination viewfinder and split-image rangefinder with no moving parts. The user simply walks toward the subject until the two images coincide, and snaps the picture.

The entire mechanism was built into the camera handle, allowing a 5-inch base length. This compares with a maximum base of 2½ inches in most other cameras. And the greater the base length, the greater the accuracy.

Since one image must travel a greater distance than the other to reach the eyepiece, a compensating lens system, similar to a Galilean telescope, was built in.

And to maintain this high level of accuracy, adjusting set-screws allow each rangefinder to be individually calibrated at the factory for framing and ranging, and for avoiding other coincident image errors.

**The rangefinder needs only 2 moving parts.**

Duplicating the features of a studio camera was not enough. We needed studio lighting.

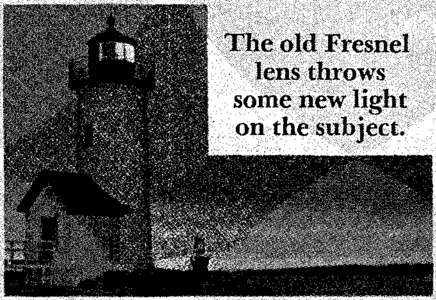
So we added a receptacle for a Magicube. It requires no battery. It yields four uniform flash shots without reloading. It will not advance when the fourth shot is finished, and the shutter locks to prevent taking another shot until the cube is replaced.

To utilize this burst of light to fullest advantage, we found a new way to apply an old principle.

In the 19th century, the Fresnel lens was developed to magnify the beam of a lighthouse without the great bulk of a conventionally-shaped lens. The theoretical surface of the lens was simply divided into small segments, all mounted in a single, flat plane.

Our modification of the Fresnel lens concentrates the light on the subject and transforms a small source of light (a tiny flashbulb) into a large area source.

And despite the concentration of the light, the effect is of controlled softness.



**The old Fresnel lens throws some new light on the subject.**

The camera has other interesting features. Such as a built-in timer to tell you when the picture is developed. A unique shutter mechanism, designed with a minimal number of moving parts, for higher reliability. And there are no exposure settings.

And, of course, it gives you a finished color portrait in a minute.

It uses only Polaroid Polacolor Land film (Type 108) in the big 3⅜″ x 4¼″ format that gives a big close-up portrait. Which is why we're marketing the camera under the trade name of Big Shot.

But what we're most proud of is the concept. The totality. Being first to fill a common need, and to fulfill the goals we set for ourselves.

Which puts what we do in proper perspective.

## The Polaroid Portrait Land Camera. Under $20.

"Polaroid" and "Polacolor"®

# The Water.

Our water is RECREATION. Blessed with many lakes, rivers and 600 miles of seacoast, fresh and salt water sports are a part of our way of life.

Our water is INDUSTRY. Pulp and paper operations and Fisheries — two of New Brunswick's largest employers — are both water-dependent.

New Brunswick's water is POWER. Hydro-electric power is readily available at competitive rates.

The water is TRANSPORTATION — our marketing link to the industrial centres of North America, the United Kingdom, Europe and Japan. Year round open harbours, a containerization port and deep water facilities for bulk carriers have established New Brunswick as a leader on the contemporary shipping scene.

We have good reason to believe in our province's unlimited growth potential. We'd like to share it with you.

To new industries locating in New Brunswick, federal government tax incentives and financial assistance are available.

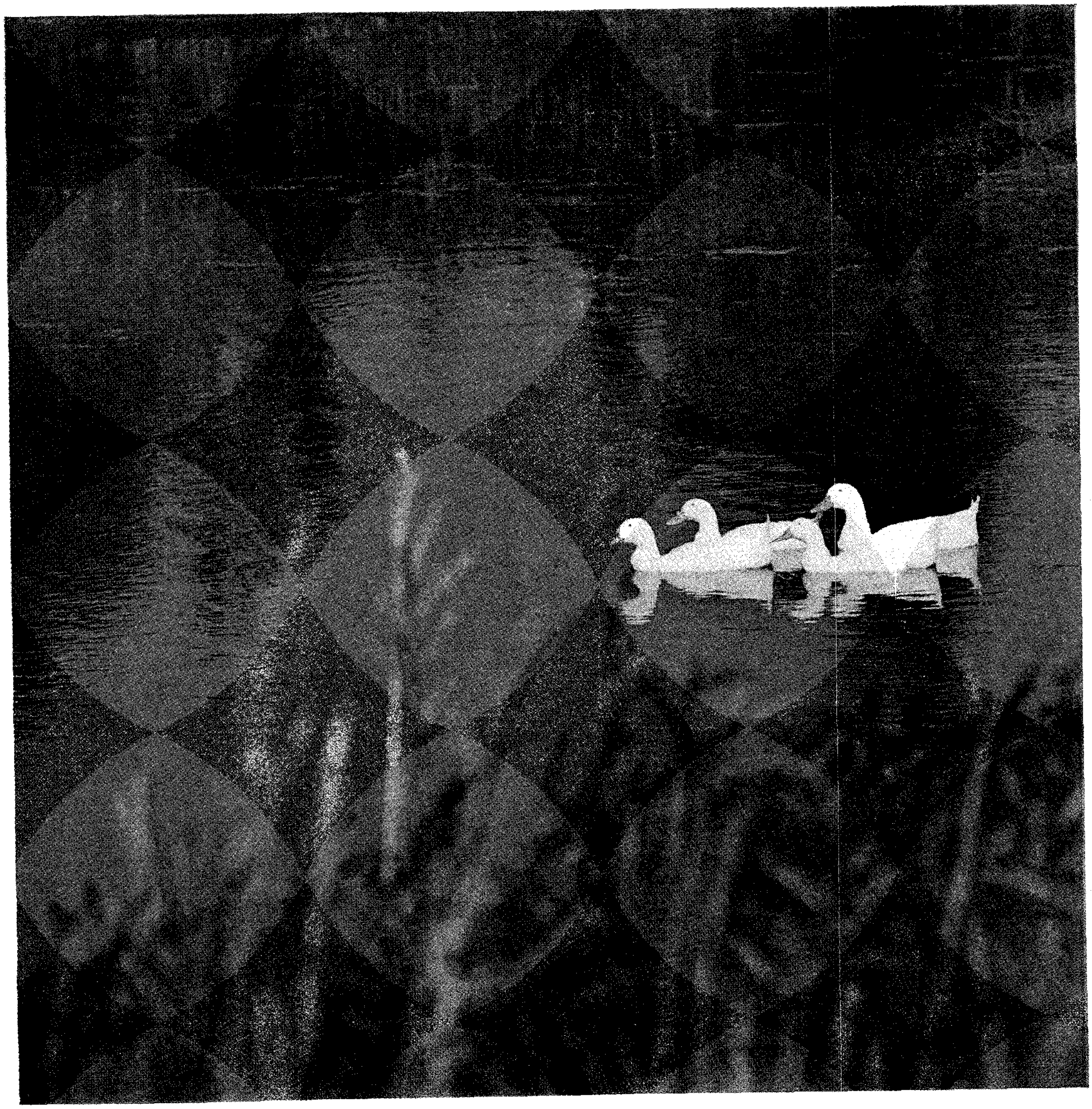
And that's just the beginning of the good life New Brunswick can offer you.

We'd like to tell you more.

*For further information, contact the Honourable A. Edison Stairs, Minister, Department of Economic Growth, Fredericton, New Brunswick.*

**NEW BRUNSWICK**

**Canada's unlimited province**



net, and Amir Jamal, the only Asian in the Cabinet, both of whom were re-elected over African opponents—Bryceson by a majority of almost five to one. In choosing candidates to fill ten "nominated" seats in Parliament, Nyerere took the position that these appointive seats, provided by the constitution, should not be used to save the careers of politicians who had been repudiated at the polls—a decision that angered Bibi Titi Mohamed, among others—and then, making an exception, he named Paul Bomani to a nominated seat and appointed him Minister for Economic Affairs and Development Planning. Bomani, he explained, was too valuable a man to lose. Jamal replaced Bomani as Finance Minister.

A few months later, Nyerere was asked whether he felt that the election had proved Tanzania's one-party system to be valid. "I think it has vindicated what we have been saying," he replied. "By definition, democrats are free people. And the machinery of elections must not be confused with the essentials of democracy. I don't blame Westerners for being skeptical. The only democracies they have known have been multi-party systems, and the only one-party systems they have seen have been non-democratic. But a multiplicity of parties does not guarantee democracy." After a short pause, he went on, "I can't say we have proved it yet. You don't establish a system with one election. But we have shown we can have *one* free election under our system. My hope now is that we can create the necessary conditions for our experiment to live. And it may lead Westerners to say, 'Well, perhaps.' " In an interview later that year, he pursued the point. "To some extent, there are safeguards," he said. "But I have sufficient power under the constitution to be a dictator. And, frankly, I don't believe that we can yet claim the system to be safeguarded. What constitutes a safeguard is not one election but a tradition; the true safeguard of democracy is a tradition of democracy."

ON the third day of January, 1967, Nyerere set off on his longest upcountry tour since independence—a four-week journey that took him to eight of mainland Tanzania's seventeen regions and ended with a three-day meeting of the National Executive Committee of TANU, in Arusha. There he announced the completion of a document that was to be called the Arusha Declaration—the most important of the dozens of major speeches and poli-

HERE'S WHY OUR $130 MANUAL IS A BETTER BUY THAN THEIR $120 ELECTRIC.

When they turn out an electric for less than a manual, they've got to be scrimping on something. That fancy little motor must be paid for.

Whereas with our manual we can put every penny into the machine.

For example (1) take the little hammers that carry the letters. Ours come softly to rest on a cushioned bar. Theirs jolt to rest—on thin air.

Then (2) we connect our hammers to the keys with sturdy, durable levers. Theirs depend on fragile coil springs.

(3) Our carriage runs on a track that's wider and deeper than theirs, so you can slam it across without jarring the machine to bits.

Worth considering, because often on the cheaper electrics, surprisingly you still have to return the carriage by hand.

(4) As for portability: the electric really isn't. It ties you to the house with its plug. While our manual works outdoors in the sun, on the sands.

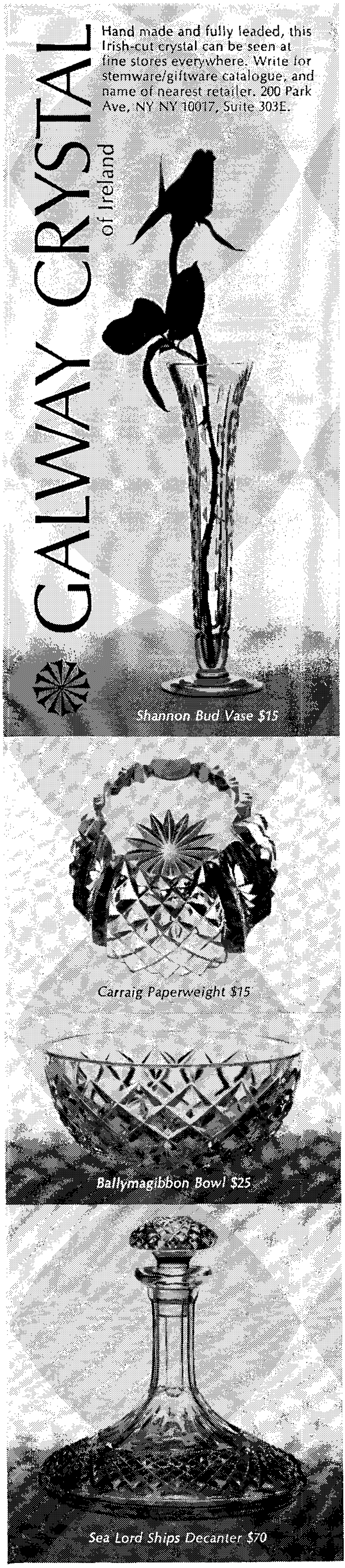
Plus (5) they can't afford to give you all our helpful extras. Like our exclusive Flying Red Margins®. And our unjamming key, for when hurrying fingers somehow jam up the keyboard.

The more you look into it, the more you'll find our Hermes 3000 is built to work and wear a lifetime. And when we make an electric, we make it the same way. That's why it costs $295. Because we found that's the least you can hope to make it for, if you want it to be dependable, long-lasting, full-featured.

For more information on Hermes typewriters and calculators, write us at the address below.

*If you only want to buy a typewriter once, buy a Hermes.*

HERMES
Paillard Incorporated
1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036.
Other products: Bolex movie equipment, Hasselblad cameras and accessories.


GALWAY CRYSTAL
of Ireland

Hand made and fully leaded, this Irish-cut crystal can be seen at fine stores everywhere. Write for stemware/giftware catalogue, and name of nearest retailer. 200 Park Ave. NY NY 10017, Suite 303E.

Shannon Bud Vase $15

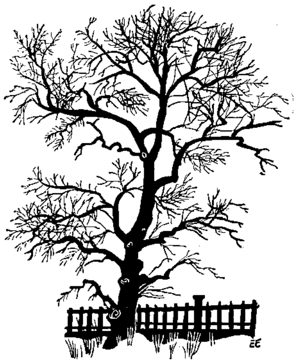
Carraig Paperweight $15

Ballymagibbon Bowl $25

Sea Lord Ships Decanter $70

cy papers he had prepared since independence. Many of Nyerere's formal speeches are first polished and then translated, usually from English into Swahili, by his State House staff, but the seven-thousand-word Arusha Declaration was written in Nyerere's unmistakable style, blunt and vivid, and was less formal than many of his prepared speeches. It started with an affirmation of the aims for which TANU had been working since independence—building a democratic Socialist state—and outlined the party's policies of Socialism and self-reliance. To point out how difficult it would be for the government to pay for development by increasing taxes, it asserted, "Knowing all the things that could be done with more milk does not alter the fact that the cow has no more milk!" As for aid from overseas, Tanzania simply could not count on it, according to the declaration: "It is stupid to rely on money as the major instrument of development when we know only too well that our country is poor. It is equally stupid—indeed, it is even more stupid—for us to imagine that we shall rid ourselves of our poverty through foreign financial assistance rather than our own financial resources. . . . Firstly, we shall not get the money . . . there is no country in the world which is prepared to give us gifts or loans, or establish industries, to the extent that we would be able to achieve all our development targets. . . . And even if all the prosperous nations were willing to help the needy countries, the assistance would still not suffice. But, in any case, the prosperous nations have not accepted a responsibility to fight world poverty." Besides, "independence means self-reliance," it continued. "Independence cannot be real if a nation depends upon gifts and loans from another for its development. . . . How can we depend upon foreign governments and companies for the major part of our development without giving to those governments and countries a great part of our freedom to act as we please? The truth is that we cannot." The only answer, the declaration concluded, was slower growth through self-reliance, and an emphasis on the development of the peasant agricultural economy. Tacked on to the declaration as a sort of appendix was a stringent new code of conduct for government leaders and for the leaders of TANU. Among other things, it specified that no leader could hold directorships in any private company, own any shares, receive more than one salary, or rent any houses to others.

On Sunday, February 5th, a few days after Nyerere returned to the capital from his upcountry trip, he spoke about the declaration for two and a half hours to a crowd at the Arnautoglu Hall grounds in Dar es Salaam. "The important thing is that we should not adopt the attitude that nothing can be done until someone else agrees to give us money," he said. "There are many things we can do by ourselves, and we must plan to do them." He added, however, that "it is not being self-reliant to refuse to carry out the directions of a foreign engineer or a foreign manager—it is just being stupid." The next day, to the astonishment of his countrymen, Nyerere announced that the government was nationalizing all banks in Tanzania as the first step in implementing the Arusha Declaration. He promised full compensation for nationalized property, and emphasized that private accounts were not affected. "Fellow-citizens, I myself have my money deposited with one of the nationalized banks," he told a gathering of soldiers and policemen in front of TANU headquarters in Dar es Salaam. "My money is safe, for what has been taken over is the institution, and not the customers' deposits." Several of his Cabinet ministers hugged each other for joy, and soldiers shouted and waved banners in the February heat.



Within the next two or three days, the government announced plans to nationalize a number of insurance companies, import-export firms, mills, and sisal estates, and to buy a majority interest in seven companies that manufactured such products as cement, cigarettes, shoes, and beer. At the time, there were bitter prophecies from London and Nairobi saying that the Tanzanian government would be unable to pay for the nationalized properties and would have difficulty running them after the takeover; both predictions were wrong. The value of the properties was first estimated at a hundred million pounds but appeared by mid-1968 to be closer to fifteen or twenty million pounds. The government promoted junior employees to fill jobs vacated by expatriates and in a few cases imported specialists to run the com-

# THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EATING AND DINING.

Now that we've introduced the above patterns to you, it's only proper we tell you their names. From left to right they are: Candlelight®, King Richard®, French Provincial®, "Monte Cristo*", Danish Baroque®*, El Grandee®*, Old Master®. If you'd like to see our complete collection, a brochure is yours for the asking. Write Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. 01950.

Craft traditions since 1690 **TOWLE** Sterling

*PATTERN COPYRIGHT BY TOWLE © TOWLE 1971

FORE XMAS

"The Hole-In-One Club" membership for a golfer who has everything.

When a golfer makes a hole-in-one (last year over 20,000 were made) it's traditional for him to pay for the celebration at the 19th hole.

But when a member of "The Hole-In-One-Club" makes one, we pay up to $200 for the 19th hole celebration.

And that's not all. Our lucky member then has a choice of a vacation for two (we pay for transporation and accommodations) in Europe . . . or Hawaii . . . or Bermuda . . . or Puerto Rico . . . or on a Caribbean cruise.

Sound great? It is. However, when you make a golfer a member of "The Hole-In-One Club," things do happen even if he never makes an ace.

Nice things like a complimentary round of golf at almost fifty well-known golf courses in the United States, Canada and abroad. And a subscription to the Club's monthly newsletter with inside information on golf resorts.

Dues are $10 for one year. If you wish your gift membership to include 12 liquid-center golf balls imprinted with "The Hole-In-One Club" insignia, the total cost is $23, including postage and handling.

We guarantee delivery in time for Christmas if your order is received before December 13th. A special greeting card with your name is included.

Christmas gift membership is effective Dec. 25, 1971.

"The Hole-In-One Club" C
45 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, New York 10020

Please send (indicate how many gifts)

___Membership only, $10.

___Membership plus 12 golf balls, $23.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

SENDER'S NAME

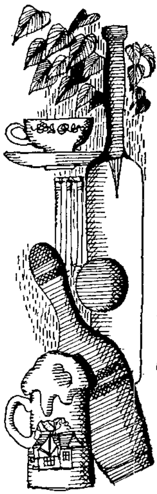
If you're sending more than one, list names and addresses separately and mail with this coupon and your check. Any questions? Call (212) 765-7466.

If you wish, membership can be made effective approximately two weeks after we receive your check. Let us know.

panies until Tanzanians could be trained. At the end of the first year of his nationalization program, Nyerere made a speech praising Tanzania's Indians, who had been exceedingly worried that year both about their future in Tanzania and about new restrictions in Britain's immigration laws preventing them from emigrating to Britain even if they possessed British passports. The Indians, Nyerere said, had enabled the nationalization of the banks to work. "These people deserve the gratitude of our country. Yet now if a Zanaki"—he used the Zanaki, his own tribesmen, as the butt of the joke, as he often does—"goes to the bank to borrow money and is refused a loan because he does not have any security, he comes running to me saying that the Indians favor each other and that we should make Zanaki the managers of the banks. Countrymen, I beg you to beware of this kind of thinking."

Over the next three years, the government entered into agreements to participate in the ownership of the Italian-built Tiper oil refinery near Dar es Salaam, and of the rest of the petroleum industry, and in early 1970 announced plans to take over the entire wholesaling system, which was controlled by Asians. In early 1971, in what Nyerere described as a "mopping-up" measure, the National Assembly passed a bill authorizing the nationalization of all commercial buildings, apartments, and even houses—except those lived in by their owners—that were worth more than fourteen thousand three hundred dollars.

The Arusha Declaration was followed by two supplementary papers, "Education for Self-Reliance" and "Socialism and Rural Development." The first was Nyerere's plan for revising the aims of the country's school system and placing a new emphasis on the training of the majority of students, who would return to the land rather than go on to higher education. The second outlined a three-step process for establishing *ujamaa* ("familyhood") coöperative villages. First, said the paper, a group of peasant farmers should be persuaded to live in a single village, preferably near a water source, and plant their crops in the vicinity. They should then be persuaded to establish small communal plots, with perhaps ten families working together and sharing the proceeds at harvest time. Finally, if the second phase succeeded, the project should be turned into a community farm. The paper made it clear that the process was to be a gradual one, and that the final stage represented an ideal



Afternoon tea. Cricket on the town pasture. Beer and skittles.

Think of us as a sunny England.

Here we are only forty-five minutes from San Juan, under two hours from Miami and three and a half from New York, Toronto, Montreal, and where do most of our visitors come from?

Great Britain. In the tradition of Admiral Nelson who started the whole thing by falling madly in love with our island, and setting up headquarters here for his Caribbean fleet.

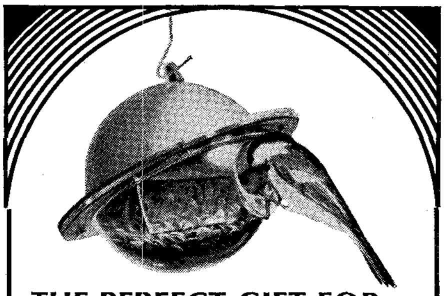
Which accounts for our typically British customs, our typically British duty free shops and our typically British hospitality.

Which, in turn, accounts for all the Americans who are falling madly in love with our island, and setting up headquarters here for their Caribbean vacations.

See your travel agent.

Antigua's Blue Waters Beach
Hotel

Represented by I. Oliver Engebretson



THE PERFECT GIFT FOR BIRD LOVERS The Satellite Bird Feeder is specially designed to attract the small, agile funbirds—chicadees, goldfinches, titmice. They feed, and start the Satellite twirling. They dart in, cling, pick out another sunflower seed. Marvelous fun to watch. And its patented spill-proof design really baffles squirrels, too. 6" in diameter, beautifully constructed from durable Dupont Lucite. Lightweight so it can be hung from small boughs or house eaves. Complete with hanging hardware and the approval of the National Audubon Society. A great gift at $8.95.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co. • F.A.O. Schwarz
Hammacher Schlemmer • L.L. Bean, Inc.
Johnny Appleseed's • Marshall Field & Co.
Massachusetts Audubon Society, Lincoln, Mass.
Rodes • Wm. Hengerer • B. Altman & Co.
Georg Jensen • Woodward & Lothrop
Neiman-Marcus • Frederick & Nelson Co.
Halle Bros. • Kaufmann's • Bloomingdale's
. . . or order from JAMES R. WAITE
Box 78-N9, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

# You can save Luz Marina for $15.00 a month. Or you can turn the page.

**Luz Marina Jacanamijoy. An eleven year old Colombian child. Living with her parents and five brothers and sisters in a one-room house. The roof is straw and the kitchen is a fire outside. No electricity. No medical care. None of the things so many of us take for granted.**

Yet for only $15.00 a month, you can sponsor a child like Luz Marina and really give meaning to those last three letters in her last name—joy. The joy she will know when she learns she can continue her schooling and not have to work in the fields full time. The joy her parents will receive, through an interest-free loan that will enable them to start their own self-help project. Like raising chickens to help raise their standard of living.

That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Helping people—indeed, helping entire communities—to help themselves.

And for you, there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive his or her photograph. And progress reports. And, knowing too, that your hard earned money is helping one child, one family, one community.

That's how Save the Children works. But without you, it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

- ☐ Where the need is most urgent
- ☐ American Indian
- ☐ Appalachia
- ☐ Africa
- ☐ Europe
- ☐ Latin America
- ☐ Vietnam
- ☐ India
- ☐ Middle East
- ☐ Korea
- ☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment

- ☐ $15.00 monthly
- ☐ $45.00 quarterly
- ☐ $90.00 semi-annually
- ☐ $180.00 annually
- ☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $____.
- ☐ Please send me more information.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

**SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION**

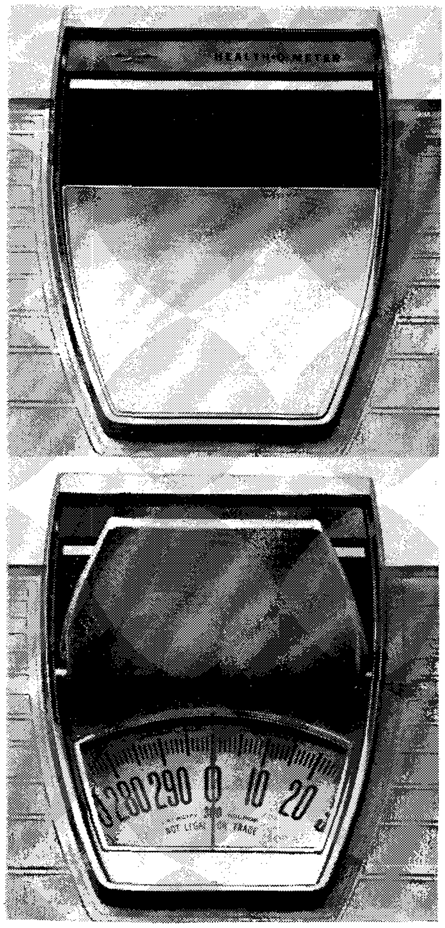
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

NY 10/30/1

to be striven for. "We would not automatically become wealthy, although we could all become a little richer than we are now," it said. A few coöperative farms had existed in Tanzania for a long time, but by the end of 1970 there were as many as a thousand villages throughout the country that were at least calling themselves *ujamaa* cooperatives.

The nationalization program was the only aspect of the Arusha Declaration that was discussed extensively by the press overseas. The discussion consisted largely of renewed comment that Tanzania was going Communist, and a joke of Nyerere's to the effect that the members of the TANU Youth League were the "Green Guards" of Tanzania was taken as the latest bit of bizarre evidence that Nyerere, in his "Chinese pajama suit," had fallen under the shadow of Mao. The most important part of the declaration from the Tanzanian point of view, however, was the code of conduct it imposed on the political leadership. In June, 1967, Bibi Titi Mohamed, one of the early leaders of TANU, resigned from the presidency of the national women's organization and from the TANU central committee. She was ill, she said, and planned to go "back to the kitchen," but it was understood in Dar es Salaam that she had had to choose between her public career and some rental property she owned in the capital, and had, as one observer put it, "opted for capitalism." Nyerere told the National Executive Committee in March that he himself had complied with the new rules. He said that his wife had formerly kept a poultry farm at Mjimwema, near Dar es Salaam, and had now given it to the Mjimwema coöperative village. He had sold his old house at Magomeni, he continued, and was living in a house at Msasani Bay that he had built with a bank loan. He added that his Presidential salary was his only source of income apart from a small sum in royalties on a published volume of his speeches and papers, "Freedom and Unity."

A leadership bill passed by Parliament in October called for members to submit to the Speaker a statement of their income and assets and those of their wives. The Speaker, in turn, was directed to submit his statement to the President. When a friend asked Nyerere if there couldn't be a transition period to soften the blow, Nyerere replied, "No! It would only give people time to find loopholes. We must do it now. You're talking about, at most, a thousand people; I'm talking about



**Introducing The Flip-Top Scale. Our newest Weighing Machine.**

Nothing mars its clean lines. Not even a dial.

At least not until you step on it. Until you do, the dial is neatly hidden behind a streamlined, flip-top lid that forms a part of a handsome carrying handle.

So step on it.

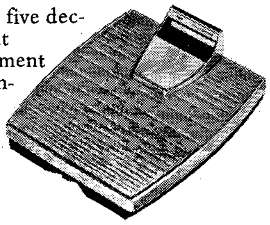
The streamlined lid flips up, revealing large, easy-to-read numerals, which, thanks to exclusive Health-O-Meter quality, give the best measure of your weight of any bathroom scale made.

A low profile and cushioned vinyl mat that looks and feels like quilted brushed silk, add to this scale's dressy good looks.

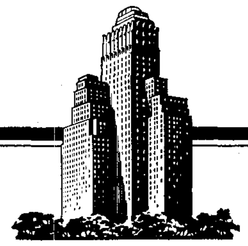
And the long-wearing mat is washable to keep it looking good.

Such attractiveness won't go unnoticed in your bedroom or bath.

Available in five decorator colors at leading department stores and bath-shops everywhere.



**Health-O-Meter®**
Continental Scale Corporation
5701 S. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60636



**Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!**

**The Barbizon-Plaza**
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Deluxe Singles from $25.00.
Deluxe Doubles from $33.00.
Includes one pick-up and one delivery.

WRITE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

**LOOK WEST...**

Frye Boots.
Lee
Levi
Denim
&
Leather
Jeans
&
Jackets.
Western Shirts.
Stetsons.

**H. KAUFFMAN & SONS** SINCE 1875
Dept. R
139 East 24th Street
New York, 10010 • MU 4-6060
96-PAGE RIDER'S GIFT CATALOG. SEND 50c

thirteen million." The bill did, however, give leaders a year in which to "purify" themselves, and it allowed persons who inherited property three months in which to give it away or sell it, or to resign. By mid-September, even before the bill was passed, some thirty M.P.s who had outside incomes had surrendered their monthly parliamentary salaries of fifty-three pounds six shillings in order to retain their seats.

The year following the issuance of the declaration and the passage of the leadership legislation was a period of political tension, as politicians tried to decide how to comply with the new code of ethics. It was also the period of one of the most dramatic political events in the country's history—the flight into exile of Oscar Kambona, the longtime secretary-general of TANU and Cabinet minister. Kambona had long been regarded by many foreigners as a rather mysterious—or, at least, ambiguous—figure in Tanzanian politics, but Nyerere had always defended him staunchly. Once, describing Kambona as "very human, very kind," Nyerere, grinning, had remarked to an American visitor, "Oscar has some of the faults and qualities of the United States of America." He continued, "Your country has been accused of having this as one of its faults; it's a very human fault, but a fault nonetheless: Because you love strongly, you want to be loved strongly. You want to be loved by all! And when you are accused of something, or misunderstood, you say, 'Me? Why? I do this and this and this—and I get misunderstood!' A very human thing. And there are others, like Rashidi Kawawa, who are very British. If you love them, fine. But if not, it won't stop them from doing their work. And they'll certainly shed no tears. No!"

For several years, the emotional Kambona had apparently felt that his ambitions were being thwarted; he had also long been in ill-health and twice had gone to Europe for treatment, once to Holland and once, for a short time, to East Germany. In June, 1967, soon after he returned from the second trip, he resigned suddenly from his party and Cabinet posts. For several weeks thereafter, he said publicly that he had resigned because of his health, but he told several TANU colleagues privately that he was distressed over the way some of his friends in the government were being treated by Nyerere. In late July, he slipped north by car to Kenya, and then proceeded by plane from Nairobi to London, where from

He's not too crazy about your mother.
And she's coming to dinner.
As she has every night
for the past seven months.
KAHLÚA
IMPORTED
The pre-Columbian figure is from the famed Kahlúa collection.

KAHLÚA® Black Russian. Because he deserves something nice.

*Mix an ounce of Kahlúa to two ounces of* vodka on the rocks. Let him savor the flavor a good long while before you add, "Guess who's coming to dinner?"

You know, so many people want our recipe book, you'd think we were giving it away. We are. And we'll be happy to send you yours.

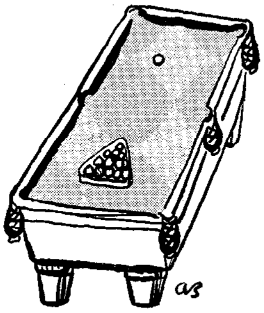
Coffee Liqueur
from
Sunny Mexico

53 Proof. Jules Berman & Assoc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

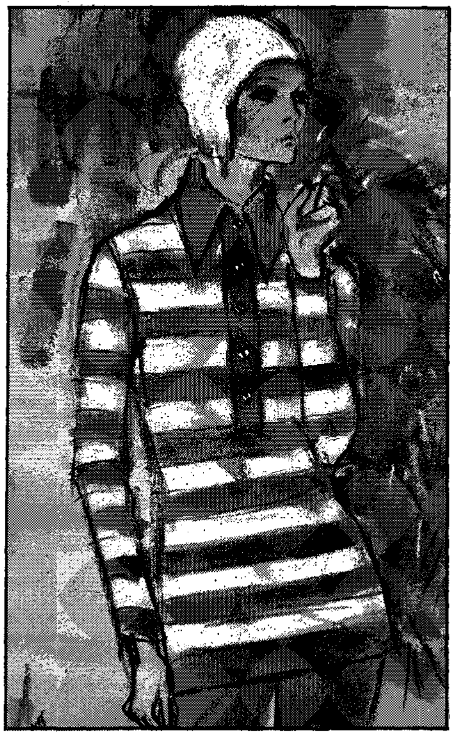
time to time he made charges about plotting and dictatorship in Tanzania. In January, 1968, the Second Vice-President, Rashidi Kawawa, told the National Assembly that Kambona had deposited more than forty-four thousand pounds in his local bank account between June, 1965, and December, 1966, including one telegraph remittance of more than twenty-nine thousand pounds from London on December 6, 1966. The origin of the money was never explained. In early 1971, in a case that the government said was linked to the Kambona affair, four Tanzanians, including Bibi Titi Mohamed, were convicted of plotting to overthrow the government and assassinate the President, and were sentenced to life imprisonment; two others received ten-year terms. Kambona is still in London, living either on his savings or on funds from other sources. His attacks on Nyerere have subsided, but he still takes an avid interest in Tanzanian politics; occasionally, it is said in Dar es Salaam, he mails Christmas cards to members of the Tanzanian Parliament and letters of sympathy to persons who have been dismissed by the Tanzanian government.

The Arusha Declaration was widely interpreted as a result of Nyerere's disappointment over the state of the country's development. He had spent a full month upcountry visiting peasants whose lives had barely changed since independence, it was said, and he was conscious of a slight tendency toward corruption by the privileged. To be sure, it was a very modest level of corruption compared to that of such countries as Nigeria and Ghana, and even Kenya, where the greater wealth and higher state of development had caused more money to filter into the hands of the leadership. Nonetheless, he was sickened by it, and believed that it could destroy the meaning of African freedom. Nyerere rejected the notion that the declaration was the product of recent discoveries, however. "If you knew the whole truth, it would not be as exciting," he told a visitor a few months later. In 1962, he noted, he had written a pamphlet on TANU in Swahili which contained many of the points that were made in the Arusha Declaration. "The most important element, the part dealing with self-reliance—about development through the work of the people—can be found in the 1962 paper," Nyerere said. "It must be clear, the paper stated, that the benefits will go to the people themselves, and not to their leaders. We had already discontinued giving loans to civil servants to build houses to live in, because it turned out that in some cases they were renting the houses. We had said we were stopping this, and Rashidi had said in Parliament that we were stopping it. There were also to be no such loans made to political people like regional and area commissioners."

Nyerere was asked if he was not actually making an attack on all the privileged groups in his society at once. "Yes," he said. "This is the intention. If we say we have to develop, it must be very clear to the people that the benefits are going to the people themselves. So you might say, 'Fine. We'll tackle one group now and another later on.' You could say, 'We'll tackle just the Indians. Use the African to help fight the Indian, and the African will help because he can replace the Indian. Tackle your immigrants.' You could do that. But you would just be postponing the problem. We had set a Socialist goal for ourselves, and really we had no choice. How could we allow exploitation by the indigenous few? So we took them all together—foreign investors, local capitalists, our own political leaders. In a sense, we tackled the masses at the same time. We took on everybody. How do we engage the people in pursuing objectives that are not understood? The definition of objectives had to be total—and uncompromising. Once the decision is taken that the banks should be in the hands of the government, it's worse for the economy of the country to delay. The speed of our progress will depend on the realities of the country. But as a nation we ought to know what we are trying to do."



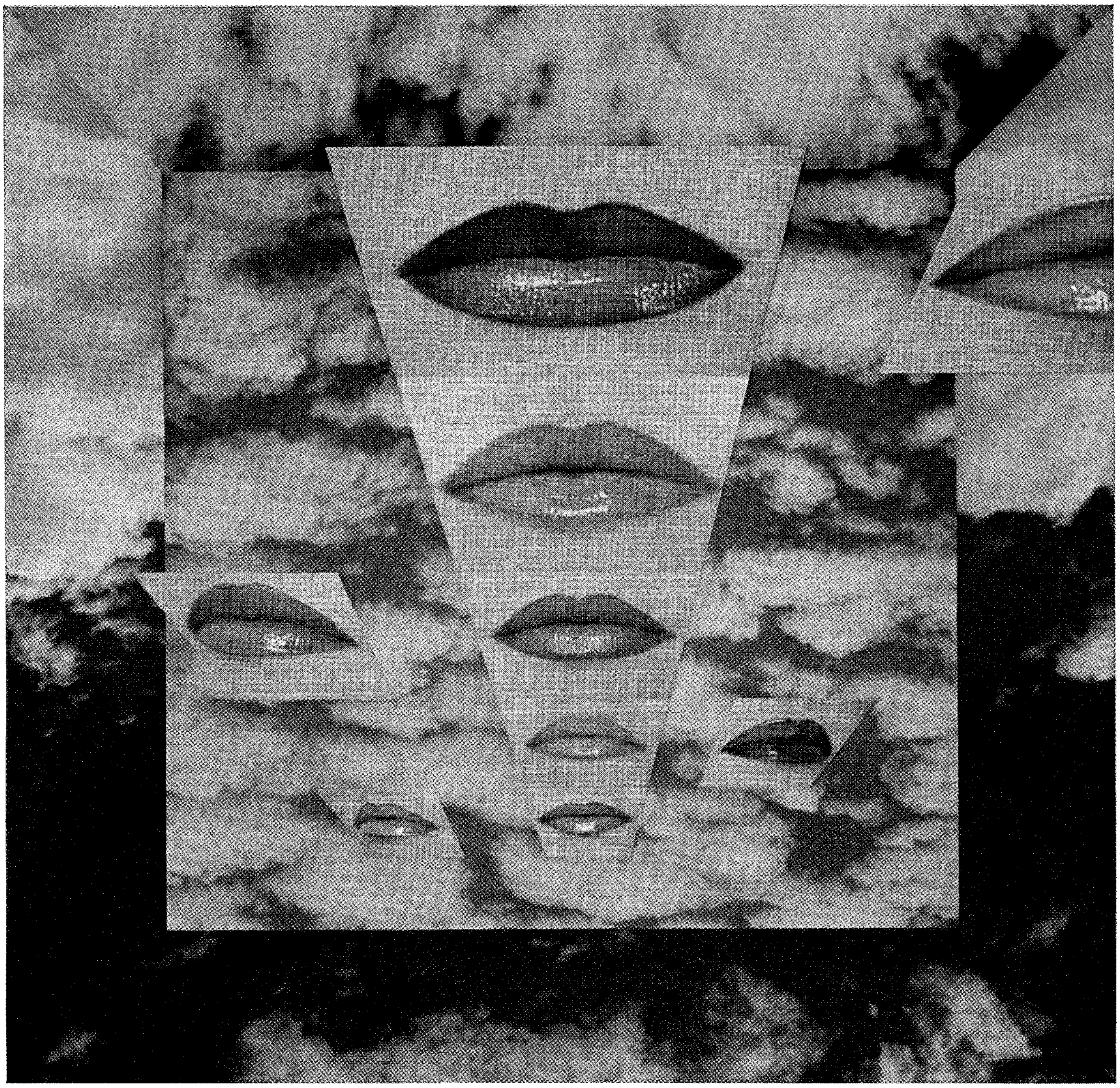
SUDDENLY—or so it seemed to anyone reading the *Nationalist*, the TANU-sponsored daily paper in Dar es Salaam—the whole country was caught up in a frenzy of marching in support of the Arusha Declaration. "Tempered and remolded by the flames of the Spirit of Arusha, nine gallant youths from Singida have advanced their column on their longest march of all—through eight regions—in support of the Arusha Declaration, the President, and the party," a *Nationalist* story said in Sep-



ASPOR

Swiss velour, the greatest in the world, for superb tops plus matching pants. A placketed, striped, long pull or a zipped, pony-print jacket. Each, with color-cued pants, about 56.00. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.
1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036



# THE MOUTH MAKER

## The First Automatic Lipstick Liner

Charles of the Ritz has the making (the shaping) of the blatantly beautiful mouth: the first fully automatic creamy lipstick liner with a built-in brush. Comes up with just the right amount of luscious liquid color every time to dramatize your lips.

To make a well-defined, outlined, juicy young thing of your mouth. Brimming with color.

Generously glossed. Stylish. Shapely. Frankly sexy. 8 curvaceous colors—Framing Peach, Brim of Beige, Edge of Pink, Contour Coral, Redliner, Borderline Brown, Line of Wine and Frost liner. Have them all. But be prepared. From now on, they'll be watching every word you say.

**Charles of the Ritz**

© 1971 Charles of the Ritz

# Golden Recipes.

The same blending of flavors that makes Galliano the perfect after-dinner liqueur makes it the perfect mixing ingredient: versatile enough to bring out other flavors, but never overpowering.

**GOLDEN CADILLAC**
1 oz. Liquore Galliano
2 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

**GALLIANO MIST**
Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liquore Galliano over ice and squeeze ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

**HARVEY WALLBANGER**
Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill ¾ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float ½ oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

**GALLIANO DAIQUIRI**
¾ oz. Liquore Galliano
¾ oz. Light Rum
Juice of ½ Lime
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar
Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

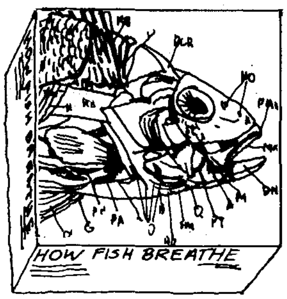
Fond of things Italiano?
Try a drink with Galliano.

LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McKESSON LIQUOR CO., 1970

tember of 1967. "A long revolutionary column of one hundred and six people, of all ages . . . is advancing south toward the capital, where the gallant marchers will make revolutionary contacts with party leaders, and pledge their support for the Arusha Declaration. . . . The gallant marchers will present Mwalimu [or "Teacher," Nyerere's informal title] with a total of three hundred and thirty shillings and twenty cents, being their contribution of aid for the bereaved parents of the youth hero, the late Seti Benjamin." A twenty-year-old from Arusha named Seti Benjamin had collapsed and died at Moshi while marching from his home in Arusha to Dar es Salaam. On September 26th, the *Nationalist* reported, "A column of seventy-four gallant youths, of an average age between four and six years, has marched into Moshi town from the Kindergarten school at the Police Training School." On September 27th, it announced, "The column of the gallant youth hero and martyr, Seti Benjamin, which interrupted its southward advance on September 7 due to the untimely death of its leader, has now resumed its march under the leadership of another gallant youth, Wilson Kinga. . . . Their column is now heading south to the capital, where they will pledge before Mwalimu their unswerving support for the Arusha Declaration." Other stories that day reported that "Mwalimu receives two hundred and twenty gallant marchers," and that President Nyerere paid tribute to "a revolutionary blind lone marcher, Yohana Kisaka, who marched five miles from his home, at the Museum village, in support of the Arusha Declaration."

And then, suddenly, Nyerere was marching, too. On October 3rd, he started what seemed a routine upcountry tour of the Mara region, his home territory. In one village, he warned townspeople against two dangers—domination of Tanzania by foreign powers, and excessive drinking of *pombe*, the local brew, usually made from fermented corn mash or bananas. Then, quite unexpectedly, he and his party walked twelve miles from Butiama, his birthplace, to the village of Kiabakari, and the next day they walked twenty-two miles to Bunda. "President Nyerere yesterday moved the revolutionary Presidential column further deep into Mwanza region, covering a distance of fifteen miles from Chamgasa to Nyakaboja, where the revolutionary marchers rested," the *Nationalist* reported a few days later. At Nyakaboya, it added, "the entire



BOX OF KNOWLEDGE

Kids ask questions and it drives you mad because who knows how fish breathe!

**WE KNOW.**

We're scientists from Harvard and MIT. And we put what we know into nice boxes called Ecology Kits. This one tells kids how fish breathe with fascinating experiments that show nature happening right before their wide eyes.

**IT'S A WILD BLEND OF FACT AND FUN.**

So are our other 7 boxes of knowledge that answer such plaguing questions as why are leaves green and can I drink the water? For kids 8 to 80. $6.00 each.

**GIVE YOUR KID A BOX.
THEN YOU CAN ASK HIM SOME QUESTIONS.**

**BOSTON,** Filene's • **New York,** Bergdorf Goodman • **Chicago,** Marshall Field
**Portland, Ore.,** Meier and Frank

Urban Systems Inc. 1033 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Zigzag and zing

A racy polyester crepe shirt that has plenty going for it. It's washable, iron-less, has French cuffs with little-turtle links, and it's patterned in two spicy color mixes. Pick burgundy-and-black or tangerine-and-brown in 8 to 16 sizes, $16. Blouse Collections.

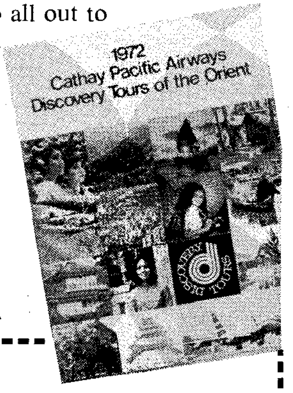
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Don't go to the Orient on Pan Am or Japan Air Lines or TWA or Varig or Philippine Airlines or Canadian Pacific Air or Northwest Orient Airlines...

...without the 1972 Cathay Pacific Airways book of Orient Discovery Tours.

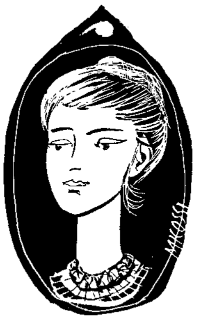
Big-hearted?
No-just realistic. You see, Cathay Pacific can't get you there from here. So we leave that to our friends, the transpacific carriers. But once in the Orient, you're ours. So we go all out to tempt you with our tempting book of Orient vacation ideas. 64 tours and de-tours from plain to fancy. From the folks who know the far East like a book...a book.



Free!
Yes. Tempt me, with your big idea book.
Name
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is
Cathay Pacific Airways – Dept. NY-C-10/71
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102
The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

village was seething with revolutionary enthusiasm emitted by the Spirit of Arusha."

The President's party was tired and hot by the time it reached Bunda, on the second day of the march. Everybody sat exhausted in the shade of a green-and-white house trailer that the government had recently purchased for upcountry journeys. Somebody asked Bhoke Munanka, the President's Minister of State, how the march was going. "Terrible," he groaned. Nyerere, his feet covered with talcum powder, was resting in a canvas chair tilted back against the trailer. Ackland Mhina, the commissioner of the Mara region, complained that his legs were chafed, and added that he had just learned from another member of the group that a marcher was supposed to reverse his socks every ten miles. " 'You mean I must change my tires every ten miles?' I asked him, and he said yes," Mhina said. "I must tell my son. He is leaving on a march of his own in two days' time." The most accomplished marcher in Nyerere's party turned out to be Hashim Mbita, the TANU press secretary. He had flown from Dar es Salaam to Mwanza the day before to join the President's party, and had had to take a bus from Mwanza to Butiama—a distance of a hundred and thirty-eight miles. Learning that the party had already left Butiama, Mbita ran twelve miles to catch up with it.

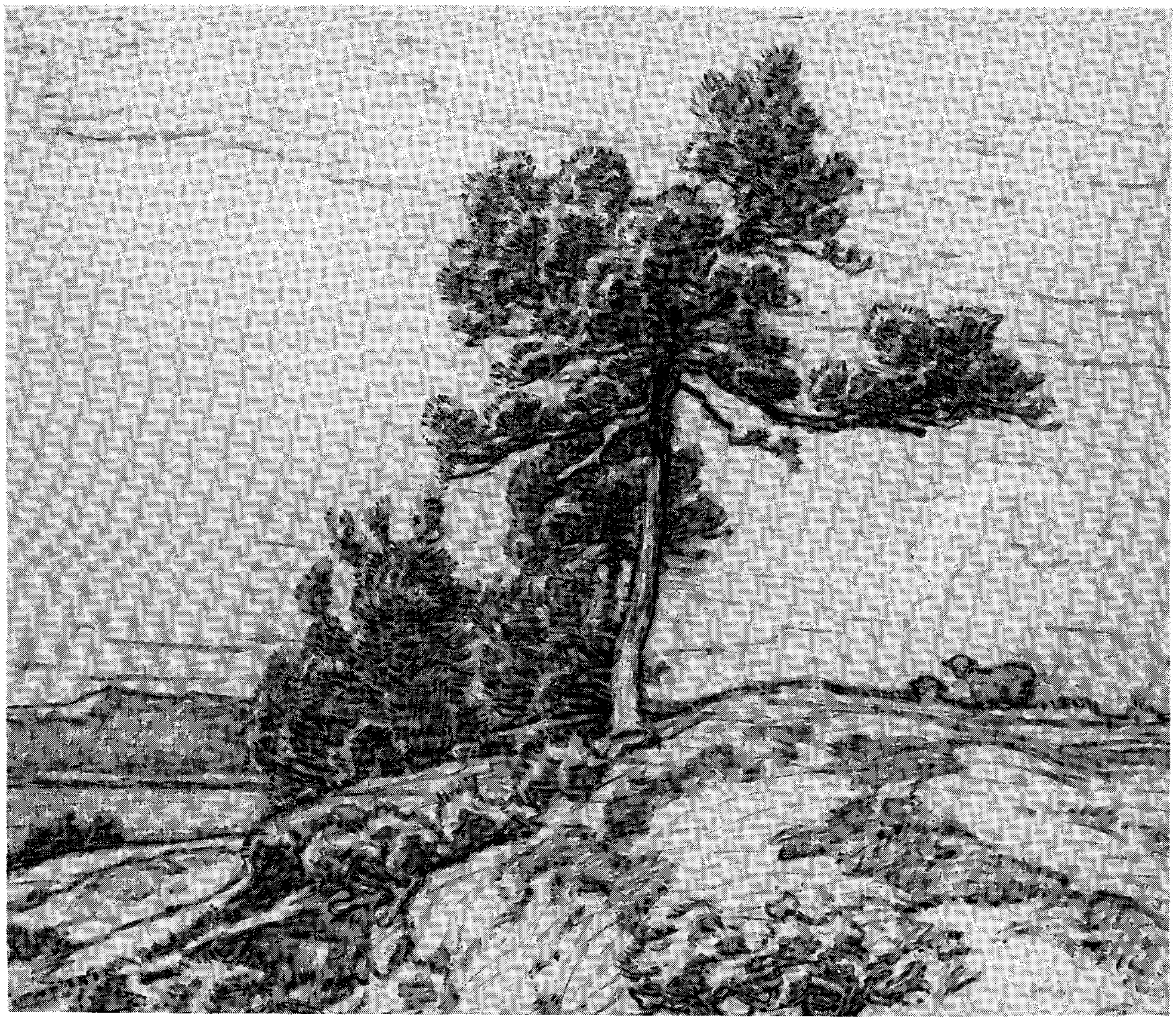


Late in the afternoon, when the sun had faded, Nyerere addressed a rally at Bunda. He had changed from khaki pants and shirt and cap into a Tanzanian suit. He spoke about the need to use cattle for working the land instead of keeping them as a mere symbol of wealth, and said, "We are sleeping while the Americans are going to the moon!"—a point he often stressed. He also spoke of Africa's shame that it could not control its own affairs. His eyes bulged; he was animated, as usual, and the crowd laughed with him as he joked in a high, staccato voice. He hadn't wanted to give a speech that day, presumably preferring that the march be allowed to speak for itself. The next day, when the regional commissioner asked him to speak at another stop, he refused. He seemed determined to avoid routine political gestures. Many villagers consequently seemed bewildered as he passed. In the group of marchers, his head lowered and covered with a floppy canvas hat, he was unrecognizable.

After four or five hours of sleep in Bunda, his party was awakened at two and was soon on the road again, everyone groggy, flashlights pointing the way. Nyerere walked on the left, behind the young Army commander, Brigadier Mirisho S. H. Sarakikya; at Nyerere's side were two security men. Everyone tried to walk in the deep tire tracks to avoid loose gravel. Suddenly two men jumped aside to avoid a snake coiled in the roadway; a soldier kicked it to death expertly. At last, the President called a ten-minute halt. "Well, fellows, we've done two and a half hours," he said. Hashim Mbita emptied sand from his shoes. Nyerere noticed the shoes worn by Joseph Namata, the commissioner of the Mwanza region—brown suède, with pointed toes. "Ah, Manhattan," Nyerere said, feigning scorn. "Not so good." Nyerere had been appealing to Tanzanian women that year to discard "illusions of glamour" and "the Manhattan way of life." After crossing a bridge, the group stopped again, beside a rural police station house, for tea and bread and, later, boiled eggs. "We should start again now, before our muscles grow stiff," one of the soldiers said, but instead the party tarried for eight hours, until the heat of the day was past. The President retired into his house trailer, which was being pulled along the route by an Army truck; Munanka and Namata drove away, probably to a mission on the road ahead, to get some rest. The others lay on the hoods of Land-Rovers or threw their bedrolls on the concrete floor of the station house.

At five-thirty in the afternoon, Munanka, Namata, and the others returned. "The Wabenzi!" somebody gibed, using Africa's derisive term for the new "tribe" of affluent politicians who drive Mercedes-Benzes. Then the President emerged from his trailer, and the march resumed. This time, the villagers along the road had been forewarned; drummers and flag-carriers and dozens of children joined the march. The children kept crowding in front of the party, and some of the marchers kept pushing them out of the way. The party reached a roadside police camp an hour or so ahead of schedule, but even so it was already dark. In the warm evening, everyone sat around in front of the trailer and drank beer or soft drinks. The President was jovial. He pointed to an older man, barefoot, who had just joined the party—clearly an uneducated

# WALTER GRIFFIN



Norway Landscape/c. 1910/Oil on canvas/33" x 36"/$15,000. Other enchanting oils by Griffin: $1,500-$35,000. Hard point pastels: $500-$3,000.

> *"I can only add to my comments by advising everyone to come early and avoid the rush."*
> *Philip Hale,* NEW YORK TIMES, *during a 1908 exhibition*

Walter Griffin was an American Impressionist who spent much of his life painting and studying in Europe. But unlike many of his contemporaries, he was extremely successful during his lifetime.

Perhaps it was his remarkable use of color. In some works he achieves unusual jewel-like effects. In others, his colors are muted and rich, resembling an old tapestry. The painting above, except for some rust-colored tones in the sky, is virtually black and white.

Today, only a small estate remains. It is these works that form an exhibition opening in Boston on November 1. You may obtain a catalogue by sending $2.00 to the Vose Galleries, exclusive agents for the Griffin estate.

## VOSE GALLERIES OF BOSTON / NOV. 1 – DEC. 1

Vose Galleries, Inc., 238 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 536-6176

**Most people who ask for Chianti don't know what they're getting... furthermore most people don't care.**

To most people, Italian wine means chianti, though there are many other fine Italian wines from the Verdicchio of the Adriatic East and the Barolo of Piedmont to the Lacryma Christi of Naples to name just three.

Each of the hundreds of native Italian wines has a particular character, each has a particular taste.

Yet it is the very dry, almost astringent taste of young, immature and often inexpensive chianti that has shaped the popular image of Italian wines.

The amazing thing is that so few people know that a true chianti is not young, not immature, but is aged from three to six years. Such a chianti is the one produced by the Frescobaldi Family at their 10th century ancestral home, Nipozzano Castle in Tuscany. The chianti in this particular part of Tuscany has the very special and notable quality of maturing gracefully, as is true of all the fine vintages produced on the Frescobaldi Estate.

The back label of each bottle lists the number of bottles produced in that particular year, and every bottle is individually numbered. This is so the Frescobaldi Family can keep a constant check on the quality and high standards of their chianti, releasing only the finest part of any year's vintage for shipment to their distributors around the world.

If your experience of Italian wines has been limited to chianti of...shall we say ...a more youthful character, try a bottle of Frescobaldi Chianti.

You will, we hope, be pleasantly surprised.

If you would like a free bottle stand to fit round the body of any standard wine bottle, write to the importer. Frescobaldi, The Jos. Garneau Company, 555 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Offer valid where legal only.

**Frescobaldi Chianti**

© 1971 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.

man. "This is the fellow who made history by defeating my Minister of Finance," Nyerere said slyly. Hashim Mbita, reading a copy of the *Standard* that had just arrived from Dar es Salaam, announced excitedly that Chief Lugusha had been elected a local TANU chairman for the Tabora rural district, defeating seven contestants. "Chief Lugusha?" cried Nyerere, seemingly taking a sort of fatalistic delight in the bizarre report that Lugusha, who had been placed in preventive detention for about three years following the 1964 Army mutiny, had now been elected, as if nothing had happened, to a minor party post.

The march, which covered a hundred and thirty-eight miles in all, continued for eight days, until the President's party reached Mwanza, where Nyerere and his colleagues were to attend a TANU national conference. Three miles out of Mwanza, they were met by half the population of the town. The next day, the *Nationalist* reported, "Heralded by peasants' war cries, strains of brass-band tunes, and a din of women's ululation, the President, beaming with revolutionary confidence, steered the Presidential column into the streets of the summit town hedged with crowds of cheering masses. . . . Mwalimu's brisk march into the town stunned the masses, who, on seeing him in sound health, were driven wild with admiration and excitement to borders of near frenzy. The entire town was gripped with the revolutionary fervor of the Spirit of Arusha." And so it was. Nyerere's driver, Christopher Kabaka, announced that he had been ashamed to watch the President walk a hundred and thirty-eight miles in front of him, while he himself was forced to drive his car, and that he was giving up his fourteen-day leave in support of the Arusha Declaration. The members of the late Seti Benjamin's group, having walked four hundred and fifty miles to Dar es Salaam, then travelled on to Mwanza by train, their odyssey at an end.

"I had been thinking of it for several weeks," Nyerere said later, explaining why he had decided to make the march. "I kept saying to the boys, 'Don't listen to those people,' "—the ones who had questioned the usefulness of the marching and suggested that the energy could be better spent by working in the fields. "After all, it's not as if these boys had been building bridges," Nyerere continued. "The marching is a symbol of the acceptance of the challenges ahead of them. I thought the only way I could encour-

**Sure-fire gifts for sportsmen**

It's something special to him if it's from Orvis . . . and the 100 page free Orvis Christmas Catalog is full of ideas.

For instance:

Loop Optic Glasses, handmade of the old "thumbprint" quartz crystal that feels so good in the hand, set of 8 authentic full color waterfowl on eight 10 oz. roly poly glasses. $19.50 the set.

**ORVIS**

10 River Road – Manchester, Vt. 05254

Gentlemen:

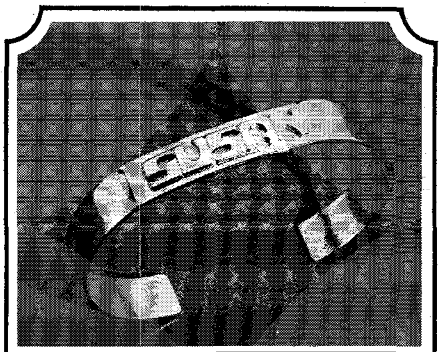
☐ Yes, send me the set of 8 roly poly glasses with 8 different waterfowl . . . $19.50 enclosed herewith.

☐ And/or send, no charge, the 1971 Orvis Christmas Catalog of the special gifts for sporting families.

Name__________

Address__________

__________Zip______



**NAME BRACELET**

Cuff bracelets are "in" and so is the personal touch. Here is the perfect combination of both—your name sits handsomely on a stunning stiff cuff bracelet 3/8" wide. Bracelet adjusts to any wrist. Heavyweight Sterling Silver.

$11.00

Allow three weeks for delivery.
Mail orders add $.65 plus 3% Ga. Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express or C&S cards honoured.

**STERN'S**

1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327 • 261-3678

*Mail and phone orders promptly handled*

victoriana

## Bargain for Victorian gewgaws with a Victoriana-expert named Victoria.

The christening robe of someone's great-great-grandmother? A pincushion made by a love-smitten sailor for his sweetheart? In London's Camden Passage, antique dealers like Mrs. Victoria Davidson give you a tale along with every trinket.

## Read in "Vogue" about ankle-length kilts.

Fashion has discovered Scotland. Hurry to Princes Street, Edinburgh. Scoop up a long tartan skirt, skinny cashmere body-sweater, and heavy-buckled Highland dancer's belt. The ultimate accessory: a tie in matching tartan—on your husband.

## Learn that "spooning" comes from Welsh love spoons.

Welsh country boys whittled wooden spoons for their girls. The longer she took to say yes, the fancier the carving. Woodcarvers in Wales still carve love spoons—not just for love, but for money. Also cradles, shepherd's crooks, spinning wheels.

## Instruct your London tailor to make your lapels exactly $3\frac{15}{16}$ inches wide.

Know the heady joy of custom tailoring. Get measured when you arrive in London. Tour Britain. Your suit's ready when you return. It's no more ($100 up) than a never-quite-right, off-the-rack suit back home.

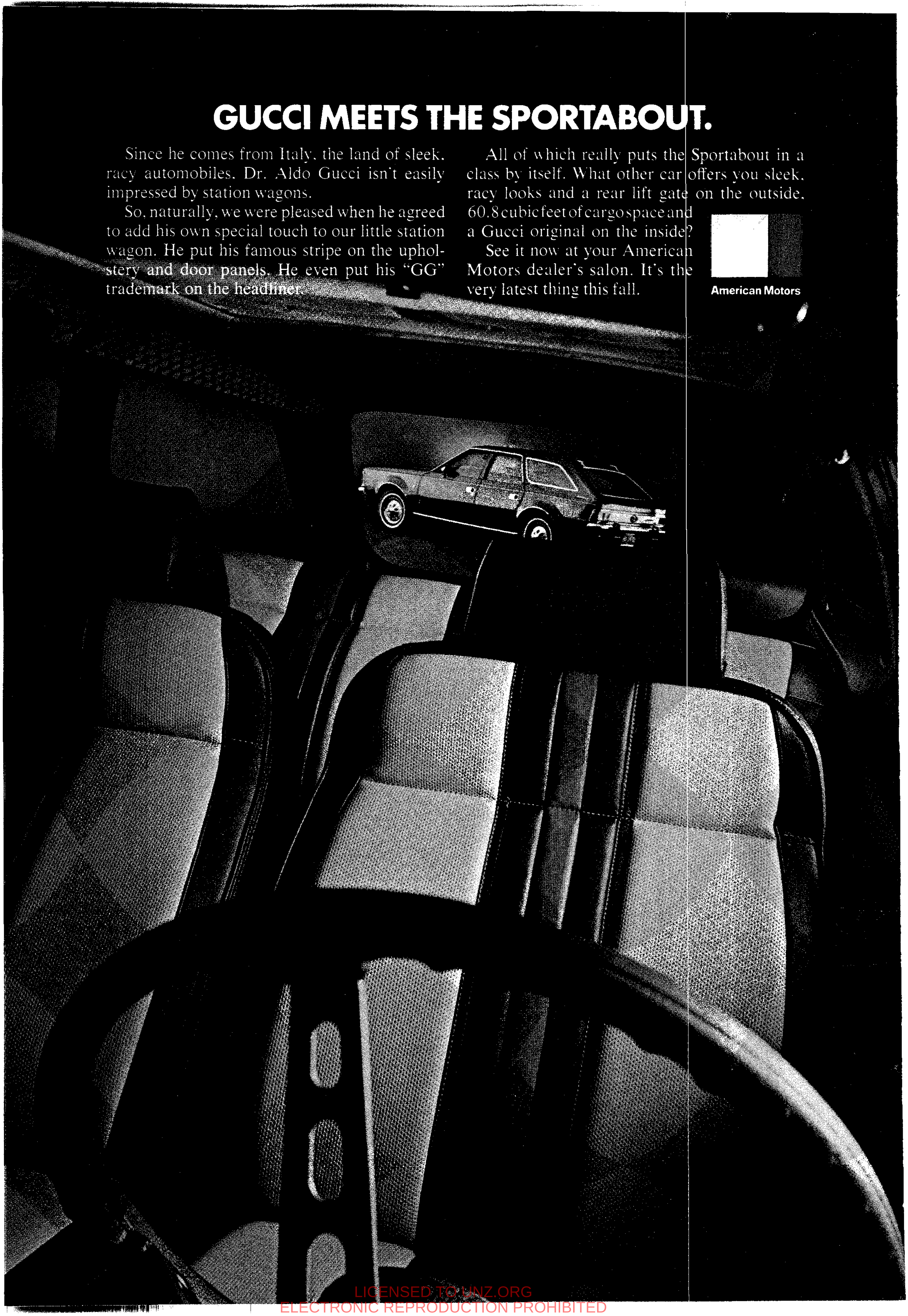
## Understand everybody in England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales.

It's the one part of Europe where you can easily get off the beaten track on your own. Even the road signs are in English.

## In Britain we speak your language.

For your free 4-color booklet "Britain October-through-March", see your travel agent or cut out this line, fill in your Name________________________________________

and Address________________________________________Zip__________and mail to: British Tourist Authority, Dept. NYC, Box 4100, New York, N.Y. 10017.



# GUCCI MEETS THE SPORTABOUT.

Since he comes from Italy, the land of sleek, racy automobiles, Dr. Aldo Gucci isn't easily impressed by station wagons.

So, naturally, we were pleased when he agreed to add his own special touch to our little station wagon. He put his famous stripe on the upholstery and door panels. He even put his "GG" trademark on the headliner.

All of which really puts the Sportabout in a class by itself. What other car offers you sleek, racy looks and a rear lift gate on the outside, 60.8 cubic feet of cargo space and a Gucci original on the inside?

See it now at your American Motors dealer's salon. It's the very latest thing this fall.

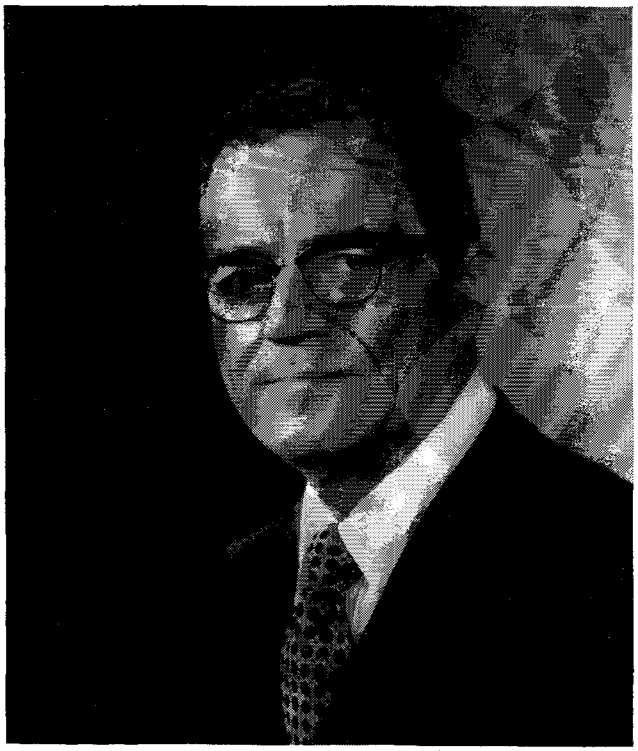
**American Motors**

age them was to join the youth movement. Also, I felt the time would come when we would have to say 'Now stop.' But how would you say 'Now stop'? And who would say it? So after this march *I* could say, 'Now stop.' But then, after the third day of the march, I thought, This is very good. Why say 'Stop'? If it's good for me, it's good for them. So they're still marching. And also"—he motioned toward his press secretary, Paul Sozigwa—"my fellows; I knew them better than I had ever known them before."

THE contrast between the primitive and the modern is something that the visitor to Tanzania never quite comes to terms with. On the one hand, Tanzania has had for at least fifteen years the best-organized political party in eastern Africa; on the other hand, many Tanzanians still feel a far deeper sense of identification with their tribe than with their country. Tanzania is a land in which a tourist can travel widely without encountering danger or hostility—curiosity and suspicion, perhaps, but rarely hostility. It can therefore come as quite a jolt to be reminded—as on an evening flight between Dar es Salaam and Nairobi—that Tanzania by night is still a world of blackness pierced only by the orange dots of occasional village fires. Nyerere travels among his people almost constantly, sometimes for weeks at a time without a rest; he has probably spoken directly to as large a percentage of his countrymen as any head of state on earth. Yet when he visited the remote village of Mbulu three or four years ago, a tribal elder greeted him with incredulity, saying, "Are you the Mwalimu? We thought the Mwalimu was a white man."

In the years before Tanganyika's independence, in 1961, Nyerere used to say to friends, "If only I can have three years," or "If I can have just five years." In 1969, he told a journalist that he was torn between staying in office to carry out his own ideas and retiring in order to encourage new leadership. In 1970, during a visit to one of the hundreds of new *ujamaa* villages, he promised the local farmers that he would retire to such a settlement someday to live in peace and write his memoirs. Part of the burden he carries—it is one that he shares with other African leaders—is that he has seen so many of Africa's best men assassinated, either by their countries' enemies or their own. Among those he knew and respected were Sylvanus

Mr. Howard S. Turner
Chairman
Turner Construction Company
New York



Six glossies
selected
from a generous
assortment of black
and white
proofs $49.50.
Direct color
from $150.00.

Bachrach First family of Photographers

Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 Tel. 755-6233
Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Detroit • Hartford • Philadelphia • Short Hills, N.J. • Washington

THIS ELECTRONIC WATCH
IS NOT PERFECT.
IT MAY VARY UP TO ONE SECOND A DAY.

THIS NEAR-PERFECT
ACCURACY IS THE
RESULT OF ETERNA•SONIC'S*
BALANCED TUNING FORK.
It eliminates position error.
Let your jeweler show you
the advantages.

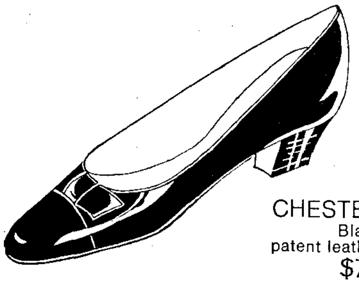
ORDINARY TUNING FORK
ETERNA•SONIC'S BALANCED TUNING FORK

ETERNA•SONIC
since 1856

*LIC. BULOVA & PAT. EBAUCHES S.A.

ETERNA WATCH COMPANY, INC., 315 PARK AVE. SO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

Hand made
De Busschere



CHESTER
Black
patent leather
$70

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

**MIDNIGHT ABA** Hostess a party or relax at home in our elegant terry robe. Front zipper hidden beneath a white and yellow daisy braid. Side pockets. In colorfast, machine washable black terry. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). $19.95
Add 50¢ for shipping *Send for free color catalog.*
THE TOG SHOP Lester Square Americus, Ga. 31709

Olympio, the President of Togo, and Sir Abubakar Balewa, the Prime Minister of Nigeria. Another was Tom Mboya, Kenya's Minister of Economic Planning and Development, who was shot to death in a Nairobi street in 1969 under circumstances that have never been fully explained; Nyerere trusted him and counted on his wisdom and coöperation in every round of conferences concerning the East African Community. Still another was Eduardo Mondlane, the President of the Mozambique Liberation Front, the most active of the exile political movements based in Tanzania, who was killed in Dar es Salaam early in 1969. To be an African leader in this era is to be reminded again and again of one's vulnerability. Those who believe that Nyerere would genuinely like to retire point out that in 1962 he resigned without warning as Prime Minister because he wanted to rebuild TANU. It is difficult to imagine, however, that he would choose to retire at this stage of Tanzania's history. His presence is probably essential to the survival of the United Republic; the Zanzibaris are not always swayed by his powers of persuasion, but they would certainly be less susceptible to anybody else's.

When an assistant or an institution falters, Nyerere's solution is to step up his own contact with the people, as if by travelling more and more he could inspire more and more *ujamaa* communities and self-help projects, and higher cotton and tobacco yields, and could fire the people's enthusiasm all by himself—and to a great extent he has done just that. His aim, often expressed, is to block, somehow, the rapid rise of the élite—the ambitious politicians, the university graduates returning from overseas, the prosperous men of the towns—and to address his government to the primary task of advancing the lives of the peasant majority. About this rigidly idealistic scheme, some observers believe, there is a suggestion of futility. It is hard to believe that the fight against the growth of the élite will not be lost; that there will not be, in the end, a privileged class of university graduates who earn twenty or thirty times as much as peasant farmers. Nyerere presumably disagrees; in any case, he perseveres. Years ago, he gave an eloquent talk to the schoolchildren of Tabora, in central Tanzania, in which he said, again and again, "We must run while they walk," meaning that Africa must run as fast as it can to catch up with the modern world. He knew—and his Arusha Declaration underscored the

QUEEN ANNE

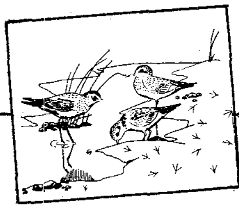
*from our unusual collection of seating pieces*

Favored Queen Anne . . . graceful and elegant . . . a beautiful settee, crafted in rich, warm, tawny mahogany with the texture and feeling of the distinguished original. Use it almost anywhere with ease. Overall length 52″, height 42″, overall depth 19″. Shown in Scalamandrè oyster damask.
$325

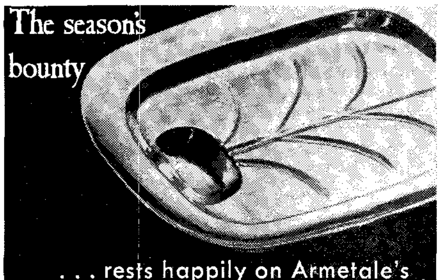
*Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $20 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.*

Lloyds has earned the reputation of being unique... one of the best value spots in town . . . the kind of a shop that makes browsing a pleasure. You'll understand why when you visit and see our vast and ever-changing stock of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and unusual estate pieces. Stop in soon... stay as long as you wish and enjoy yourself.
*Appraisals for Estate & Insurance Purposes.*

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313



"SANDPIPERS"
Sand patterns from sandpipers' perpetual motion. A picture of grace and charm. Painted in soft sand shades, blues and browns.
sizes: 17″ by 11¼″ — $50.00
15″ by 22½″ — $75.00
Order number: NAN-65
Shipped postpaid with yarn, needle and hand painted Needle Arts Design on cancas.
Send $2.00 for our catalogue of new Needle Arts Designs.
28 WASHINGTON STREET
CAMDEN, MAINE 04843
Needle Arts inc.



The season's bounty
. . . rests happily on Armetale's heat-holding platter. The gleam of pewter — as useful as stainless! 17″ x 21″, 52.50 ppd
Va. res. add 4%
mesmeralda's, ltd.
1339 Chain Bridge Rd.
McLean, Virginia 22101

knowledge—that the race was anything but a fair contest, and was, in fact, already lost: the developed world was running faster and faster while the developing world fell farther and farther behind. No matter, Nyerere says today, in a thousand variations; we must move on as best we can.

BACK in the mid-nineteen-sixties, a foreign visitor asked Nyerere what sort of country he would want Tanzania to be in twenty years' time, and both he and his press secretary burst out laughing. Clearly, the question seemed impossibly theoretical. Nevertheless, Nyerere, as usual, tried to answer. "Twenty years from now, I hope there won't be a Tanzania," he said. "If there is not an *Africa*, then at least I hope there will be an East Africa. But if we have failed to use African nationalism to destroy our nationalism, if we have failed to take another step toward Pan-Africanism during that period, we should at least have a Tanzania that is deeply committed to Pan-Africanism itself. And by that time we should have a society of which the people are proud; we should really have built a classless society. So if there should still be a Tanzania twenty years from now, I hope it will be a classless society deeply committed to an African goal."

In late 1969, the visitor asked Nyerere the same question, and he answered it somewhat differently. "The future of the African is in Africa," he said. "We could get so bogged down in Tanzania that we lose sight of Africa. But even now we are already more identified with Africa than with Tanzania. This is truer of Africa than of any other continent—African problems are really very African. We can join the march of humanity only as Africans—we have no other choice. Recently, I visited Canada and Sweden. Well, the more knowledgeable people I met knew I was from Tanzania. But, really, even to them I was just an African. And rightly so. The real revolution we have to work out is African."

—WILLIAM EDGETT SMITH

(*This is the last of three articles on Julius K. Nyerere.*)

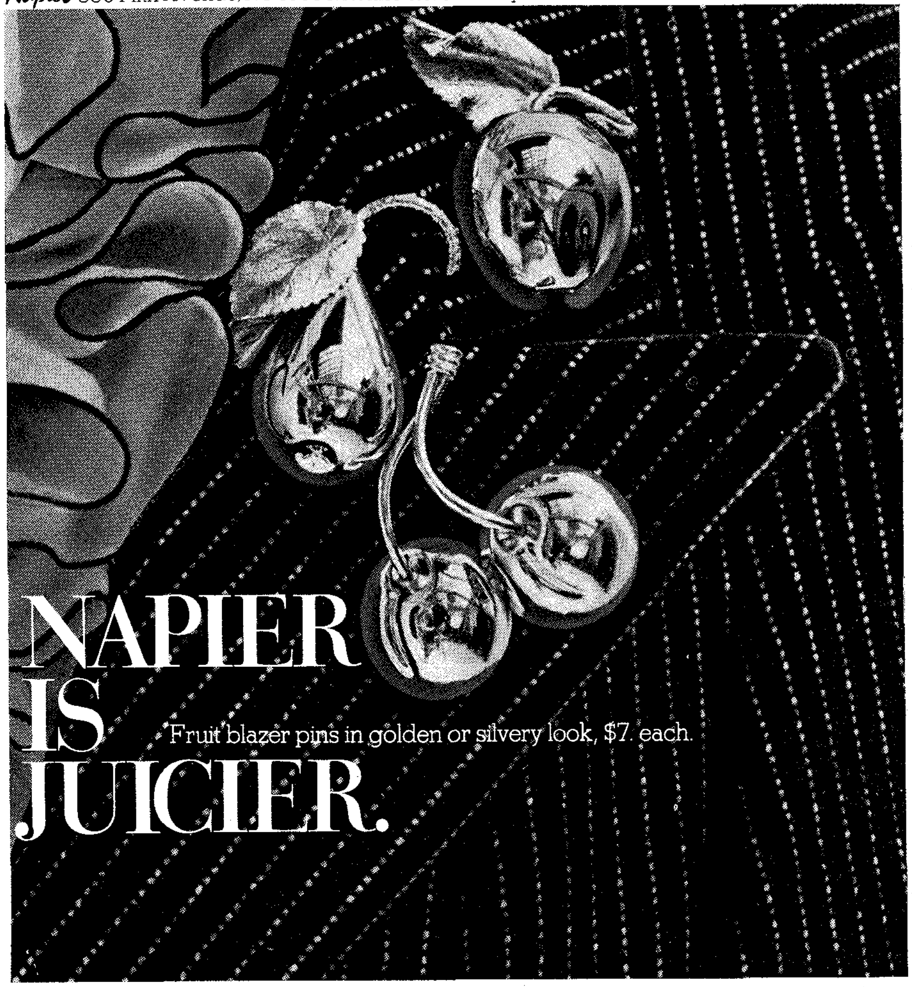
•

### UP LIFE'S LADDER

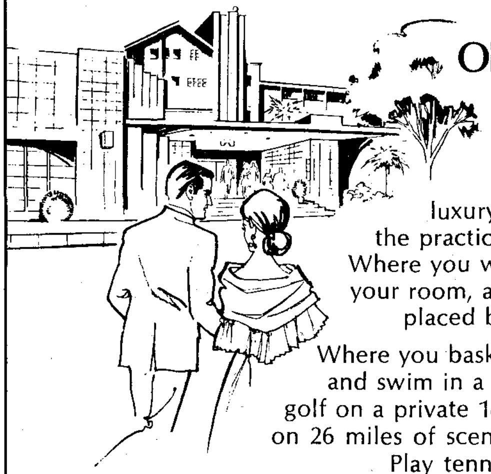
[*From the Denver Post*]

Mrs. Rose Marie Ayres has been named assistant director of placements at the University of Denver. She was assistant director of placements at the University of Denver.

Napier® 530 Fifth Avenue, NY 10036. At fine stores everywhere.



The
Arizona Biltmore
in sunny Phoenix–



one of America's
great resorts.

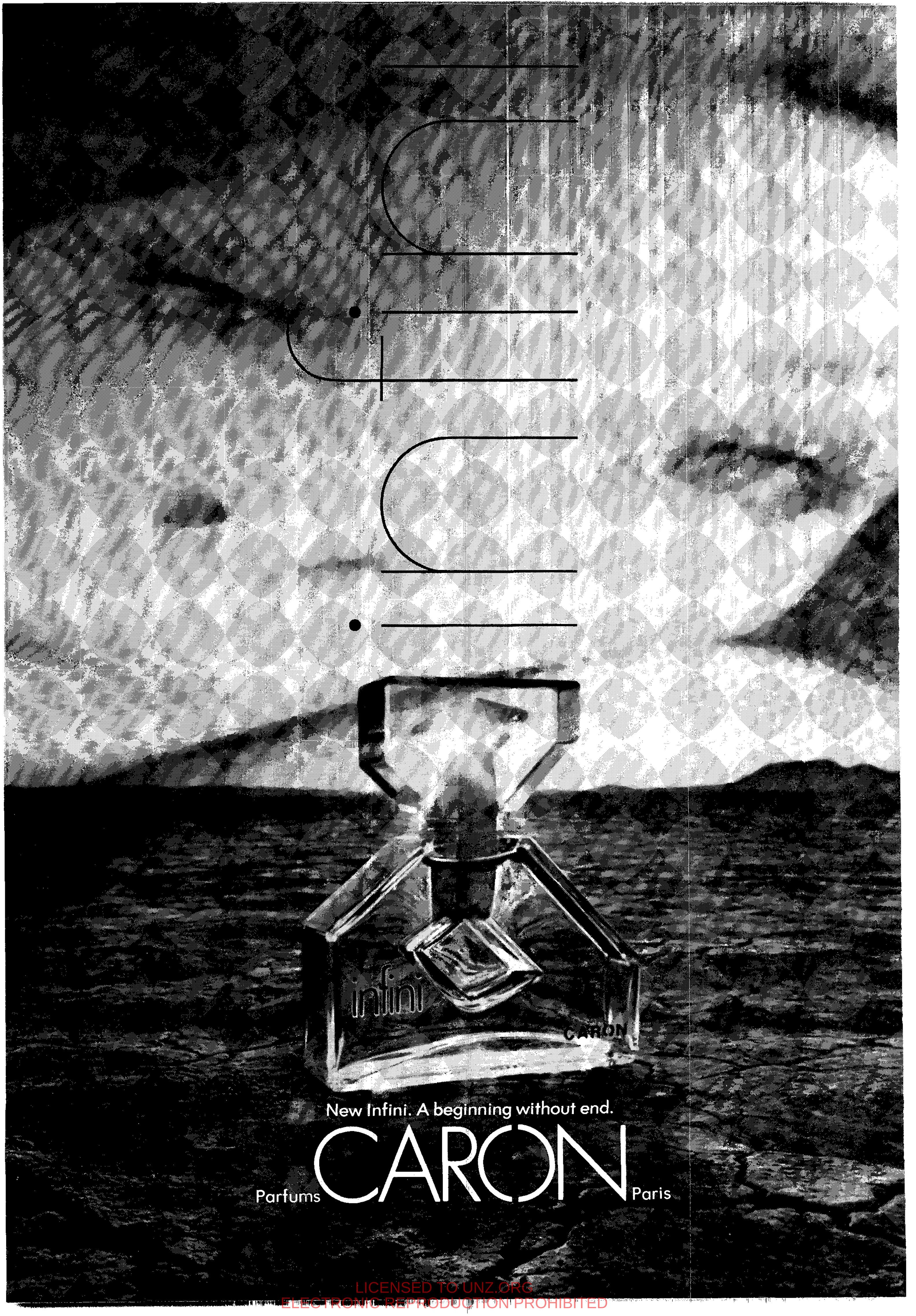
There are so few great ones, anymore. Where leisure and luxury are still a way of life. Where the practice of *hospitality* is still sincere. Where you wake to the sight of flowers in your room, and retire to find your slippers placed beside your turned-down bed.

Where you bask in the sun at a Cabana Club, and swim in a mosaic-tiled pool. Where you golf on a private 18-hole course. Ride horseback on 26 miles of scenic desert and mountain trails. Play tennis to a gallery. Enjoy dancing, entertainment, and food comparable to the world's finest restaurants.

ARIZONA BILTMORE

Come. Enjoy the warm hospitality of the Arizona Biltmore.

American or European Plan, plus all-inclusive golf, tennis and Christmas vacations. Call your travel agent, any Robert Warner office in New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Chicago or Toronto. Or write or call Reservation Manager, Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix, Arizona 85002; phone 602-955-6600.


infini
infini
CARON
New Infini. A beginning without end.
Parfums CARON Paris

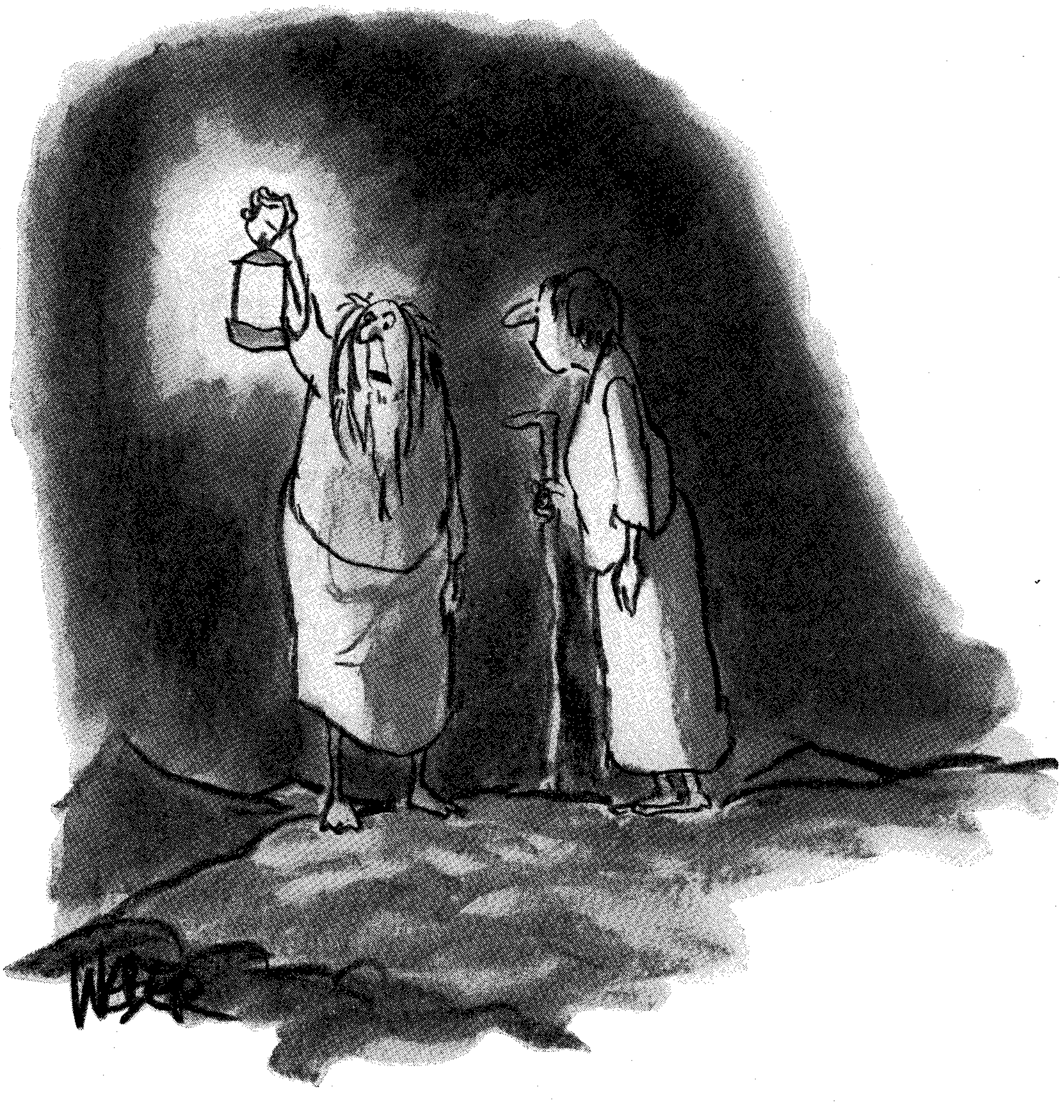
# THE THEATRE

## MUTILATING MAX

"The Incomparable Max," at the Royale, is trash, and trash of a particularly irritating kind, because it keeps promising to provide a true portrait, in his own words, of Max Beerbohm and provides instead the coarse pseudo-Max of the imaginations of its two authors, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. The Messrs. Lawrence and Lee are carpenter-playwrights, as American in their methods and attitudes as the balloon frame, though much less able than that notable invention to support weight without clumsiness. Their grossly un-English Beerbohm not only travesties the original but does active injury to his memory: those of us who have been unlucky enough to see the play will have to practice a sedulous amnesia in order to regain the unmutilated Max we possessed a few days ago. In a characteristic display of unjustified self-assurance, the authors have borrowed Shaw's happy epithet for their title; also characteristic of them is the claim that their work is "based on Sir Max Beerbohm's trips beyond reality." How Beerbohm would have despised that phrase, and how he would have mocked the Amurrican snobbery that must call attention to a knighthood bestowed on him in old age, long after he wrote the two stories that, now much tinkered with, make up the lifeless heart of "The Incomparable Max."

Beerbohm was a London dandy to his gloved fingertips, and in the elegant stitching together of his manifold talents—for he drew as well as he wrote and he spoke as well as he drew, and even his pranks were accomplished works of art—no seam was visible; he was astonishing and yet without surprises. He was also, in his writing, a touch finicky, not to say prudish, and it is exasperating to hear the words put into his mouth in this production—words like "bum" (for buttocks), "bastard," and (fatal Americanism!) "bosoms" used in the plural when the singular is intended. The authors have rewritten "Enoch Soames" to include what they consider a number of excellent jokes and sight gags about the Reading Room of the British Museum in 1997. These jokes and gags are as jejune as the set, by David Mitchell, which features a computer apparatus with overtones of Art Nouveau. Equally bizarre is the casting. Beerbohm was a tiny man with a round head, big, round blue eyes, an exquisite voice, and the diffidence of breeding. Only Arthur Treacher could look less like Beerbohm than Clive Revill does, and nothing could be less Beerbohm-like than the aggressive satisfaction with which Mr. Revill raps out his assortment of epigrams. William Rothenstein set the Thames afire at an even earlier age than Beerbohm did; famous at twenty-one, he helped make Beerbohm famous while the latter was still, as he liked to put it, *in statu pupillari* at Oxford. Rothenstein was a wiry little man; here he is impersonated by Michael Egan, who is Chestertonian in scale. Richard Kiley plays Enoch Soames in the first act and A. V. Laider in the second, and I found him attractive in both roles. "The Incomparable Max" was directed by Gerald Freedman.

"Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death," at the Ethel Barrymore, is a very good musical indeed. It is the handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, who supplied the book, words, and music, and who inexplicably—for Mr. Van Peebles' gifts are as numerous as Beerbohm's—fails to act in it. (Perhaps he is too busy making another movie or writing another novel; people who can do anything tend to try to do everything.) "Aint Supposed to Die" has a large cast, all black and all talented, and it thrusts its way



*"I'm just looking for somebody who's not neurotic."*

The Talbots

**Simply Dreamy.** Our beloved ankle-length cotton flannel nightie made by Lanz has pretty eyelet ruffles at neck, yoke and cuffs. Enchanting blue/red/green print on white. Sizes XS,S,M,L. $11.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

**Send for free catalog.**

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. XV, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

**Six sided French artistry**

Our Baccarat crystal vase, hand cut by demanding French artisans, is hexagonal and just 6½ inches tall. Clearly a beautiful gift, $35. Guest and Gift Shop.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

through the evening with the force, harsh and unstoppable, of some great, narrow river in flood. The single, brilliant set, by Kert Lundell, shows the dreary, littered corner of a black ghetto, whose occupants are—a trifle too patly?—representative figures: a whore, a pimp, a blind beggar, a drunk, a male homosexual, a female homosexual, an ancient, ragpicking harpy, and the like. There are no conversations and, in a sense, no songs; each of the characters in turn belts out a musical recitative that goes straight to a particular mark and shatters it. Mr. Van Peebles is indignant over the deformations that blacks have been made to endure in the course of accommodating to social injustice; he is angered by the thought of any further accommodation, but in this show he has turned his anger into art, and he is sometimes tender and funny as well as fierce. A screeching lover's complaint called "Come Raising Your Leg on Me," sung by Marilyn B. Coleman, brought down the house on opening night, and so did a touching lament, "Tenth and Greenwich," sung by Beatrice Winde, in which a no longer very young lesbian outside the Women's House of Detention, in the Village, cries out again and again to her lover somewhere within those high brick walls, "I miss you." Just those old, old words, then a little shuffling, unlikely dance, then another verse, and I assure you that—unready as you may be to believe me—it is a fine moment in the theatre. "Aint Supposed to Die" is ably directed by Gilbert Moses and has costumes by Bernard Johnson and lighting by Martin Aronstein. I wish it a long run.

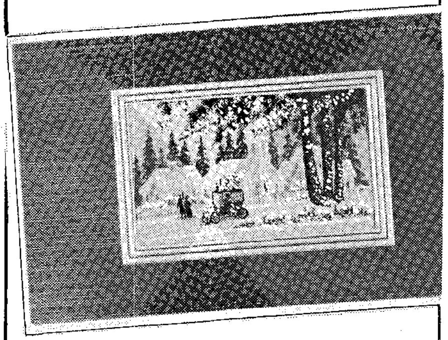
"TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER, TO PASS ANOTHER WINTER," at the Helen Hayes, is an Israeli musical, and in its ardor and simplicity it begs not to have judgment passed upon it. Like other Israeli musicals I have seen, it is really a propaganda statement for the country of its origin; as a musical, it is fifty years behind the times in every department. The performers are exceptionally nice-looking and they work hard, but, oh, how boring all this tub-thumping parochial self-aggrandizement becomes!

—BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Suspended Sentence*

FERNANDO ARRABAL is a Spanish dramatist who, after a horrible childhood during the Spanish Civil War, escaped to France, where he has



*Unique*

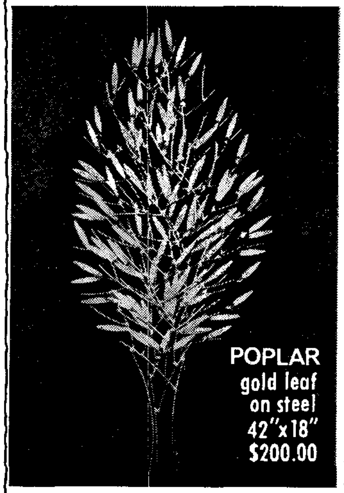
is the best description of this sparkling Jacquard tapestry designed and woven exclusively for the Brett Collection, 8" x 5¼" lustrously matted and framed in gold.

One of the unusual and elegant Christmas cards from the exclusive Brett Collection. Priced from $26 to $102 for 50 cards and envelopes appropriately personalized with your name and address.

At better Department and Jewelry Stores everywhere

BRETT

**D. FORER & CO., INC.**
18 WEST 18TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011



WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO 202 E 77 St NY10021
WRITE FOR CATALOG
212 UN 1 8480

**We overlook nothing but the White House**

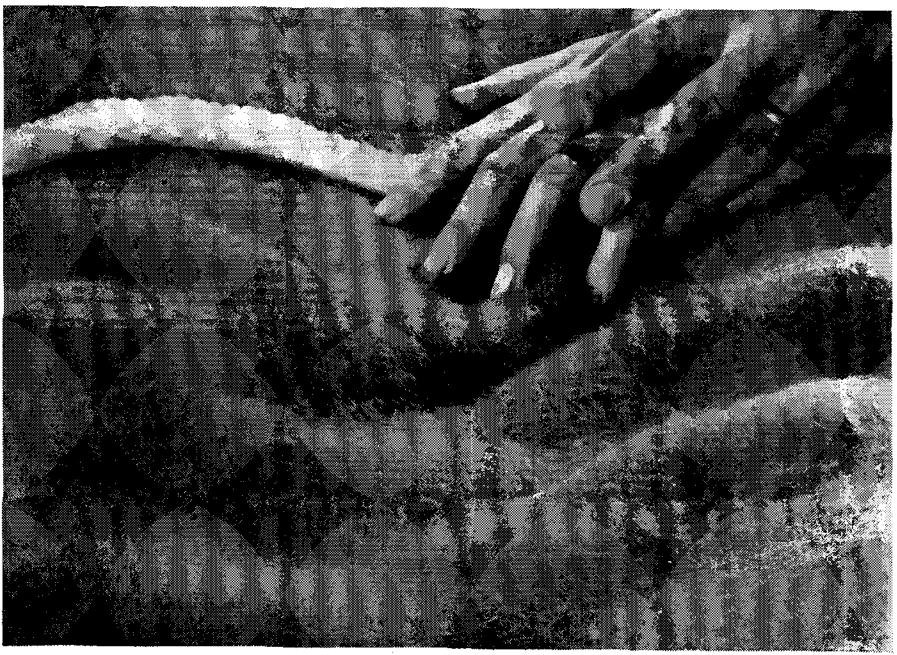
**MANGER Hay-Adams** HOTEL

Across from the White House
16th at H Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. (202) 638-2260
Or call free: (800) AE 8-5000

lived and worked ever since. A year or so ago, he went back to Spain, was imprisoned for some trivial misdeed, and was finally let out when Sartre, Picasso, and Samuel Beckett, among others, intervened for him. His play "And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers," which he also directed, opened a couple of weeks ago at an Off Off Broadway house called the Extension. It is an attempt to convey a sense of the dreadful existence of Spanish political prisoners, but what it boils down to is a savage assault upon the audience—an assault that is ultimately ineffectual. At any rate, I left the theatre feeling sorrier for myself than for Arrabal's prisoners. To begin with, we are pulled, one by one, into the pitch-dark auditorium by an actor or an usher, who grabs each of us by the arm and throat and then immediately whispers, "Don't be frightened," thereby reducing the grab to plain effrontery. At the end, an actor, in the crucifix position, is throttled and actually urinates on the stage. Repulsive, yes, but one's reaction is only "Gosh! An actor urinating on the stage! How do you suppose he does it on cue?" In between, we are subjected to the deafening clanging of cell doors and to blinding searchlights. The play, which is episodic, deals with the tortures and fantasies—erotic, sadistic, and Catholic—of four prisoners who have shared a cell for years.

Arrabal is a writer for whom shock tactics appear to be second nature, but although I have often been put off in the past by his Hispanic relish for blood and pain and death and religiosity, I have always valued him as a savage jester with a streak of wild, original, blasphemous impudence. His "Picnic on the Battlefield" is one of the few truly comic modern satires on war. There is little that is comic in "And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers," although, here and there, there is a kind of repellent mischievousness, as well as some originality. One of the cellmates remarks that in primitive societies they cut off a man's hand for stealing, and then goes on to tell how willingly he would have given his hand for just ten years of freedom. That single speech almost undid all my reservations. But not quite. The title is a quote from a poem by Lorca.

GENE FEIST's moribund and infuriating production of "The Master Builder," at the Roundabout, is not a total waste, partly because we get the opportunity to hear the play in Michael Meyer's new and lively translation (a particular surprise to me, for whom Ib-

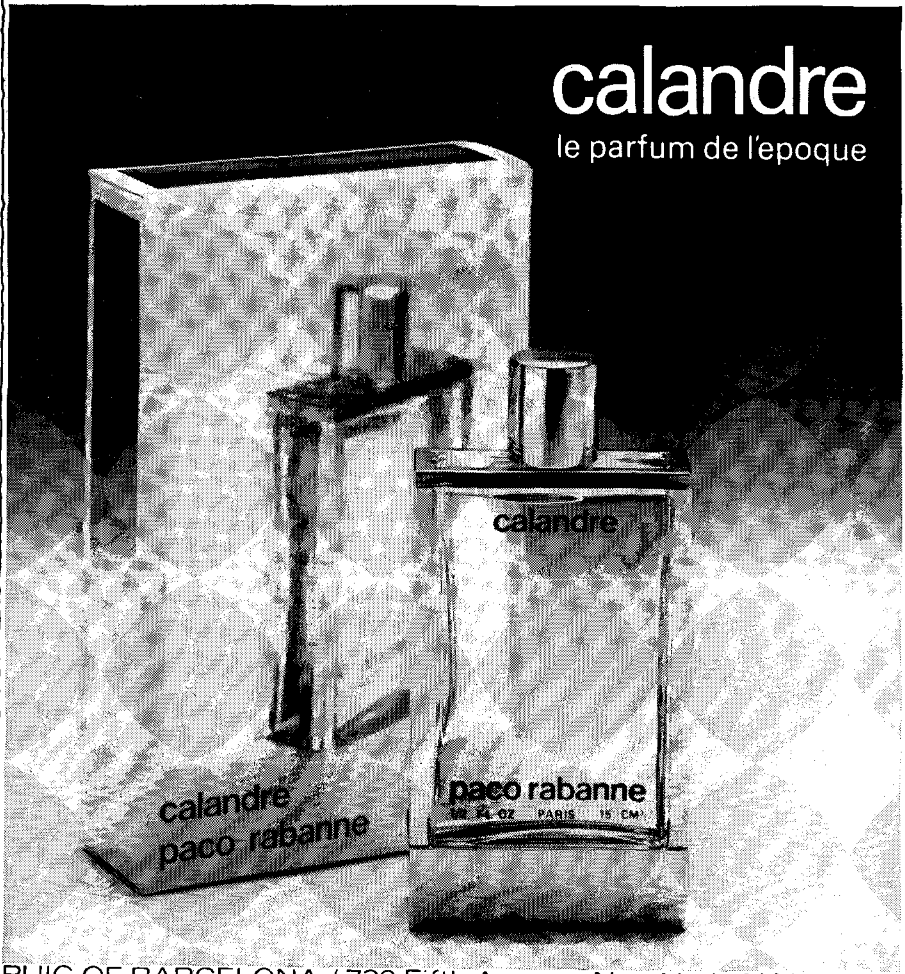


The blanket
you can't keep your hands off.

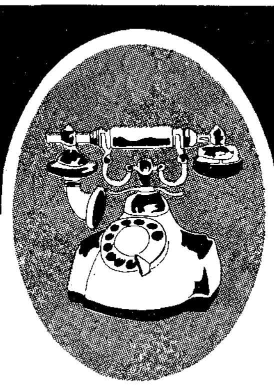
"Zephyr"®, so soft you'll think it's fur. A truly luxurious gift idea. 100% virgin Acrilan® acrylic. Monsanto Wear Dated three-year guarantee. In 5 bed sizes from $19 to $35 at better department stores.

Another masterpiece from North Star by Chatham
ELKIN, N.C. 28621

Available at: MACY'S, New York City and suburban stores
YARING'S, Austin, Texas
HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY, Baltimore, Md. and all branch stores



PUIG OF BARCELONA / 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019



We have connections

...And we make connections. Connections that ensure that you are never a stranger in twenty of North America's finest independently owned and operated Hotels.

How does it work for you? Each uniquely distinctive Preferred Hotels Association Member is dedicated to offering special recognition and personalized service to the travelling guest. The Management of a Preferred Hotel will provide you with a reservation and personal introduction to the Management of a Member Hotel in the city to which you are travelling.

We make connections. Be our guest.

| | |
|---|---|
| **BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL**<br>Beverly Hills, California. | 213-275-4282 |
| **THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL**<br>Denver, Colorado. | 303-825-3111 |
| **THE CLAYTON INN**<br>St. Louis, Missouri. | 314-PA6-5400 |
| **CLIFT HOTEL**<br>San Francisco, California. | 415-775-4700 |
| **THE INTERNATIONAL OF CALGARY**<br>Calgary, Alberta. | 403-265-9600 |
| **THE HOTEL MUEHLEBACH**<br>Kansas City, Missouri. | 816-471-1400 |
| **NORTHSTAR INN**<br>Minneapolis, Minnesota. | 612-335-9351 |
| **PARK PLAZA HOTEL**<br>Toronto, Ontario. | 416-924-5471 |
| **THE PIERRE**<br>New York City, New York. | 212-838-8000 |
| **THE PFISTER HOTEL & TOWER**<br>Milwaukee, Wisconsin. | 414-273-8222 |
| **HOTEL PONTCHARTRAIN**<br>Detroit, Michigan. | 313-965-0200 |
| **THE PONTCHARTRAIN HOTEL**<br>New Orleans, Louisiana. | 504-524-0581 |
| **THE RITZ-CARLTON**<br>Boston, Massachusetts. | 617-536-5700 |
| **RITZ-CARLTON**<br>Montreal, Quebec. | 514-842-4212 |
| **THE HOTEL ROANOKE**<br>Roanoke, Virginia. | 703-343-6992 |
| **SANTA BARBARA BILTMORE**<br>Santa Barbara, California. | 805-969-2261 |
| **THE HOTEL UTAH**<br>Salt Lake City, Utah. | 801-328-9114 |
| **THE WARWICK**<br>Houston, Texas. | 713-526-1991 |
| **THE WATERGATE HOTEL**<br>Washington, D.C. | 202-965-2300 |
| **WESTGATE PLAZA HOTEL**<br>San Diego, California. | 714-232-5011 |

Preferred Hotels
ASSOCIATION

sen characters speak William Archer the way Chekhov characters speak Constance Garnett), and even more because it at least calls to mind the wonderful Ibsen productions, eight or nine years ago, of that passionate, intelligent explorer of the classics David Ross, in his little Off Broadway theatre on East Fourth Street. Instead of seething at the ineptitudes taking place on the stage of the Roundabout, I remembered Nancy Wickwire's Rebecca West and Bramwell Fletcher's Ulric Brendel in "Rosmersholm," and Leueen MacGrath's Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts," and Barnard Hughes' Krogstad in "A Doll's House." Good performances in great plays can be, among other joyful things, a shield against the future.

As Hilde Wangel (the name is even misspelled in the program), one of the most complex and fascinating parts for a woman in all dramatic literature, Mr. Feist has oddly cast Jill O'Hara, most recently seen here as the beguiling heroine of the musical "Promises, Promises." Miss O'Hara makes a valiant try, but she seems far too inexperienced for the role, and the only emotion she registers is bewilderment—the bewilderment of an actress in need of guidance and getting none from Feist. There is less excuse for Paul Sparer's empty, Svengali-tinged Solness. Mr. Sparer has done very good work in the past, especially during his APA days, under the direction of Ellis Rabb (another passionate, intelligent explorer of the classics), and most especially in "Right You Are If You Think You Are" and Giraudoux's "Judith." The rest of the acting barely makes negligible. Yet what a tremendous play it is, even under anesthetic!

Mimi Maxmen's costumes look right, but Ibsen, a precise man of the theatre, tells us that Hilde's skirt is hitched up when she enters in Act I, after a walking trip, and is let down when she reënters in Act II, after having spent the night at the Solnesses'. There is a reason for this instruction, which is, of course, disregarded, along with so much else.

A DIRTY little musical put-on called "Drat!" also opened last week. It doesn't matter where.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

LINDA LUBIN
WILL MARRY
NEW YORK

*—Headline in the West Hartford News.*

Who's going to catch the bouquet—Newark?

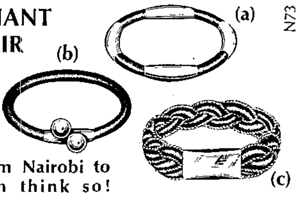
in Chicago discover

STEVENS

SCOTTISH ACCENT: spoken by Jack Winter. Flame or black velveteen blazer, 10-16, 38.00. Navy/red or black/yellow poly-knit weskit, 8-14, 17.00; matching skirt, 10-16, 24.00. Stock-tie poly-shirt—navy, white, red, 10-16, 20.00.
Add 75c for handling.

CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., 25 N. STATE

IS ELEPHANT TAIL HAIR LUCKY?



N73

We don't know, but lots of our friends from Nairobi to Manhattan think so!
Anyway, our Genuine Elephant Tail Hair rings are bound to bring you compliments, if not luck! Ours are made from the real hair (authenticity, you know); not from the "look-alike" plastic we've seen about. Rolled gold mountings. State ring size.

(a)—$5 (b)—$6 (c)—$15

Add 50¢ each, on mail order. N.Y. Res. Add Tax.
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR
COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022

©1971 H.W. INC.

With four golden beaches, a full mile of ocean front and the prettiest place in Antigua, we felt we had to do something special. So all our water sports . . . sailing, swimming, skiing, snorkeling, and skin diving, are complimentary to our guests. And tennis, too!

HAWKSBILL
BEACH HOTEL
ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES
See your travel agent or call:
I. O. ENGEBRETSON, (212) 980-3810

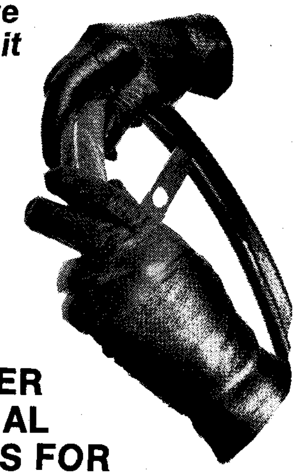
# AROUND CITY HALL

## UPSTAIRS

New York's trademark, the tip-off shot in all those documentaries, is, of course, the panorama of its soaring steel-and-glass skyline, and most of the popular depictions of life in this city reflect the view that everything about it—its unique attractions and, to an even greater degree in recent years, its disasters—not only is on a more monumental scale than anything a sightseer will find elsewhere but also is largely divorced from the more graceful aspects of the past. Visitors to New York are therefore often surprised to find that the headquarters of local government is undersized as official buildings go—standing in a small park, shadowed by skyscrapers, it is only two stories high if you don't count a basement and a three-room attic that leads to a two-story bell tower—and that, unlike so many of America's municipal hubs, it's neither a standard-model Greek Revival production of the nineteen-twenties nor a rococo relic of the General Grant era. It is a *sui-generis* white limestone building, French in concept and English in detail, which Henry James, praising its "modest classic grace," called "the divine . . . the elegant, the gallant little structure," and which the local Landmarks Preservation Commission has pronounced "architecturally . . . the finest treasure of our city" and, no doubt with some bias, "the most beautiful City Hall in the United States." Some visitors and a few resident New Yorkers have, of course, gone to the trouble of finding out that the city has been run from this same building ever since Mayor DeWitt Clinton formally moved into it nine years after the cornerstone was laid, in May, 1803. Even to most of them, however, the mental image that comes with the phrase "City Hall" is likely to be either of the broad marble front steps, where visiting prime ministers, winning athletic teams, and other newsworthy people are formally saluted, or of the Blue Room, opposite the Mayor's office, where reporters and TV representatives converge several times a week for the Mayor's press conference—at which, in the view of his critics, John Lindsay strikes becoming poses and turns away hard questions with easy one-liners, and in any case, critics or no critics, virtually guarantees that he will monopolize any reports from City Hall on that night's six-o'clock news. In reality, in contrast to the arrangements in, for example, Washington—the center of the only American governmental body with a larger annual budget—this one rather small building houses not only the core of the city's executive branch but its entire legislative operation: the cluttered warrens that serve as the offices of the Mayor and his staff occupy only the first floor of the west wing and the basement below it, and all the rest of City Hall is chockablock with the meeting rooms of its two lawmaking bodies, the Board of Estimate and the City Council, and with councilmen's offices. Physically speaking, the separation of powers at City Hall is measured by the forty-foot width of the central rotunda, and since that is often awash with informally caucusing city legislators, a mayor can rarely step out of his office without meeting the appraising eye of a borough president or city councilman a stone's throw away—a distance that on some tense days seems scarcely metaphorical.

To some who visit City Hall for the first time, the biggest surprise is not its near-eighteenth-century provenance or the theatre-in-the-round atmosphere of its main floor but the lively pageants, featuring an involved citizenry, that are part of the regularly scheduled programs in the legislative chambers, on the second floor. At a time when a sense of alienation from and a distrust of American urban institutions are believed to be endemic among big-city dwellers, a remarkably large number of residents of the nation's most populous—and, by a common logical extension, most alienated and distrustful—urban community make their way down to City Hall month in and month out and demonstrate their faith that it is worth going to some trouble to try to influence their local representatives on matters they care deeply about. It appears, in fact, that in New York this faith may be more, rather than less, widespread than it used to be. "We've learned to read and write and count, and you can't put things over on us anymore," a large lady in a purple-flowered muumuu, representing a tenants' organization in a predominantly black area of the South Bronx, announced at a City Hall hearing last spring. "The blacks and all the poor people of this city have found their way down to this place, and we'll never stop coming back." Responding to this development, middle-income citizens, who are often on the other side of municipal issues, particularly those involving housing, have also been turning up in larger numbers, and both groups are increasingly, and often inconveniently, knowledgeable about the powers of the city government. During

**You have to hand it to the French**



**LEATHER THERMAL GLOVES FOR LADIES AND MEN**

Those clever French have come up with marvelous lightweight cold weather gloves. They will keep your hands cozy warm while giving you perfect contact with the reins of a bridle or the steering wheel of your car. The secret is the soft, lightweight French glace' leather that is poly-foam inner-lined and then silk lined. And they are fashioned with the smart styling you'd expect of the French. In your rush to order gifts don't forget yourself. Ladies' leather in cognac, black or brown; sueded velour in cognac. Sizes 6½ to 8½. $12.50 pair. Order half size larger than dress glove. Men's in black or brown leather. Sizes 8 to 11. $15 pr. Add $1 for postage & handling.

*write for free gift catalog*

**DELUXE SADDLERY**

1817 Whitehead Rd., Baltimore, Maryland 21207

**The Great Outdoors**

AND, THE GREAT SWEDISH PARKA COAT, FOR HIM AND HER. Wind and water repellent poplin, laminated insulation 7/8 length. Camel. Ladies' sizes 8-18, $60.00. Mens' sizes 38-46, $65.00. Add $1.00 for postage and handling.

**Send for Free Catalog** ☐

**Lady's size** .......... **Man's size** ..........

**Name** ..................................

**Address** ..................................

**State** .................... **Zip** .........

**Carroll Reed**

(MAIL ORDER), INC. BOX 530

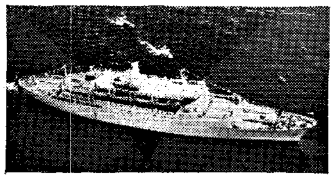
NORTH CONWAY, N. H. 03860

an unruly hearing last summer, the beleaguered Board of Estimate chairman got nowhere when he suggested to those in the crowd that they should behave better because they were invited guests. "Cut that out, man—it says right here you're *required* to hold public hearings under the City Charter!" shouted a voice from the back of the room. Not only do more of the ordinary citizens now act as if they felt at home at City Hall but they dress that way. A generation or two ago, New Yorkers coming to pick a bone with city officials were almost certain to be white male politicians and business leaders, who wore funereal serge suits and stiff white collars, and respectfully removed their hard hats—in the days when a hard hat was a derby. They must have seemed a painfully drab company as they moved past what James called the "florid ghosts"—the huge paintings of early-nineteenth-century mayors, governors, and important city visitors, many wearing gleaming white knee breeches and coats with crimson sashes, which covered, and still cover, the walls of City Hall's meeting rooms and corridors. Today, the crowds not only are more varied in every respect but, as far as costumes go, often make the florid ghosts look pale. Bluejeans, granny gowns, polka-dot clamdiggers, slouch hats, dashikis, and ponchos are not uncommon, and men who do wear business suits frequently brighten them up with cerise or electric-blue shirts. The relaxed style is not limited to those below the dais. Officials now may turn up in deep-tone shirts and four-inch-wide psychedelic ties, or, in the case of the four women members of the City Council, in striped pants suits. A few months ago, a leader of the real-estate industry, resplendent in a Paisley jacket, who had been listening to a heated debate over whether a new commercial project being encouraged by the city would provide white-collar as well as blue-collar jobs for minority groups, remarked as he stepped forward to take his allotted time at the lectern, "Your Honors, we are going to have to find a new way of putting things in this city. There are three hundred people in this room, from what my father used to call 'all walks of life,' and if you look around you, you won't find a white collar in the lot."

According to the rules governing City Hall hearings, any citizen may speak for three minutes for or against any proposed resolution or law on the day's agenda, and the crowds that regularly surge up the delicate, curving

**THE AFRICAN CRUISE à la PAQUET**

**The Ancerville takes you to the most exotic ports-of-call. Like Casablanca, Agadir, Madeira, Dakar and the Canary Islands.**



**THE ANCERVILLE CRUISING FROM MARSEILLE**

14-day cruises to Dakar, leaving throughout the year. **Special 19-day Christmas Cruise,** leaving Dec. 21. 7 ports, also calling at Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast.

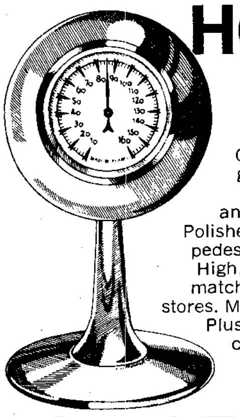
THE ANCERVILLE IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE

**PAQUET LINES**

RENOWNED OVER A CENTURY

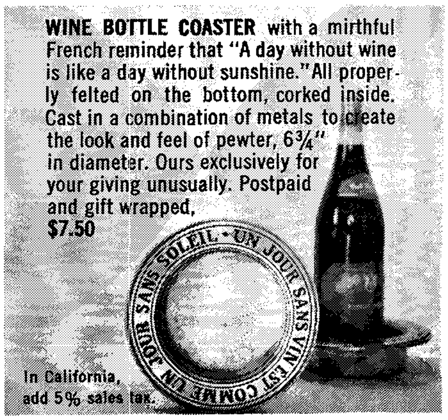
*See your travel agent or*
Mediterranean French Companies, Inc.,
119 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019,
(212) 765-0670.

**HOT OR COLD**



Our desk thermometer gives you an accurate temperature reading, and does it handsomely. Polished chrome sphere and pedestal. From France. 4½" High. **$8.50.** Hygrometer to match. **$8.50.** At 28 Hoffritz stores. Mail: 65¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards. $1 for catalog of 1,510 items.

**HOFFRITZ HAS IT** 20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N18, N.Y.C. 10003



**WINE BOTTLE COASTER** with a mirthful French reminder that "A day without wine is like a day without sunshine." All properly felted on the bottom, corked inside. Cast in a combination of metals to create the look and feel of pewter, 6¾" in diameter. Ours exclusively for your giving unusually. Postpaid and gift wrapped. **$7.50**

In California, add 5% sales tax.

**curt wagner**

968-10 WESTLAKE BOULEVARD
WESTLAKE VILLAGE, CALIFORNIA 91361

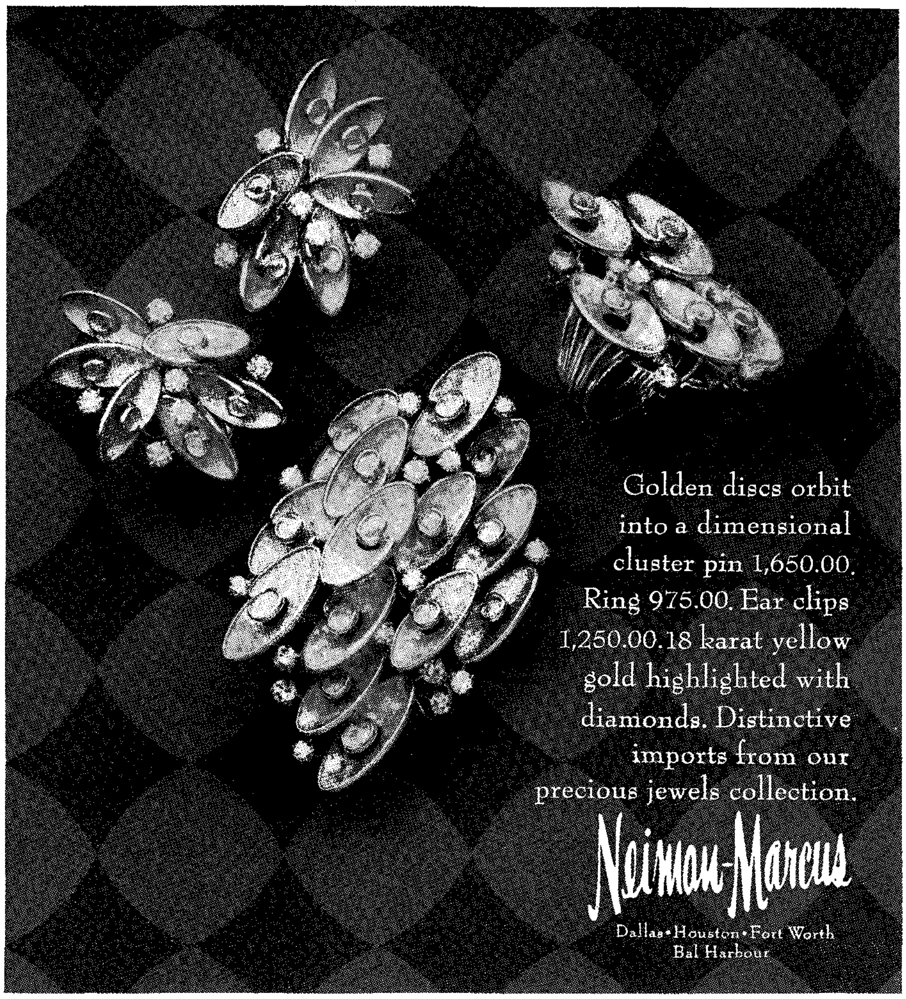
double staircase (a rare example of the "balanced," or "hanging," variety, having no central supports; the question of whether it was safe caused uneasiness among the early city fathers until, on April 24th and 25th of 1865, it survived the weight of a hundred and twenty thousand New Yorkers who thronged up it to pay their last respects to Abraham Lincoln, lying in state at the top) are often so large that the guards have to hold back latecomers behind a series of red velvet ropes. The crush is particularly heavy, of course, if there are hearings before one or another of the City Council's fifteen committees, in the Council rooms beyond the first door to the east of the stairwell (among the noisiest in recent weeks have been those of the Environmental Protection Committee, considering how to cut down noise in the city), on the same morning that a meeting is scheduled in Room 16, which is beyond the first door to the west of the stairwell. In this room, also known as the Board of Estimate chamber, the city's Site Selection Board holds public hearings the third Monday of each month; the City Planning Commission holds them on the second and fourth Wednesdays, and the Board of Estimate on the second and fourth Thursdays; and joint City Council-Board of Estimate hearings on the budget or some less inexorable city crisis convene when the need arises. The most tumultuous sessions in recent years were the ones in the City Council chamber in May, 1970, over the new rent-control law and the debate preceding the setting up of a city Taxi Commission last February. It is the biweekly Board of Estimate hearings, however, that regularly attract the biggest, noisiest delegations and those with the greatest staying power. The last quality is not insignificant, since, like other City Hall hearings, these traditionally start at 10:30 A.M. and continue without a formal break until the last New Yorker who wants to speak has had his say. Since picnic baskets are discouraged, the pockets of prospective speakers often sag with enough candy bars to get them through lunch and, if necessary, supper. Large, wavable placards are not allowed, but many citizens wear exclamatory signs pinned to their coats: "Kill Harbour Village!" "Save Coney Island for Those Who Belong There!" "Give Us Back Our Neighborhood Schools!" There is also the recurrent, all-purpose message "Hell No—We Won't Go!," which turned up most recently on the jacket of a

**Sop buntut Djakarta.**
**Gado gado padang segar.**
**Ikan atjar kuning.**

No, they're not voodoo spells. Or songs from the latest rock musical. They're only some of the many fabulous Indonesian dishes you can sample at Ramayana.

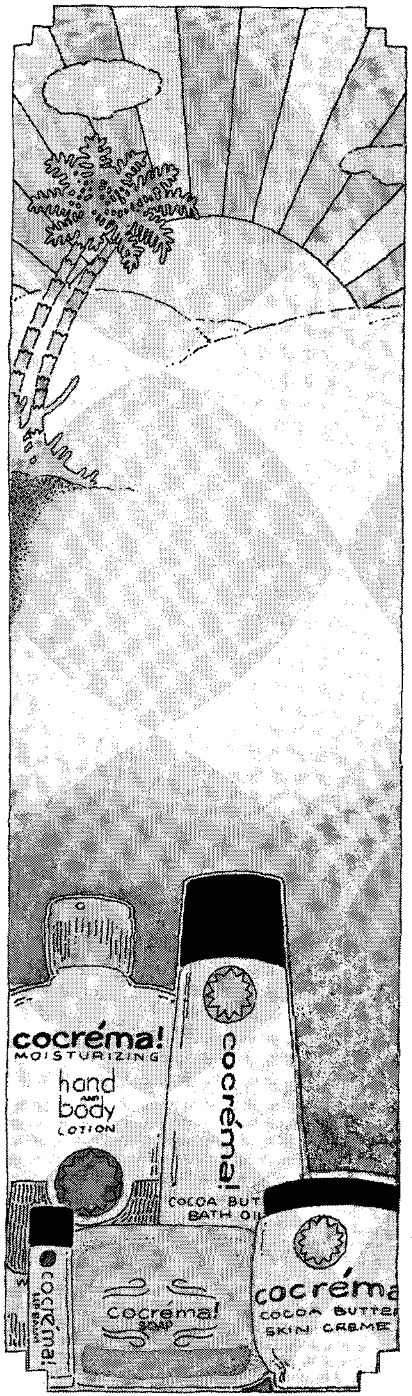
You've never heard of Ramayana? Well, it happens to be New York's newest restaurant. It also happens to be New York's only Indonesian restaurant. Why don't you drop in? You may have a hard time pronouncing the food, but you'll have a magnificent time eating it.

**RAMAYANA**
New York's only Indonesian restaurant.
1301 Avenue of the Americas • 581-1170



Golden discs orbit into a dimensional cluster pin 1,650.00. Ring 975.00. Ear clips 1,250.00. 18 karat yellow gold highlighted with diamonds. Distinctive imports from our precious jewels collection.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth
Bal Harbour



THE COCRÉMA! SECRET. IT'S OUR COCOA BUTTER THAT MAKES YOU BEAUTIFUL.

Our exclusive cocoa butter formula moisturizes like nothing else, to keep skin soft and smooth, and to ease away wrinkles.

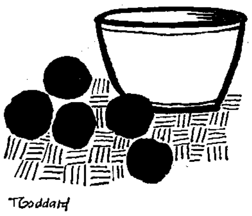
And it's our special way with tropical fragrances of lemon and orange and lime that leaves skin fresh and alive.

Discover the 13 different ways our cocoa butter can make you beautiful. Cocrema is in better drug and department stores.

COCRÉMA INC. Oak Brook, Ill. 60521

parent protesting the cancellation of some school-bus passes. Suspicious types have been known to bring alarm clocks and set them to go off three minutes after an opposition speaker has taken the floor, on the theory that a biassed clerk might wait too long to ring the official cutoff bell. Other speakers carry gifts for the Board members—for instance, toy shovels "to help you fellows deal with the terrible snow job the other side just unloaded on you." A year ago, during a controversy over a school-building project that involved the destruction of a number of houses in Queens, State Assemblyman Vito Battista, leading an opposition group, brought large Valentine boxes of candy (not easy items to come by in October) to all members of the Board except Mayor Lindsay; for the Mayor his offering was a jar of rock candy, "because we all know the only heart he's got is made of stone."

The three-minute public utterances at such hearings range in style from the magniloquent ("May I remind you gentlemen that the life of a city is a continuous and organic thing") to the inarticulate or malaprop-prone ("I am a welfare reciprocant," "I speak to you as a member of the Stirring Committee," "We *besiege* you"). The representatives of the public aren't the only speakers whose rhetoric occasionally stumbles in the confusion of the moment. Last spring, Manhattan Councilman David Friedland rose to say, "I want to disagree sharply with the councilman who just predeceased me," and a few weeks ago Queens Councilman Alvin Frankenberg, hailing the new Queens borough president, Donald Manes, declared, "All my life I've thought that the wonderful thing about being part of the body politic was the wonderful people you meet, and Donald Manes is the exception to prove the rule." The public's exercise of its freedom of expression at such hearings often includes jeering, name-calling, and lèse-majesté. "I don't have to take this crap!" was Joseph Papp's exit line as he stomped out after a borough president expressed doubts about his request for a large appropriation for his Public Theatre. There are also occasional threats ("You are petty, greedy men, and you will suffer the consequences!" and "This project will go up over our dead bodies and maybe yours!"). Often such invective produces counter-threats from the chairman to have the guards remove the offenders by force, though such threats are rarely carried out. During many of the long hours of hearings, however, the only distraction from droning cumulative testimony for and against various items on the agenda lies in the antics of George Canaris, a vocal citizen who, though his manner is dead serious, is the closest thing City Hall has to a court jester. Canaris, who is about forty and has a tangled beard and an almost impenetrable Austrian accent, and who occasionally identifies himself as a representative of the Young Voters League ("We don't pay any dues and we don't give any names," he once told Edward Burks, a *Times* reporter), first appeared at a City Hall hearing in 1967 to denounce the projected World Trade Center on the ground that it would displace a small radio-repair shop where he worked a few hours a week. The Trade Center was endorsed anyhow, but Canaris noted other items on the agenda that elected officials needed to be set right on. He has made City Hall his headquarters ever since, rarely accepting conventional employment—his specialties are repair jobs here and there and some dishwashing, in a pinch—unless it is in the immediate neighborhood, so that there will be the least possible interference with his speaking schedule. Any City Hall hearing is subject to his attentions, but the hearings in the Board of Estimate chamber have first call on his time. There, leaning one elbow negligently against the end of the dais, he greets distinguished visitors (for example, former Justice Arthur Goldberg, appearing in favor of a development of interest to the United Nations, and George C. Scott, on hand to support the Public Theatre), lectures other public witnesses on their responsibilities (he rushed forward to greet Papp with "Don't forget to apologize" when the producer made a sheepish reappearance before the Board, which gave his theatre two million six hundred thousand dollars anyhow), adjusts the microphone when it is out of whack, and, having previously studied the printed agenda in his informal office, in a lower-East Side coffeehouse, speaks up on several items at each session, occasionally making valid points, though usually at inordinate length and in total disregard of any kind of bell. When he finally responds to the chairman's direct order ("That's enough, George. Sit *down*, George"), his parting comment is often "You'd pass this lousy resolution even if I stood



on my head." Canaris's view of all City Hall hearings as cynical charades is shared by many students of municipal politics, who argue that in nearly every case political trade-offs have been made and decisions reached earlier, at executive sessions. This charge is often advanced at the hearings themselves—most recently by Assemblyman Frederick Schmidt when he appeared, a few weeks ago, in opposition to an urban-renewal project near the Queens neighborhood that he represents in the State Legislature. Meetings of the Assembly were more exciting than those of the Board of Estimate, he complained, because "at least in Albany there's some doubt about the outcome." Percy Sutton, Borough President of Manhattan and the Board's only black member, told Schmidt, in his soothing voice, "When I was an assemblyman, I, too, used to think that the Board of Estimate made all its decisions ahead of time. I assure you this hearing will determine how I and my colleagues vote." "Well, I know you'll be fair, but I just hope you'll be fair our way," said Schmidt, but his tone was glum, and he didn't look surprised when, a few minutes later, the Board voted to be fair the other way. Yet he and his disappointed constituents will almost certainly be back whenever a similar project threatens southwestern Queens. Meanwhile, many of the Queens residents who came to City Hall to support the winning side—largely, in this case, the poorer blacks in the area—are convinced that their long trip downtown made the difference.

The chairman who most often has the chore of maintaining an atmosphere of fairness, as well as that of getting George Canaris to sit down, is President of the City Council Sanford Garelik, who presides over Board of Estimate meetings in the Mayor's absence. The Board consists of the City Council President, the Comptroller, the five Borough Presidents, and the Mayor (who is thus in the odd position of taking part in both the executive and the legislative operations of local government, submitting a budget under one hat, for example, and voting for it under another), but Lindsay generally sends an assistant, Edward Morrison, to represent him at Board meetings. As usual, the Mayor was *in absentia* for the last meeting of the summer, which was the first since he had announced his conversion to the Democratic Party—a session that gave some idea of why he finds such meetings resistible. Also as usual, only a small percentage of the items on the calendar aroused strong

Aquascutum
OF LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H M QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY
1966 1971

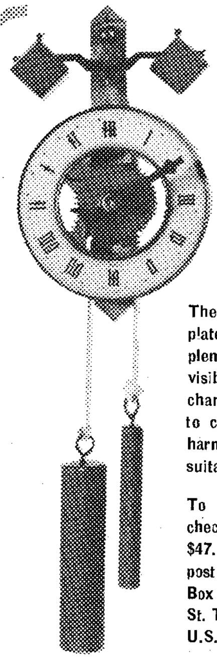
Just one from the versatile Aquascutum rainwear collection in fur-trimmed, permanently proofed cotton. Designed to make you look good in town or country. This is **Dalby** with racoon collar and cuffs, fur fabric lined for extra warmth.

At 100 Regent Street, London W. 1 and the best stores throughout the world including:

Abercrombie & Fitch • Lord & Taylor
I. Magnin & Co. • Marshall Field

For names of others in the U.S.A. write or call:
AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

BUCO 1300



Swiss replica of the antique wheel clocks.

The wooden dial, baseplate and cog wheels complement with an openly visible high precision mechanism and original style to create its tasteful and harmonious appearance, suitable for any interior.

To order, please send check or money order for $47.50 plus $2.50 parcel post postage to:
Box 887
St. Thomas,
U.S. Virgin Islands

Little Switzerland
ST. THOMAS • ST. CROIX • ST. MARTIN • ST. BARTH

Tourists don't come here. Perhaps, then, you should.

It's not for the crowd.
It's for people who want to tee off at will. Who like their swimming, skiing (in season), tennis, and fishing uncrowded. Who can appreciate excellent food in gracious surroundings.
Hound Ears, you see, is not a resort hotel. It's more like an intimate club. With chalet, lodge, or private home accommodations.
And it's all in a mountain setting that is deliberately uncommercial.
For information and reservations, call us at (704) 963-4321. Or write Box 277, Blowing Rock, N.C. 28605.

Hound Ears Lodge and Club

PRIVACY!

Each "lot" (frontages from 285 to 818 feet) has a point or a cove of its own . . . Deep-water evergreen and granite shorefront . . . Privacy . . . only 10 families on almost a mile of shorefront. Plus a 3½ acre park for residents only. A very special spot in beautiful Deer Isle, Maine. Prices start at **$14,000.** Only 10% cash required.

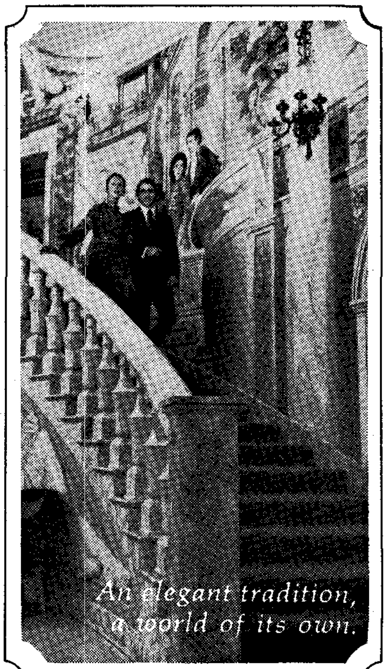
CALL Whitecaps

at 207-667-5956 or write Box 45-NC,
Bar Harbor, Maine 04609

public feelings. The items often number in the hundreds, and that day the total was four hundred and thirty. About a sixth of these were either held over for consideration at a later meeting or sent back to some city administrative office for reappraisal, and most of the others were gavelled through without protest from the floor. However, a debate over a resolution to build an urban-renewal project in the Morrisania section of the Bronx took two and a half hours; three hours were devoted to a proposed low-income project in South Jamaica, Queens (both proposals were eventually approved); and much of the evening was taken up with squabbling among the men on the dais over a series of consultant contracts, many of them with private firms, to which the Lindsay administration had committed the city. As is often the case, these routine-looking calendar items were nothing of the sort. Their mere presence on the agenda signified a defeat for Lindsay in a long tug-of-war between him and Comptroller Abraham Beame, who last spring persuaded the State Legislature to pass a law giving the Board of Estimate the right to review all such contracts amounting to more than ten thousand dollars. Presumably relishing an action that appeared to cut the new national celebrity down to size, the majority of the Board members voted to exercise their review privileges, and even temporarily delayed authorizing payments on some already operative contracts, despite fierce objections from Morrison. At points, the discussion was so acrimonious that at the end of the meeting several of the officials asked to have certain of their remarks modified or stricken from the record. The retractors did not include James Carroll, a red-faced Irishman, who was sitting in for Comptroller Beame. "I just want to say that if I've said anything I shouldn't have, I'm glad," he announced. The meeting adjourned at 9:49 P.M.—on the late side, but no record.

There is some question, of course, whether in these times the mayor of the nation's largest city should spend eleven, or even six, hours twice a month immobilized on a dais arguing over whether a citizen's three minutes of time is really up. In fact, most of the Board of Estimate members often take the day—or part of the day—off on alternate Thursdays. Lindsay supporters like to spread the word that Mayor Jimmy Walker rarely missed such meetings and put on a great show every time. Nevertheless, Lindsay's in-

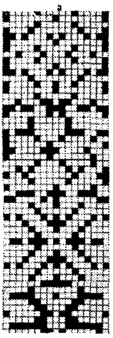
The Pierre
NEW YORK



5TH AVE. & 61 ST. • N.Y.C. • 212-838-8000

Holiday House

A Six foot Crossword Puzzle



To hang on a wall or solve as you unroll! Today's greatest hangup is heavy, wipeable paper, 18" wide, 6 feet long and comes rolled with answers included.
**$5.00**

Add 50¢ for shipping. New catalog on request.

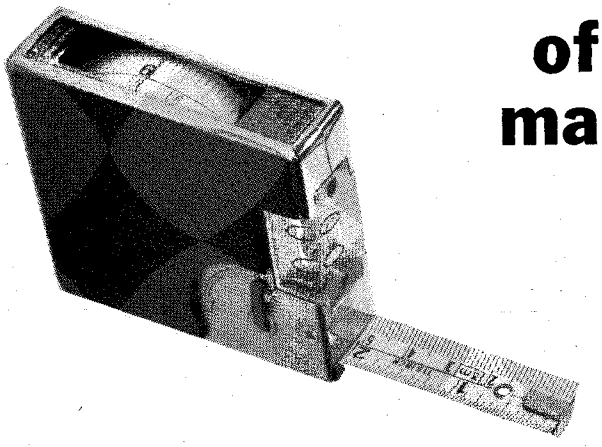
Holiday House
96 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.,
Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043

**'Evil-eye'** cuff-links from Greece. Keep away bad luck, hold cuffs together. Blue-green glass with yellow/white 'eyes.' Sterling silver setting. For the collector; the superstitious; the ill-omened or ill-buttoned. $15.00 pr. plus $.75 post.

Only at:
**Greek Island Ltd.**
**215 East 49 Street**
**New York 10017**

difference to the public aspects of his legislative role gives his critics a chance to point out that the man who on the out-of-town hustings makes much of his affinity for "the street people, *my* people, the workers of my city" (as he described them in Buffalo on a recent upstate swing), clearly prefers this close relationship to be scheduled as a short-run affair and at his own convenience. In contrast, Sanford Garelik has not missed a single meeting since he assumed the presidency of the City Council, in January, 1970. Garelik's primary duties, however, are minimal; he cannot even vote at City Council meetings except to break a tie. Moreover, the former Chief Inspector is serving in his first political office after twenty-nine years in the special enclave of the New York Police Department. For a near-amateur in municipal affairs, the biweekly spectacle in the Board of Estimate room has provided a valuable education in at least the surface workings of city government. Garelik now, for example, moves back and forth with considerable skill between the intricacies of the city's capital and expense budgets and presumably no longer requires vocabulary help for such familiar Room 16 terms as "motorcycle compliance" and "turnkey project." (Motorcycle compliance is the hasty transfer of black workers from one construction site to another just ahead of an inspector checking on whether the contractors are obeying anti-discrimination laws. A turnkey project has nothing to do with jailers, as a former chief inspector might think, but refers to a housing project or other building put up by a private company, which then turns over its keys to the city administration at an agreed-upon price.)

On one occasion earlier this year, Garelik, who would like to run for mayor in 1973, may have felt some nostalgia for his old days on the force. During a joint City Council-Board of Estimate hearing on necessary cuts in the expense budget, about ninety young radicals, some of them members of the Progressive Labor Party and many of them waving copies of *Challenge*, a Maoist sheet that bills itself as "The Revolutionary Communist Newspaper," took over the front benches and drowned out all discussion with a continuous chanting of "Down with capitalism!" and "Suppress the bosses!" (Some of the spectators whose memories went back to the thirties sat shaking their heads in disbelief.) A few weeks earlier, another meeting in the same room had been disrupted when middle-class residents of Brooklyn, protesting a



**Measure of a man.**tm

Here's the most elegant steel tape measure ever made. Gleaming chrome, upholstered in black cowhide. Spring-loaded 10' rule. Not just feet and inches, but meters and centimeters too. Hairline reading window. And useful! It's a square. It's a level, with built-in bubble gauge. Retractable point to scribe lines, draw circles. If you have a special man, this is his measure. Or yours.
From France **$10**

*By mail: write Dept. Y, House of Wares, 884 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Please add any tax and 75¢ delivery. Sorry, no c.o.d.*
**A catalog of unexpected Christmas pleasures and treasures, yours for 25¢.**

**House of Wares**
assorted east side amenities

884 Madison at 72nd—1053 Madison at 80th
Trafalgar 9-8090 Daily till 6:30 p.m

©1970 feldman's house of wares, inc.

VERY DRUMMOND.

**IN WINTUK*** From Drummond's irrepressible 3rd Rail® Collection.
A fashion-ribbed pullover with the new high turtle neck. Handsome tweedy marle mixtures. In 'Wintuk' yarns of Orlon® acrylic. About $15.
At finer stores. Write Drummond, Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10001.
*DU PONT CERTIFICATION MARK.

DRUMMOND
Product of Benmar Knitwear Corp.

TERRIFIC TRINIDAD AND TRANQUIL TOBAGO-TWO CARIBBEAN ISLANDS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE THEY'RE ALL YOURS FOR A GLORIOUS WEEK FOR ONLY $251 AIRFARE INCLUDED*

Trinidad and Tobago have everything you expect Caribbean islands to have—tranquil beaches and gently rolling surf, golf, tennis, sailing, fishing, snorkeling, hunting. Lots of sun and tropic beauty, plus some things that are entirely our own. Like our music—we invented the Calypso and Limbo. And our Buccoo Reef—the magical underwater jewel box of tropical fish and coral. Come visit with us. Call your travel agent or send us the coupon below for more information.

*GIT airfare from New York.

TRINIDAD & TOBAGO TOURIST BOARD

Suites 712–714
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me your Trinidad and Tobago Package Holidays Brochure

Name__________

Address__________

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Travel Agent__________

NY-02

proposed low-income housing project in their neighborhood, paraded in the aisles chanting quite different slogans. The response from the dais in that case had been to call a brief recess and order the whole room cleared. In the case of the Progressive Laborites, however, a squadron of cops was brought in to break things up. Some thought that the variation in treatment demonstrated only that no one is worried about how a handful of radicals will vote in the next local election. Others wondered whether it had anything to do with the fact that just before the police took action, one of the more vociferous chanters in the front row, showing some of the attention to research that officeholders find awkward, shouted up to Garelik, "Don't you talk about economy! You make more money than anybody at City Hall!"—an accurate charge, because the City Council President collects not only his forty-thousand-dollar salary and a six-thousand-dollar expense allowance but his twenty-five-thousand-dollar annual police pension. In any case, within seconds after the young man's gibe Garelik gave the signal, and the police moved in, clubs at the ready. Standing near the Trumbull portrait of Zachary Taylor, two young poverty workers on the Mayor's staff kept shouting "Police brutality!"—almost drowning out the voice of a Bronx councilman yelling "Break their legs!" When the melee was over, several heads had been bloodied on both sides, and fifteen demonstrators were on their way to jail. In contrast to the probable headlines if the violence had erupted downstairs near the Mayor's office, the fracas received little attention. Maurice Carroll's account of it in the *Times*, for example, appeared partway down on page 52. Reporters angling afterward for the usual outraged comments from the men in blue got one surprise. When they talked to a member of the special police squad that does regular guard duty at all of City Hall's public hearings, he only shrugged his shoulders. "It was a public meeting," he said. "They got their rights."

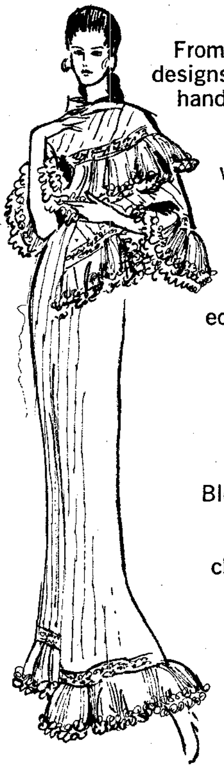
—ANDY LOGAN

•

AUGUSTA, Maine (AP)—Maine's largest liquor store will be located at Kittery adjacent to the new portion of Interstate 95, the state Liquor Commission said Wednesday. . . .

Plans are to have the store open for business by the Christmas holidays. The building will have an area of 10,000 square clerks.—*Bangor Daily News.*

They're the best kind for a liquor store.



From Ireland, original designs by Cyril Cullins handknitted from the softest natural "Bawneen" (off-white) wool. Easy skirt with elasticized waist. Shawl shaped for perfect wrap. Each edged twice round with fringe.

Skirt 8 thru 16 $50.00
Shawl $36.00

Blouse - not shown Matching off-white polyester chiffon sleeveless shell.
8 thru 16 $30.00

Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add $1.00 for handling.
California residents add 5% Sales Tax.

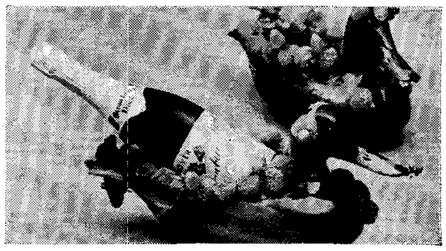
GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

Afternoon Tee in TOBAGO

Our guests automatically become members of the Tobago Golf Club—the finest championship course in the Caribbean. And, aside from the tee ceremony, you'll love our luxurious hotel, superb water sports, opulent cuisine and entertaining night life.

See your travel agent or:
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc.
Call: (212) 980-3810

MOUNT IRVINE BAY HOTEL



Our original Icer for chilled wines—amusing for gift giving—available Boy or Girl Duck, decorated with Strawberries as shown; or with Mistletoe and Holly.
please specify
Each $12.50 postpaid. Ohio Residents add .50 tax. Wine not included
no C.O.D.'s

COULTER CHARD, INC.
Carnegie Avenue at East 107th Street
Cleveland, Ohio 44106

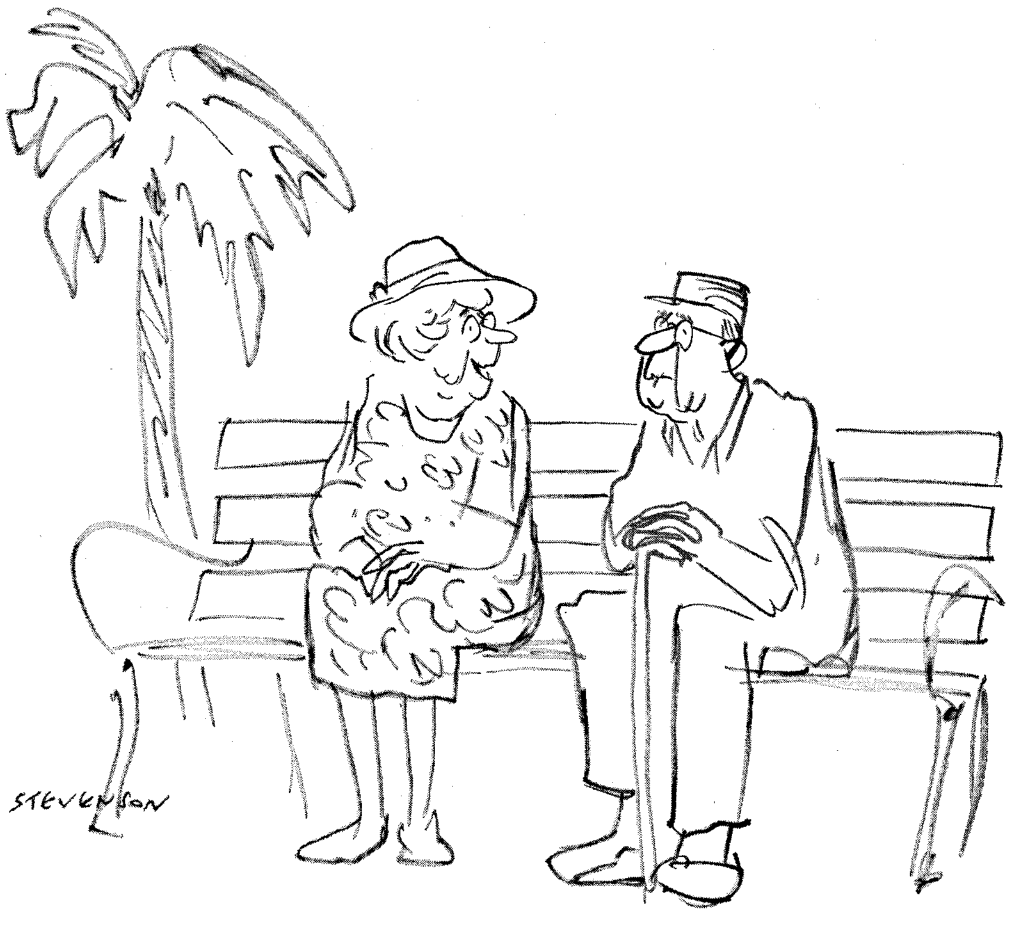
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Urban Gothic*

WHEN Mayor Lindsay began his efforts to attract the movie-production business, it probably didn't occur to him or his associates that they were ushering in a new movie age of nightmare realism. The Los Angeles area was selected originally for the sunshine and so that the movie-business hustlers—patent-violators who were pirating inventions as well as anything else they could get hold of—could slip over the border fast. As it turned out, however, California had such varied vegetation that it could be used to stand in for most of the world, and there was space to build whatever couldn't be found. But New York City is always New York City; it can't be anything else, and, with practically no studios for fakery, the movie companies use what's really here, so the New York-made movies have been set in Horror City. Although recent conflicts between the producers and the New York unions seem to have ended this Urban Gothic period, the New York-made movies have provided a permanent record of the city in breakdown. I doubt if at any other time in American movie history there has been such a close relationship between the life on the screen and the life of a portion of the audience. Los Angeles-made movies were not *about* Los Angeles; often they were not about any recognizable world. But these recent movies are about New York, and the old sentimentalities are almost impossible here—physically impossible, because the city gives them the lie. (I'm thinking of such movies as "Klute," "Little Murders," "The Anderson Tapes," "Greetings," "The Landlord," "Where's Poppa?," "Midnight Cowboy," "Harry Kellerman," "Diary of a Mad Housewife," "No Way to Treat a Lady," "Shaft," "Cotton Comes to Harlem," "The Steagle," "Cry Uncle," "The Owl and the Pussycat," "The Panic in Needle Park," "Bananas," and the forthcoming "Born to Win.") The city of New York has helped American movies grow up; it has also given movies a new spirit of nervous, anxious hopelessness, which is the true spirit of New York. It is literally true that when you live in New York you no longer believe that the garbage will ever be gone from the streets or that life will ever be sane and orderly.

The movies have captured the soul of this city in a way that goes beyond simple notions of realism. The panhandler in the movie who jostles the hero looks just like the one who jostles you as you leave the movie theatre; the police sirens in the movie are screaming outside; the hookers and junkies in the freak show on the screen are indistinguishable from the ones in the freak show on the streets. Famous New York put-on artists and well-known street people are incorporated in the movies; sometimes they are in the movie theatre, dressed as they are in the movie, and sometimes you leave the theatre and see them a few blocks away, just where they were photographed. There's a sense of carnival about this urban-crisis city; everyone seems to be dressed for a mad ball. Screams in the theatre at Halloween movies used to be a joke, signals for laughter and applause, because nobody believed in the terror on the screen. The midnight showings of horror films now go on all year round, and the screams are no longer pranks. Horror stories and brutal melodramas concocted for profit are apparently felt on a deeper level than might have been supposed. People don't laugh or applaud when there's a scream; they try to ignore the sound. It is assumed that the person yelling is stoned and out of control, or crazy and not to be trifled with—he may want an excuse to blow off steam, he may have a knife or a gun. It is not uncommon now for fights and semi-psychotic episodes to take place in the theatres, especially when the movies being played are shockers. Audiences for these movies in the Times Square area and in the Village are highly volatile. Probably the unstable, often dazed members of the audiences are particularly susceptible to the violence and tension on the screen; maybe crowds now include a certain number of people who simply can't stay calm for two hours. But whether the movies bring it out in the audience or whether the particular audiences that are attracted bring it into the theatre, it's *there* in the theatre, particularly at late shows, and you feel that the violence on the screen may at any moment touch off violence in the theatre. The audience is explosively *live*. It's like being at a prizefight or a miniature Altamont.

Horror is very popular in Horror City—old horror films and new ones. The critics were turned off by the



*"Let's reminisce."*

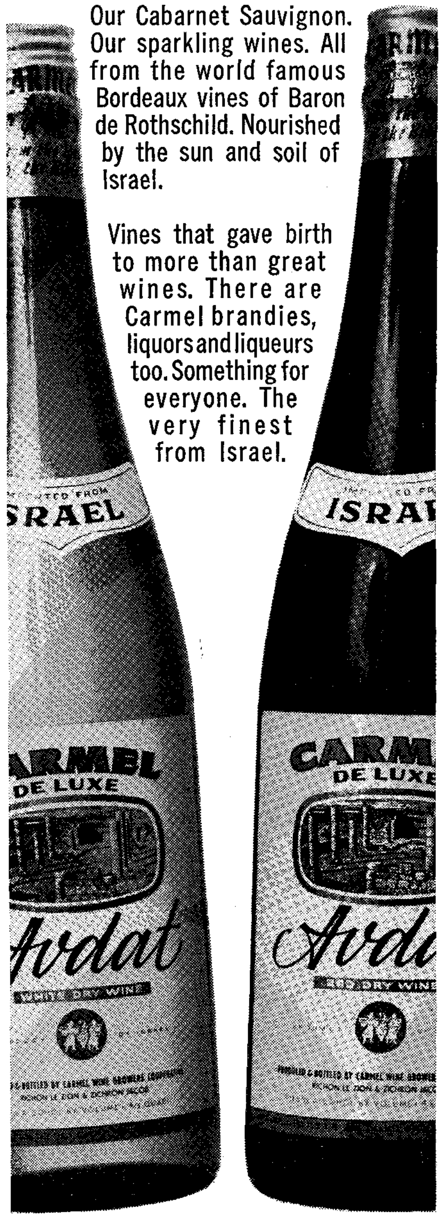
**Carmel's family tree is one of the finest:**

**the Rothschild Bordeaux vineyards**

***Planted in Israel.***

Carmel wines. Gold medal winners since 1897. 27 great wines in all. There is Avdat Red and Avdat White. Our Rose of Carmel. Our Cabarnet Sauvignon. Our sparkling wines. All from the world famous Bordeaux vines of Baron de Rothschild. Nourished by the sun and soil of Israel.

Vines that gave birth to more than great wines. There are Carmel brandies, liquors and liqueurs too. Something for everyone. The very finest from Israel.



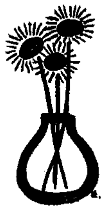
**CARMEL**

**Enjoy the young, bright taste of Israel. Ask your local dealer about them.**

Carmel Wines Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

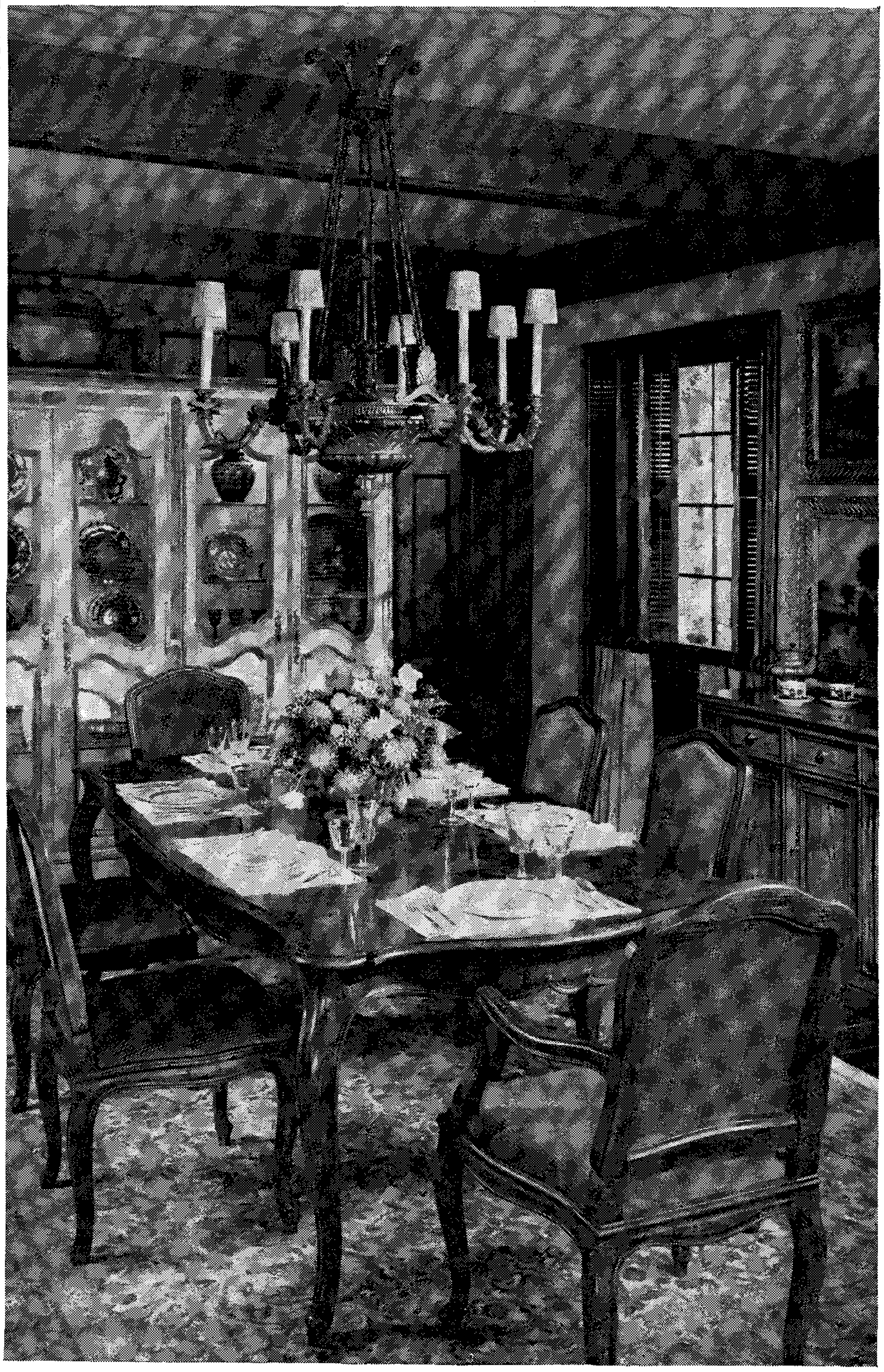
madness of "The Devils;" the audiences were turned on by it. They wanted the benefits of the sexual pathology of religious hysteria: bloody tortures, burning flesh, nuns violated on altars, lewd nuns stripping and orgying, and so on. Almost all the major movie companies are now, like the smaller ones, marginal businesses. The losses of the American film industry since 1968 are calculated at about five hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Besides Disney, the only company that shows profits is A.I.P.—the producers of ghouls-on-wheels schlock pictures, who are now also turning out movies based on Gothic "classics." I don't believe that people are going to shock and horror films because of a need to exorcise their fears; that's probably a fable. I think they're going for entertainment, and I don't see how one can ignore the fact that the kind of entertainment that attracts them now is often irrational and horrifyingly brutal. A few years ago, "The Dirty Dozen" turned the audience on so high that there was yelling in the theatre and kicking at the seats. And now an extraordinarily well-made new thriller gets the audience sky-high and keeps it up there—"The French Connection," directed by William Friedkin, which is one of the most "New York" of all the recent New York movies. It's also probably the best-made example of what trade reporters sometimes refer to as "the cinema du zap."

How's this for openers? A peaceful day in Marseille. A *flic* strolls into a boulangerie, comes out carrying a long French bread, and strolls home. As he walks into his own entranceway, a waiting figure in a leather coat sticks out an arm with a .45 and shoots him in the face and then in the torso. The assassin picks up the bread, breaks off a piece to munch, and tosses the remainder back onto the corpse. That's the first minute of "The French Connection." The film then jumps to New York and proceeds through chases, pistol-whippings, slashings, beatings, murders, snipings, and more chases for close to two hours. The script, by Ernest Tidyman (who wrote "Shaft"), is based on the factual account by Robin Moore (of "The Green Berets") of the largest narcotics haul in New York police history until the recent Jaguar case. The producer, Philip D'Antoni, also produced "Bullitt," and the executive producer was G. David Schine, of Cohn and Schine. That's not a creative team, it's a consortium. The movie itself is pretty businesslike. There are no good guys in this harsh new variant of cops-and-robbers; "The French Connection" features the latest-model sadistic cop, Popeye (Gene Hackman). It's undeniably gripping, slam-bang, fast, charged with suspense, and so on—a mixture of "Razzia" and "Z," and hyped up additionally with a television-thriller-style score that practically lays you out all by itself. At one point, just in case we might lose interest if we didn't have our minute-to-minute injections of excitement, the camera cuts from the street conversation of a few cops to show us the automobile smashup that brought them to the scene, and we are treated to two views of the bloody faces of fresh corpses. At first, we're confused as to who the victims are, and we stare at them thinking they must be characters in the movie. It takes a few seconds to realize that they bear no relation whatsoever to the plot.



It's no wonder that "The French Connection" is a hit, but what in hell is it? It uses eighty-six separate locations in New York City—so many that it has no time for carnival atmosphere: it crashes right through. I suppose the answer we're meant to give is that it's an image of the modern big city as Inferno, and that Popeye is an Existential hero, but the movie keeps zapping us. Though "The French Connection" achieves one effect through timing and humor (when the French Mr. Big, played by Fernando Rey, outwits Popeye in a subway station by using his silver-handled umbrella to open the train doors), most of its effects are of the "Psycho"-derived blast-in-the-face variety. Even the expert pacing is achieved by somewhat questionable means; the ominous music keeps tightening the screws and heating things up. The noise of New York already has us tense. The movie is like an aggravated case of New York: it raises this noise level to produce the kind of painful tension that is usually described as almost unbearable suspense. But it's the same kind of suspense you feel when someone outside your window keeps pushing down on the car horn and you think the blaring sound is going to drive you out of your skull. This horn routine is, in fact, what the cop does throughout the longest chase sequence. The movie's suspense is magnified by the sheer pounding abrasiveness of its means; you don't have to be an artist or be original or ingenious to work on the raw nerves of an audience this way—you just have to be smart and brutal. The high-pressure methods that one could possibly accept in "Z" because they were tools used to try to show the audience how a Fascist conspiracy works are used as ends in themselves. Despite the dubious methods, the purpose of the brutality in "Z" was moral—it was to make you hate brutality. Here you love it, you wait for it—that's all there is. I know that there are many people—and very intelligent people, too—who love this kind of fast-action movie, who say that this is what movies do best and that this is what they really want when they go to a movie. Probably many of them would agree with everything I've said but will still love the movie. Well, it's not what I want, and the fact that Friedkin has done a sensational job of direction just makes that clearer. It's not what I want not because it fails (it doesn't fail) but because of what it is. It is, I think, what we once feared mass entertainment might become: jolts for jocks. There's nothing in the movie that you enjoy thinking over afterward—nothing especially clever except the timing of the subway-door-and-umbrella sequence. Every other effect in the movie—even the climactic car-versus-runaway-elevated-train chase—is achieved by noise, speed, and brutality.

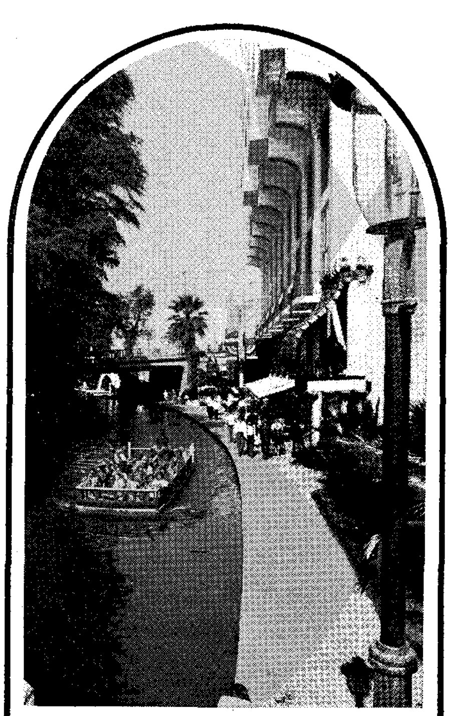
On its own terms, the picture makes few mistakes, though there is one small but conspicuous one. A good comic contrast of drug dealers dining at their ease in a splendid restaurant while the freezing, hungry cops who are tailing them curse in a cold doorway and finally eat a hunk of pizza is spoiled because, for the sake of a composition with the two groups in the same shot, the police have been put where the diners could obviously see them. It is also a mistake, I think, that at the end the picture just stops instead of coming to a full period. The sloppy plotting, on the other hand, doesn't seem to matter; it's amazing how much implausibility speed and brutality can conceal. Hitchcock's thrillers were full of holes, but you were having too good a time to worry about them; "The French Connection" is full of holes, but mostly you're too stunned to notice them. There's no logic in having the Lincoln Continental that has been shipped from France with the heroin inside abandoned on a back street at night rather than parked snugly in the garage of its owner's hotel; it appears to be on the street just so the narcotics agents can spot it and grab it. There's an elaborate sequence of an auction at an automobile graveyard which serves no clear pur-



Dine the way the French did.

Four centuries ago, in the French countryside, people dined in a manner that was both elegant and comfortable. And because it was a casual elegance—unstudied rather than contrived—it was the most sophisticated kind of elegance of all. Henredon has translated the relaxed feeling of French country-style furniture of the past into a collection for today's American homes. It's called Four Centuries. And though the beauty of these designs has endured that long, the look has never seemed newer. The Louis XV-style dining room table with parquetry top of ash veneer, and chairs upholstered seat and back for extra comfort are handsome examples of the classic designs you'll find in this collection. Four Centuries is for dining room, bedroom and living room. For a complete brochure, send 50c to Henredon, Dept. NY10-301, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon



FORGET THE ALAMO

While we take you on a water taxi cruise along San Antonio's charming Paseo del Rio . . . visit quaint shops, watch artists paint, or dine leisurely at a sidewalk cafe. In the evening choose Spanish Brass, Dixieland . . . or a quiet place for romance. By the way the Alamo is nearby and you don't dare forget it!

San Antonio NY 1A
Convention & Visitors Bureau
P. O. Box 2277
San Antonio, Texas 78206

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

SAN ANTONIO
ONE OF AMERICA'S FOUR
UNIQUE CITIES

pose. And if you ever think about it you'll realize that you have no idea who that poor devil was who got shot in the overture, or why. For all the movie tells you, it may have been for his French bread. But you really know what it's all in there for. It's the same reason you get those juicy pictures of the corpses: zaps.

Listen to Popeye's lines and you can learn the secrets of zap realism. A crude writer can give his crummy, cheap jokes to a crude character, and the jokes really pay off. The rotten jokes get laughs and also show how ugly the character's idea of humor is. Popeye risks his life repeatedly and performs fabulously dangerous actions, yet the movie debases him in every possible way. Hackman has turned himself into a modern Ted Healy type—porkpie hat, sneaky-piggy eyes, and a gut-first walk, like Robert Morley preceded by his belly coming toward us in those BOAC "Visit Britain" commercials. Popeye (the name is out of Faulkner, I assume) has a filthy mouth and a complete catalogue of race prejudices, plus some "cute" fetishes; e.g., he cases girls who wear boots. He is the anti-hero carried to a new lumpenprole low—the mean cop who used to figure on the fringes of melodrama (as in "Sweet Smell of Success") moved to the center. Sam Spade might play dirty, but he had a code and he had personal style; even Bullitt, a character contrived to hold the chases and bloodshed together, was a super-cop with style and feelings. This movie turns old clichés into new clichés by depriving the central figure of *any* attractive qualities. Popeye is insanely callous, a shrewd bully who enjoys terrorizing black junkies, and the film includes raids on bars that are gratuitous to the story line just to show what a subhuman son of a bitch he is. The information is planted early that his methods have already cost the life of a police officer, and at the end this plant has its pat payoff when he accidentally shoots an F.B.I. agent, and the movie makes the point that he doesn't show the slightest remorse. The movie presents him as the most ruthlessly lawless of characters and yet—here is where the basic amorality comes through—shows that this is the kind of man it takes to get the job done. It's the vicious bastard who gets the results. Popeye, the lowlifer who makes Joe or Archie sound like Daniel Ellsberg, is a cop the way the movie Patton was a general. When Popeye walks into a bar and harasses blacks, part of the audience can say, "That's a real pig," and another part of the audience can say, "That's the only way to deal with those people. Waltz around with them and you get nowhere."

I imagine that the people who put this movie together just naturally think in this commercially convenient double way. This right-wing, left-wing, take-your-choice cynicism is total commercial opportunism passing itself off as an Existential view. And maybe that's why Popeye's determination to find the heroin is not treated unequivocally as socially useful but is made obsessive. Popeye's low character is used to make the cops-and-robbers melodrama superficially modern by making it *meaningless;* his brutality serves to demonstrate that the cops are no better than the crooks. In personal style and behavior, he is, in fact, deliberately shown as worse than the crooks, yet since he's the cop with the hunches that pay off, the only cop who gets results, the movie can be seen as a way of justifying police brutality. At the end, a "Z"-style series of titles comes on to inform us that the dealers who were caught got light sentences or none at all. The purpose of giving us this information is also probably double: to tell us to get tougher judges and to make tougher laws, and to provide an ironic coda showing that Popeye's efforts were really futile. A huge haul of heroin was destroyed, but the movie doesn't bother to show us that—to give a man points for anything is unfashionable. The series of titles is window-dressing anyway. The only thing that this movie believes in is giving the audience jolts, and you can feel the raw, primitive response in the theatre. This picture says Popeye is a brutal son of a bitch who gets the dirty job done. So is the picture.

—PAULINE KAEL

WASHINGTON Sept. 4 (AP)—The Federal Aviation Administration has proposed limiting special visual flight rule operations to daylight hours except by instrument-rated pilots using planes equipped for instrument flight. . . .

The F.A.A. said that it wanted to restrict special flying at night to instrument-rated pilots because "instrument qualification generally indicates a somewhat higher level of proficiency warrant conditions."—*The Times.*

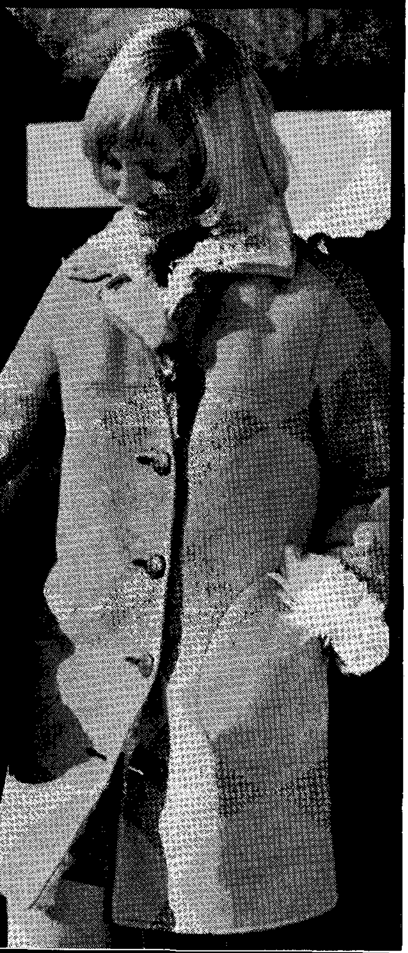
Watch it!

# FOOTBALL

## *A Flowering of New England*

SOMETHING sort of grandish has happened in Cambridge since Joe Restic came down this year from the Canadian professionals to teach Harvard new tricks, this at a time when, with the disappearance of such picturesque art forms as single-wing play, every team tends to resemble every other team. The Restic offense has been termed "wild," and it is. But because of a shortage of completely viable quarterbacks, this offense has not been able to prove itself until midseason. Last Saturday, against Dartmouth, Restic sent in Jim Stoeckel, Harvard's leading punter this fall, not only to punt but to run the squad, and Harvard missed upsetting Dartmouth's thirteen-straight record by one second; Ted Perry, another member of the international set of soccer kickers (he began life in South America), got off a handsome swipe of nearly fifty yards over the Harvard goalposts to bring off one more Dartmouth triumph, 16–13, just before the afternoon ended. In the Restic offense, all movement is contrapuntal, young men branching out in conflicting directions and at seeming cross-purposes. On a pass maneuver, all is open and aboveboard, no deceiving; Stoeckel drops back, the line wheels to the rear to fend off the enemy, and the eligible catchers dart for the four corners of the world. Once in a while, an *in*eligible catcher, overcome by the excitement of it all, joins the exodus, and this leads to instant penalty. Even so, Stoeckel, a newly minted sophomore starting his first match ever as a quarterback for Harvard, got off twenty successful throws to his catchers—a better day than any other Cantabrigian has ever had. One ball did go the wrong way; a Dartmouth man ran it back far enough to give Perry the shot at the winning field goal. But Stoeckel is young, Restic is a new man in town, and their collaboration, as it goes along, can only improve matters. Meanwhile, take a look at the Restic offense; it is the liveliest sort of football to be seen in these parts since Dartmouth, which itself learned a thing or two from Canadian football years back, gave up playing McGill, that venerable Montreal institution. Take a look, too, at Ignacio, Shofner, and Golden, the deep defense men for Harvard. Conjoined with Kaliades, of Columbia, they would be the best defensive backfield in the Ivy League. Take a look, as well, at Steve Stetson, the running, throwing, and gaily deceiving quarterback who went in for Dartmouth's Pollock after the latter had suffered a severe bumping in the first quarter.

NOTHING, it is reasonable to assert, but Cornell can now halt Dartmouth in the swift completion of its rounds. For two years past, Marinaro has been the Cornell offense, and against a team like Yale when men like Lolotai and Gallagher were in the forward defense line he had his troubles, for Cornell's quarterbacking and throwing were not of a quality great enough to persuade the opposition to ease up against him. This year, Mark Allen, a fledgling from Yale territory (and a fledgling that Yale worked hard to enlist), is running Cornell—with, that is, judicious and injudicious assists from the sidelines—and there is enough variety in the Cornell style to remove some of the heat from Marinaro. Under these new circumstances, Marinaro romped against Yale last Saturday (Cornell 31, Yale 10) to within eight yards of the national collegiate record for running ballcarriers. Then, speared amidships by a Yale helmet, he sat out the final minutes—to get his breath, perhaps, or to wait until this weekend, so that he can break the record in Ithaca instead of Yale Bowl, and before a homecoming audience. This will be no strain. "Marinaro," says a competitor who has met him on the field of battle in a most informal fashion, "will either run right over you or else throw you a hip and then disappear." It is not likely, though, that he will disappear soon, even if this is his final season for Cornell; there were not only lay admirers but professionals in Yale Bowl, and offers of this and that cannot be far away—say, graduation day next spring. Marinaro is assisted this fall both by Allen, a cool customer, and by a rugged blocking fullback. Last Saturday, they served him well. The fullback is Joehl, pronounced "Yale" (there is a joke in here somewhere, but I can't find it). Another helper is Killian, last year's barefoot boy, who kicks points after touchdown. This fall, he wears shoes to work, like nearly all of us, probably because, what with Marinaro *and* Allen, he has so many more points to kick. —J. W. L.



antartex

LAMBSKIN

from Scotland

No. 23: $205

curly fleece

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond — our model, Grace Macdonald. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women - 25 styles, 12 skin colours, 7 sheepskin types - from $90.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs and handmade knitwear. We supply Antarctic Expeditions.

**ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS**

**New York City:** 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) 10021. 212—LE 5-9079.
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 10019. 212—765-1455
**Greenwich**, Conn: 120 Greenwich, 661-5788
**Cambridge**, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 02138. 617—868-6083
**Chicago**: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 60134. 312—232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath, 60045. 312—CE4-9100
**Minneapolis**, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 55402. 612—339-1276
**Washington**, DC: Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' St., N.W. 20007. 202—338-8078
**Philadelphia**: 80 E. Wynnewood Rd, Wynnewood, Pa. 19096. 215—M19-5722

* Now in Montreal—Visit our new shop at 1624 W. Sherbrook St. 514-935-4142

Send $1 for your catalogue and real sheepskin samples with your name and address to:—
**ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP (AT.1)**
120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn., 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## ON VOUS CHERCHE

THE summer of 1971 in the Alps was one of the best in recent years—day after day of nearly perfect cloudless, sunny weather. It was also one of the worst—perhaps the worst ever—from the point of view of Alpine accidents. By the end of August, in the region of Mont Blanc alone, there had been seventy-seven deaths attributed to climbing or walking in the mountains, and a hundred and twenty reported accidents involving injuries. (These were presumably injuries that were serious enough to involve some sort of mountain rescue, since minor injuries are not reported at all.) The good weather, ironically, was in part responsible for this perhaps record toll, since more people were climbing in the region than ever before. Many of these climbers were very young, and many were almost completely inexperienced and unaware of the dangers that are an inevitable part of high Alpine climbing—sudden changes of weather, hidden crevasses, and, in dry weather, excessive rockfall. As if to epitomize the tragic aspect of the season, an incident took place at the end of the summer which not only resulted in the deaths of two inexperienced climbers (seven others were hospitalized with varying degrees of frostbite) but revived a demand that has been made in the past in France: that some sort of legal restrictions be placed on climbers and what they are allowed to climb.

During the last week in August, a group of eleven young people—mostly teen-agers—arrived in Chamonix with a young councillor from a nearby summer camp where they had been vacationing. The councillor had some Alpine experience but was not a qualified professional guide, and none of the young people had had any real mountain experience at all. Early in the week, they hiked up to a refuge cabin, and on Thursday they set off to climb—or so it seems, since after the accident there were conflicting reports as to what they *had* intended to do—the Aiguille du Tour, one of the easiest snow-and-rock climbs in the Chamonix region, but still a climb that requires care. Somehow, they found themselves on the wrong peak, and then were hit by a sudden and violent mountain storm. An experienced group would have kept moving, and, in any case, would have had suitable clothing and extra food for such an emergency. Most of these campers had, at best, light summer jackets, and there was no emergency food and no water and no equipment for melting snow. Freezing, they stopped where they were, and it was not until early the next morning that some members of the group were able to get down to the refuge, where there was telephone communication with the valley, and where, fortunately, five guides had been spending the night in preparation for their own climbs. With the help of a mountain-rescue helicopter, the guides were able to get most of the party back down to Chamonix, but not before two boys, seventeen years old and twenty-one years old, had died from exposure. It was noted after the accident that such a party should have taken at least three, and possibly four, professional guides. It was also noted that this would have cost the hikers something like two hundred dollars in guides' fees, which they could not have afforded. However, as someone remarked, "Would you allow a bunch of children with no experience and no safety equipment to go automobile racing just because they felt like doing it?"

*"If you ask me, all those women's-lib women are made out of snips and snails, and puppy dogs' tails."*

This incident, and some of the other accidents that took place during the summer, inevitably reminded people in Chamonix of the extraordinary series of Alpine accidents and rescues that took place during the famous 1965 and 1966 climbing seasons, some of which involved combinations of bad fortune, disparate personalities, courage and cowardice, generosity and avarice, put together in juxtapositions that resembled the fabric of a great, if implausible, novel. In June of that second season, a distinguished French climber, Pierre Henry, assembled some statistics on climbing accidents in the French Alps and published them in *La Montagne*, the journal of the French Alpine Club. These statistics could be gathered precisely, since rescue work there is a police function (with the help of local Guide Bureaus and the like), and accidents in the mountains, like automobile accidents, are subject to full police inquiry. Every year between 1962 and 1965, M. Henry reported, there were between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and eighty accidents (some involving more than one person) in the mountains of France. These annually required the intervention of from twelve hundred to two thousand rescuers and from three hundred to five hundred helicopter flights, and each year about sixty deaths resulted from these accidents. (During the same period, there was an average of eighty climbing deaths a year in the Swiss Alps, and of twenty-five a year in Britain.) In a breakdown of these statistics, M. Henry disclosed that in an average year about seventy-five per cent of the accidents occur in good weather, and that about forty per cent are due to simple falls, the rest being divided up among avalanches, crevasses, lightning (which claims one or two victims a year), and the like. The proportion of accidents decreases with the difficulty of the climb—reflecting the fact that only very good climbers can do difficult climbing. (Their accidents, however, are more often fatal than the ones involving beginners.) At least eighty-five per cent of the accidents occur to climbers without guides. M. Henry concluded that the number of accidents is increasing faster, in proportion, than the number of climbers, which has also been steadily increasing. Some of the increase in the accident rate, he felt, was due, ironically, to an increase in the excellence of the mountain rescue services, which has given some climbers the attitude of, in his words, "*Après tout, on viendra me chercher, et cela ne coûtera rien*" ("After all, they'll come and find me, and it won't cost me anything"). There have been some spectacular recent applications of this attitude.

In September, 1965, the Alpine community was stunned by an accident that took the lives of two of the best climbers in Europe—Marc Martinetti, a young Chamonix guide, and Lionel Terray, also a Chamonix guide, whom many people regarded as the greatest expeditionary climber who ever lived. No one will ever know exactly how they were killed. Together, they had been climbing a difficult *falaise* near Grenoble, and, having negotiated the hardest part of it, they fell while doing a relatively easy passage near the summit. (When a great climber does have an accident, it not uncommonly occurs while he is moving very quickly on easy terrain.) I did not know Martinetti, who was twenty-five when he died, but I had come to know Terray and his family through my friend Claude Jaccoux, a Chamonix guide who lived for a while in a small chalet on the Terray property in the town. Terray was one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He gave the

GGG
CLOTHES

A WAY OF LIFE. GGG

Write for free fall style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 East 14th Street, Dept. M, New York, 10003

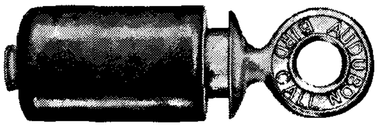
impression of invulnerable physical strength combined with a lucid intelligence and great warmth of personality. His physical courage was legendary. During the first successful assault on Annapurna, in the Himalayas, in 1950, it was Terray who, at the risk of losing his own fingers—and thus his livelihood as a guide—undoubtedly saved the lives of his companions by massaging their limbs and giving them his gloves. Physically, he was not especially well built for climbing. He was heavy, and his arms were rather short. But at forty-four—his age when he died—he told me that he still constantly did gymnastics to improve his agility—something unheard of for a guide, who keeps fit simply by doing his job. Terray's Alpine experiences, wonderfully described in his book "Les Conquérants de l'Inutile," so often balanced him on the thinnest margin between life and death that for Alpinists he became a symbol, as Jaccoux put it in a letter to me, "of the myth of invulnerability, of good fortune, of the great climber who would never be killed in the mountains."

Terray was what French climbers call *"un pur."* He simply and plainly loved the mountains, and his exploits came as a consequence of his love, and not of any desire for personal publicity or acclaim. He belonged to an old tradition of idealistic mountaineers—a tradition that, like so many traditions, is in danger of disappearing because of the temptations offered by the mass publicity media. To Americans it may seem curious that there could *be* any temptations that radio, newspapers, magazines, and television might offer an Alpinist. In our country, the mountains, for most people, are far away, and what happens in them is of relatively little interest. However, in Europe tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of people climb, hike, and ski. And the number is increasing all the time. The great Alpine communities like Chamonix, Zermatt, Kitzbühel, and Cortina are familiar to most Europeans, and in a place like Chamonix, where the most spectacular climbs are made and the most tragic accidents occur, many French newspapers keep "stringers;" the magazine *Paris-Match* has a full-time correspondent on hand there all summer, just in case something happens. Indeed, it has now become fashionable for European newspapers to sponsor sensational climbs. In return for financial support, a climber will sell the rights to his story and his photographs, and the editors no doubt hope that something out of the ordinary

There are parents who
look for comfort
while visiting their
offspring at Boston's
schools and universities.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston



**the audubon bird call**

**twist it... a variety of wild songbirds answer**

...an amazing little device that really attracts birds. Handmade of pewter and birch, simple to use, it's a perfect outdoor companion for children and adults. Now the standard songbird call throughout the world. Ask for it at your favorite book, gift, garden shop, or sporting goods store . . . or send $2.00 to

**ROGER EDDY**
NEWINGTON, CONN. 06111
Mailed postpaid with instructions

Tinkers shawl, light weight wool, in black, geranium red, royal blue, fringed all round. Sizes 50"x50" and 70"x70".

Cost overseas: small $17.25 large $20.00
air mail: small $18.25 large $21.00
*Personal cheques acceptable*
Write to Cleo, 3 Molesworth St.
Dublin, Ireland

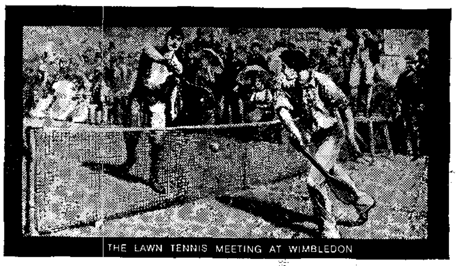
Brochures ($1.) available on our sports and couture Irish handknits and handwoven goods. Including yarn samples.

**Free illustrated guide for lovers**

Virginia is for lovers.
History lovers,
sports lovers,
antique lovers,
garden lovers,
wonder lovers,
mountain lovers,
beach lovers.

And our free 100-page booklet on Virginia is yours for the asking. Visit, write or call:

**Virginia State Travel Service**
Richmond 23219, 911 E. Broad St., (703) 770-4484. New York, 10020, 11 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) 245-3080. Washington 20006, 906 17th St., N.W., (202) 293-5350.



THE LAWN TENNIS MEETING AT WIMBLEDON

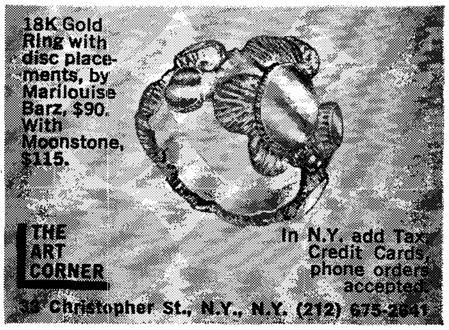
THE MUNSON GALLERY

A distinctive collection of over 40 antique sporting prints, including tennis, golf, football, baseball, crew, and yachting.

These prints, recently published by us, are hand-colored and of limited edition. Ideal as gifts. Framed prices $22.50 to $200.

Send for illustrated brochure. Please enclose 50¢ for postage and handling.

275 Orange St., New Haven, Conn. 06511



18K Gold Ring with disc placements, by Marilouise Barz, $90. With Moonstone, $115.

THE ART CORNER

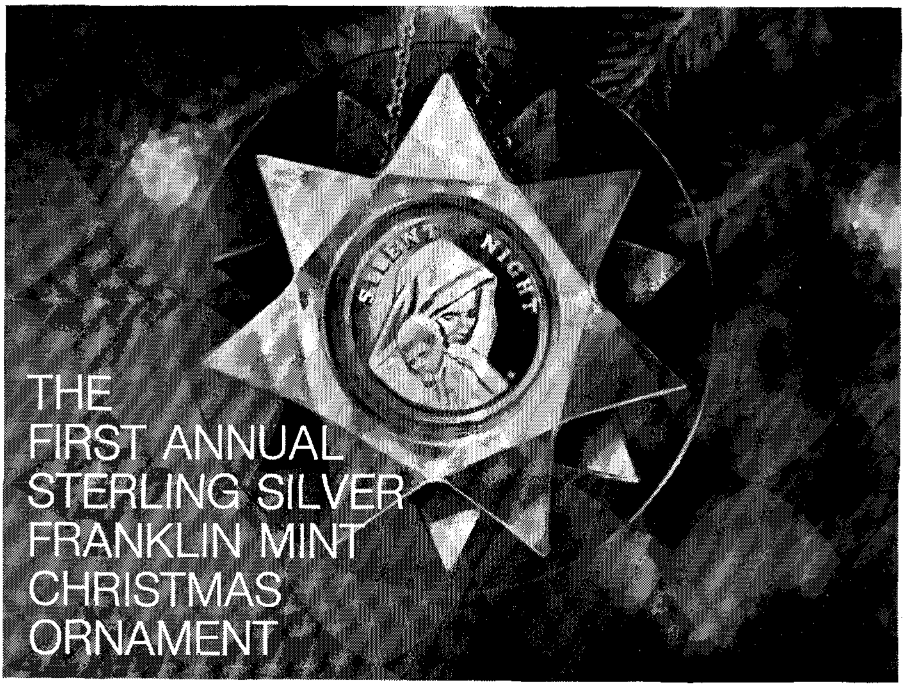
In N.Y. add Tax. Credit Cards, phone orders accepted.

38 Christopher St., N.Y., N.Y. (212) 675-2841

will occur. After Terray's death, the next stunning Alpine accident developed out of just such a newspaper-sponsored climb. It came about on the North Wall of the Eiger.

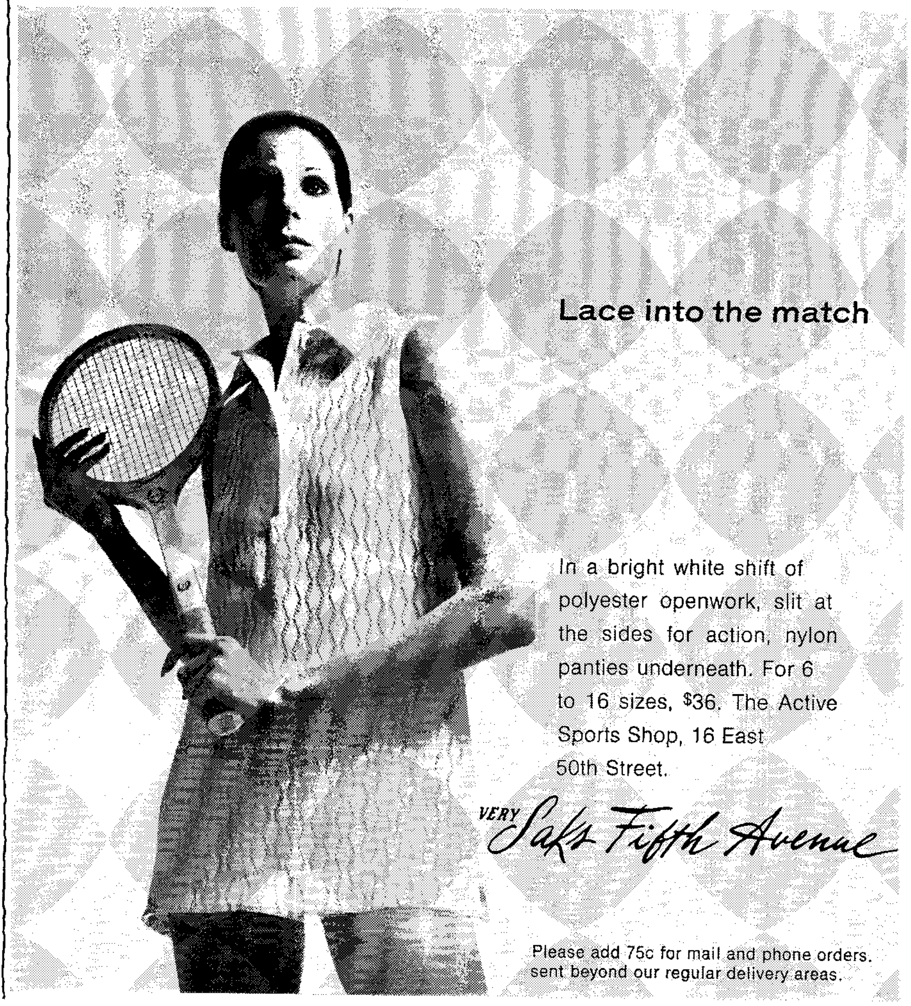
The Eigerwand—the Eiger's North Wall—is regarded as the most dangerous of the great Alpine climbs. Most of the approaches to the summit of the Eiger are over relatively easy glacial terrain, but the North Wall, which looms more than six thousand feet above the tiny village of Kleine Scheidegg, in the Bernese Oberland of Switzerland, is a fantastic, vertiginous maze of rock, snow, and ice. The Swiss, with their instinct for tourism, have constructed a cog railroad that passes *inside* the Eiger and ultimately deposits the passenger in the magnificent Alpine setting of the Jungfraujoch. En route, the train occasionally stops at what is called the Eiger Station, where the passenger can get out and walk down a rather frigid illuminated tunnel to a window that has been cut in the North Wall. The window is about a third of the way up the wall, and the sight that greets the viewer is not exactly calculated to encourage him to start a career of Alpinism. He is perched over a vertical expanse of rock and ice, down which flow constant streams of water, snow, and stones; these avalanches constitute one of the more dubious charms of venturing out onto the wall.

The North Wall has had a turbulent history. In 1936, after several fatal accidents—especially to German climbers, who were hoping to dedicate a victory over the wall to Hitler—the Canton of Bern made an attempt to prohibit climbing on it. One wonders how this ban was supposed to be enforced, and, indeed, it was lifted shortly thereafter. In late August, 1938, a mixed German and Austrian party made the first ascent. It was not until 1947 that the second ascent was made—by Terray and the great French climber Louis Lachenal. By March, 1966, the wall had been climbed by fifty-five different parties (about a hundred and fifty people in all), and there had been twenty-six deaths. In that year, it occurred to several climbers—among them an American, John Harlin—that the Eiger's North Wall was ripe for a "*direttissima*." A "*direttissima*" (the "super-direct") has been defined as the route that a drop of water would take if it were to fall from the top of a peak to the bottom. There are no first ascents of particular peaks left in the Alps, so climbers who are interested in making a reputation specialize in pioneering difficult routes on peaks that have been


SILENT NIGHT
THE FIRST ANNUAL STERLING SILVER FRANKLIN MINT CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT

Now is the time to start what is destined to become one of the most beautiful collections ever assembled. This exquisite ornament is the first of a strictly limited edition series which, each year, will highlight a different Christmas Carol. ■ The 1971 ornament features Silent Night. ■ The sculptured medal, created by Richard Baldwin and struck in solid sterling silver, is surrounded by gleaming starpoints of silver and will hang on your tree from its sterling silver chain. ■ Like everything from the Franklin Mint, the world's foremost private mint, this sparkling 4" wide Christmas ornament will make a perfect and unforgettable gift. ■ **ONLY $30** / Immediate delivery guaranteed / Please add $1 for postage. Maryland residents add 4% sales tax.

**A. H. FETTING CO.**
314 N. Charles Street / Baltimore, Maryland 21201 / (301) 752-1832



In a bright white shift of polyester openwork, slit at the sides for action, nylon panties underneath. For 6 to 16 sizes, $36. The Active Sports Shop, 16 East 50th Street.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for mail and phone orders. sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

the PERSONAL letteropener

With an individuality of its own, our attractive 6" Sterling Silver letter opener sports your initials in a sterling manner. Yours for $8.00.

For store nearest you and free booklet containing many other personalized gifts, write:

Lenore Doskow INC.
MONTROSE, NEW YORK, 10548

**Free Chemistry.**

Maybe it's the picnic lunch, with sandwiches and cheeses and fruits and wines.

Or the sailboat ride to the pretty little island with the quiet beach.

Or the sound of Goombay, soft on the jasmine-scented breeze.

Whatever it is, something nice happens here. People come together, and have just great times.

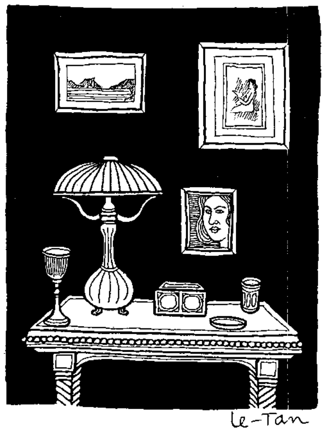
Send for our brochure. Or see your travel agent.

**Nassau's Emerald Beach Hotel**
P.O. Box N7108, Nassau, Bahamas

Emerald Beach Hotel NR
1401 S.W. First Street Miami, Florida 33135
Gentlemen:
Please send me your brochure and rate schedule.
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______
Zip ______
Member Distinguished Hotels. Represented by Robert F. Warner.

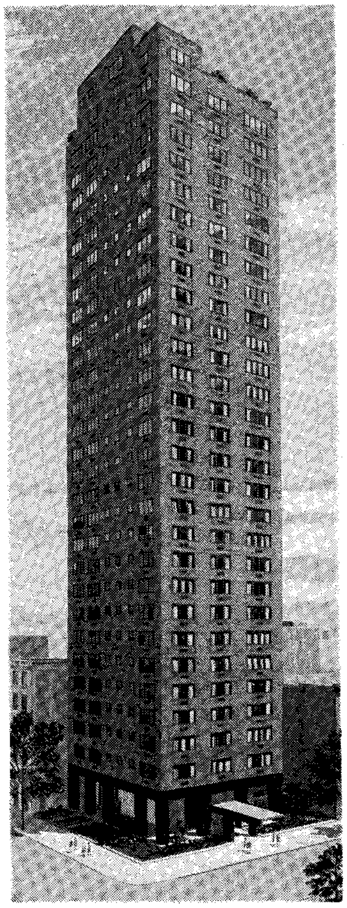
climbed. The ultimate in such route-pioneering is the *direttissima*.

Harlin, who fell to his death in March, 1966, during the *direttissima* on the Eiger, was, like Terray, a remarkable physical specimen. Before taking up climbing, he had been an Air Force jet pilot. He had also studied costume designing. He once told me he had done a good deal of motorcycle racing in California, but James Ramsey Ullman, in a recent biography of Harlin, "Straight Up," observes that he was not above embellishing his own myth when it suited him; since there is no mention of motorcycle racing in the book, this may have been an example. According to Mr. Ullman, Harlin had in his character a streak of violence, and, indeed, often claimed that he had killed a man in a street fight. He was married, and he and his wife taught school during the winter in the Swiss community of Leysin. Like Terray, he had had innumerable escapes in the mountains. He was thirty-one when he died. His expedition up the Eiger was sponsored by the English newspaper the *Telegraph*, which paid the cost of the equipment and also of an airplane that Harlin rented to survey the face, so that he could trace out his route. Harlin conceived of the attack as a kind of miniature Himalayan expedition. He planned to establish "camps"—really caves dug in the snow—at various places on the wall, and had decided to try the *direttissima* in the winter, since he hoped that the rockfall might be at a minimum then. When he and his group arrived at Kleine Scheidegg, they found an even larger German party, subsidized by a German publisher and accompanied by its own public-relations director, also ready to attempt the *direttissima*. Although the press built up the climb as a race for the summit, the two parties ultimately cooperated. To provision the camps, they fixed ropes on the face of the cliff and used them both for descending from the camps and for climbing back up to them. One climbs such ropes by attaching metal clamps—*jumars*—to them, which, in conjunction with a system of attachable stirrups, enable the climber to go up with relative ease. The major disadvantage of the system is that the *jumars* can abrade the ropes. That is what happened to Harlin; an abraded rope gave way under his weight, and he fell.



THE deaths of Terray and Harlin, occurring as they did within a few months of each other, set the scene for the extraordinary events of the coming summer—a series of events that caused many people to wonder whether some sort of regulation should not be introduced into Alpine climbing, on the order of the system in the Soviet Union. There a climber must have what amounts to a license, beginning with a "learner's permit" and gradually working up to more and more difficult climbs. Such a system unquestionably prevents many accidents, yet it also—at least, so it is argued—destroys the freedom of expression that is so important a part of mountaineering. The summer following Harlin's death offered some of the worst weather in recent European history. A few days of intermittent sunshine would be followed by a week of extremely bad weather—torrential rain in the valleys and violent snowstorms in the mountains. Mountain weather is almost impossible to predict from day to day under the best of circumstances. In those days, there were two barometers in front of the Guide Bureau in Chamonix. One was a modern, shining metallic apparatus, which, along with the atmospheric pressure, indicated by a red or a green light whether the pressure was rising or falling. It had several other dials, whose precise significance I was never able to penetrate, but I think they measured the density of water vapor, or something. The second barometer was an ancient affair in a wooden case, and it must have dated back many decades. It gave only the barometric pressure, which was marked by an inked needle on a moving paper tape. The needle traced out a curve, so that one could compare readings at different times of the day. A careful observer could note some curious kinks in this curve, which could be ascribed to a habit among the Chamonix guides of giving the instrument a kick when they were unhappy over the barometric situation. I once discussed these barometers with the *doyen* of the Chamonix guides, Armand Couttet, who was then eighty-two and in splendid shape. Our talk was prompted by the fact that Chamonix had just undergone a period of fifteen days of constant rain during which the barometers had announced everything from "*Grand Beau*" to "*Variable*." When I asked him how he felt about the matter, he said, "*On n'a plus confiance dans ces choses-là depuis très longtemps.*" This past summer, however, on my return to Chamonix, I discovered that a weather bureau with a full-fledged meteorologist has been installed next to the Guide Bureau. It functions during the climbing season, issuing bulletins a few times a day, and these appear to be uncannily accurate. But for an Alpinist engaged in a difficult climb, an hour or two of good weather can mean the difference between life and death, and no meteorologist, however competent, can predict the tremendously rapid changes of mountain weather to such a refined degree. Unfortunately, the meteorologist was not in residence in 1966, and climbers had to rely on the two unattended barometers (which are still there, and still being kicked, by the way).

The conclusion that one might draw from all this is that it is foolish to attempt a difficult climb unless the weather conditions appear to be nearly perfect. To understand the events of that summer of 1966, then, one must realize something of the psychology of the Alpinist. Most climbers are young and do not have much money. Typically, they are students who have skimped for a whole winter in order to save enough money to come to the Alps for a brief season of climbing—a season that, at best, lasts only six or eight weeks, since in June there is still too much snow for high climbing, and by the first week of September the days are getting too short. Many of the young climbers hitchhike to Chamonix or come on motor scooters, and, to save money, they pitch tents on one or another of the camping grounds nearby. For a climber, there is nothing drearier than sitting in a small tent, with the mountains all around, waiting until the weather clears. On top of this, a young climber who wants to make a reputation is under heavy pressure to do something of great difficulty. (The guides have already earned their reputations, and they can fill in the days of poor weather by taking clients of modest abilities on the numerous classic routes around the valley, from which there are easy retreats if the weather turns really bad.) In addition, a young climber has before him the countless examples of those who have done difficult climbs even in bad weather. Finally, as M. Henry noted in his report on



Occasionally
a brand new
building
is destined
for greatness.

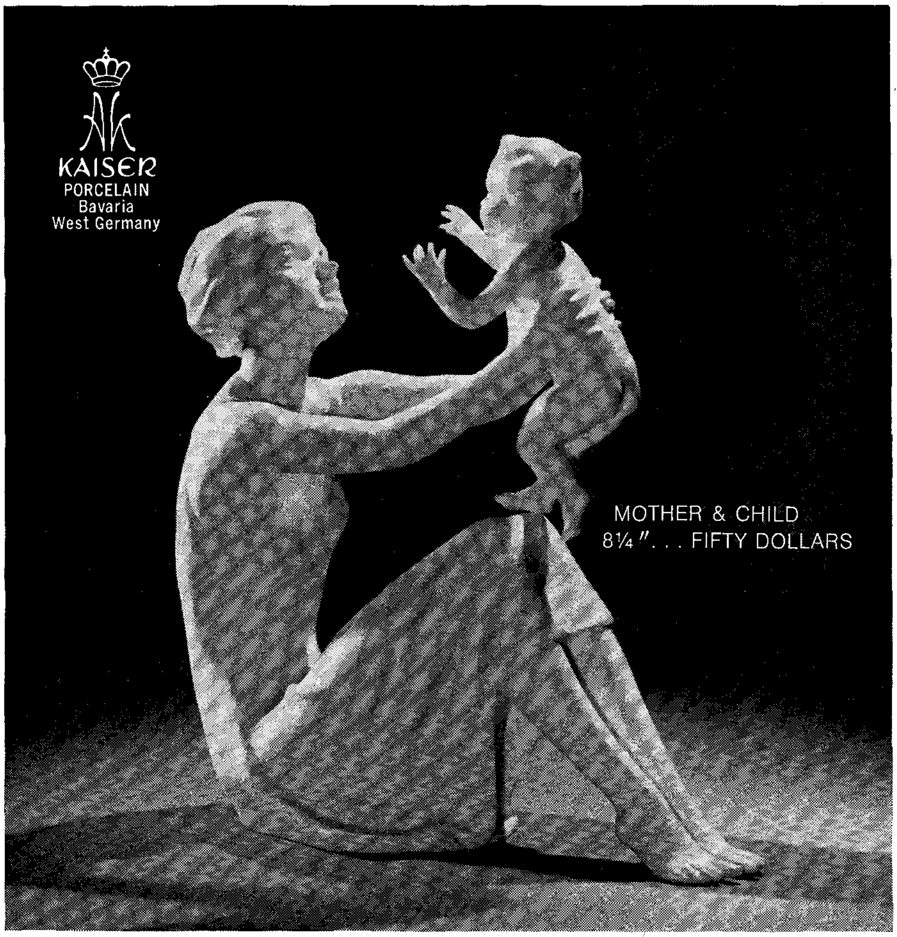
733 Park Avenue
at 71st Street

A 30 story cooperative
Spring Occupancy

Nine rooms:
3 masters, library,
maid's room, 4½ baths.
One apartment to a floor.
Shown daily from 10 until 6
or by appointment.

Selling & Managing Agent:
Douglas Gibbons-Hollyday & Ives, Inc.
Sales Office Telephone
(212) 249-8228
A Muss Enterprise.

This is not an offering. No offering can be made except by formal prospectus filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York.



For the complete Kaiser color brochure, kindly remit 25c to
EBELING & REUSS CO., Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

*world's most unique*

TRENCH COAT

*Never before have we found such a soft and creamy leather. It is as smooth as butter, durable as only calfskin can be. Fine in drizzle or cold. Complete with camel's hair zip-in lining and sleeve straps. Beautifully made in Sweden for Langrock.*

*$225.00*

*Write for color catalog.*

**Langrock**

42 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J. 08540

**Barrie Ltd.**®
*Our York Street Boot . . .*

*FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST*

A twelve inch boot with strap and buckle • Premium quality ENGLISH calfskin • Completely leather lined • Hand-flexed single leather sole and heel. With strap & buckle ☐ or plain ☐ $29.95 postpaid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*

**OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:**
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
1573 BOSTON POST RD., MILFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

Great gifts from a great museum. Christmas cards and gifts reproduced from the collections of the Detroit Institute of Arts. Send 25¢ for illustrated catalog to

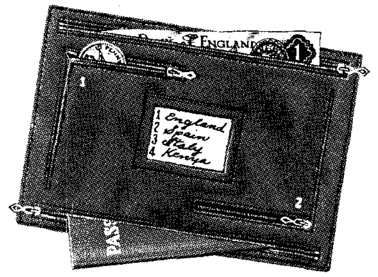
Sales Dept. 8

*THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS*
5200 WOODWARD AVENUE • DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48202

Alpine accidents, there is also in the back of the young climber's mind an awareness of the efficient rescue service in the valley—the realization that, if the worst comes to the worst, "*on vous cherche*."

Early in the first week in August, having learned from the Geneva-airport weather service that a temporary spell of clear weather could be expected, three extremely strong French Alpinists, including a first-rate guide who had come along for the fun of it, decided to attempt one of the great routes on the Italian side of Mont Blanc. From France, the flanks of Mont Blanc—the highest summit in Western Europe—give the impression of a serene glacial slope, and, indeed, anyone with a modicum of experience and a fair amount of training can, with a guide, make the long trudge up with no great difficulty. The summit of Mont Blanc is so large that in bad weather it is quite easy to lose oneself on it, and for this reason alone it is important to be with someone who can find his way down under any circumstances. The Italian side is another matter altogether. From the Valley of Aosta, Mont Blanc is a giant Himalayan wall. There are several routes up the face—routes that have been given rather stirring names, like La Sentinelle Rouge, La Voie Major, and L'Innominata. Apart from the technical difficulties of these routes—which are extreme—the climber must be prepared to cope with arctic cold, winds of over a hundred miles an hour, and the physiological discomforts of the lack of oxygen. In addition, on many of these routes there is literally a point of no return in bad weather. The lower parts of the climbs involve picking one's way through vast fields of crevasses, and if the visibility is not perfect there is no hope of finding one's way back down. There is an axiom that above a certain point on the Italian routes the only way to safety is over the top and down the easy side. One cannot turn back.

The three Alpinists had decided to do La Major, and they were confident that they could do it in twenty-four hours—the time during which the weather was expected to hold stable. The first stop on their route was the refuge-bivouac of La Fourche. I have never been to La Fourche, but I am told that it requires first-class Alpinism to get even that far. The three men had installed themselves as comfortably as possible in a tiny, cold bivouac when, to their astonishment, they observed four other climbers, who did not seem to be very strong, making their way toward them. These turned out to be four



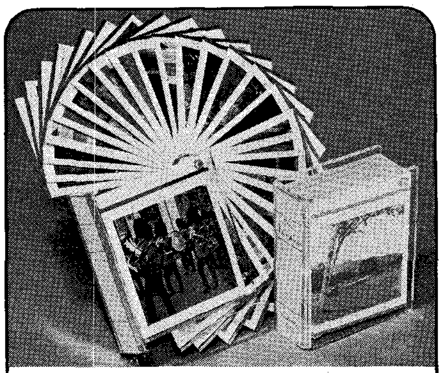
©1971 H. W. INC.
N62
DESIGN ©1970 H. W. INC.

**BOB LEE'S MONEYPAK™ . . . WILL TRAVEL!**
**Keeps The Bills,**
**Bits & Pieces Organized**
***. . . and your Passport Too!***

**Perfect answer to a perpetual problem of perennial passengers!**
**Sorts out and separates coins and currency of 4 countries in 8 separate zippered compartments. And holds your passport, important papers too. *You'll always have change, bills ready for airport taxes, porters, cabs . . . as you change countries,* without lining up at the airport currency-exchange counter!**
**If you're loaded (with money, of course), clever belt attachment lets you conceal our Moneypak under your coat by wearing it in the small of your back.**
**Smart travellers will want two . . . one for "serious money", to be concealed, and one for small money, always ready in purse, attaché or carry-on case.**
**Handmade in the Hunting World manner, in Supple, natural finished Hunting Calf, Black, Brown, Red.**

**$29.50** Add $1 on Mail Orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax

**SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG**
**Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6**
**HUNTING WORLD**
**Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022**



*Start a Photo Library*

Eaton's lucite "photo book" holds 52 photos 3½" square that swivel out for easy viewing. Spine has card for write-in book title. $12.50 postpaid.

**pitt petri**

378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y. 14202

**MONTEGO BAY**
*at the*
**Royal Caribbean**
RESORT HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** – directly on our private beach. Nightly candlelight dining, dancing, entertainment, water sports, fishing, tennis and golf nearby. No conventions. Adults only. A staff of 350 provides gracious service. *Privately owned by* Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul.
Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization. **NEW YORK 765-5800.**

young French climbers, who announced that they, too, were going to do La Major, even though they did not appear to have either the equipment or the training for such a difficult route. At this point, the guide with the first group told the newcomers, bluntly and plainly, to go back down. (One *can* get back down from La Fourche.) Once a guide agrees to go with a group of climbers, he is not only morally but legally responsible for their safety. In this case, however, the guide, not having been hired by the newcomers, was not in a position to *force* them to return. Something of a quarrel developed, and the first group decided that in order to establish their independence and absolve the guide of any responsibility for the second party, they would move on as soon as possible to the next bivouac. The following morning, when the three men started up, they quickly noticed, to their consternation, that the four others were following them, making use of the trail that the three men had cut in the snow. After a short time, a violent snowstorm suddenly hit Mont Blanc. (Another of the features of climbing the Italian side is that it is difficult to see the approach of bad weather if it comes, as it often does, over the top from France.) The three men decided that the best thing to do was to establish an emergency bivouac in the shelter of a shallow crevasse and to go on to the summit if the weather showed any sign of clearing. Shortly, they were joined by the four others, and the seven men spent the next forty-eight hours huddled shoulder to shoulder in the sub-zero temperatures of the crevasse. At the end of the forty-eight hours, there was still no sign of clearing, and the guide decided that now they *must* get to the top if they were not to die of exposure. They started up, and within twenty metres one of the young French climbers fell exhausted to the snow. Under any less desperate conditions, it might have been possible for the rest of the group to carry him, but in the near-hundred-mile-an-hour winds, the freezing cold, and the heavy snow there was nothing to be done. At this point, his companion on the rope—the four young Frenchmen had been roped together in pairs—heroically decided that he would stay with his fallen comrade. After leaving the two of them with as much clothing and food as they could spare, the five remaining men pushed on to the summit. There another of the young French climbers passed out from exhaustion, and his ropemate, too, elected to stay with him. The three

Royalty take note

A lion couchant is watchful of your written words on this solid brass memo pad, 3¼x5¼ inches, great near the phone or on a night table, $10. Paired with a lucite magnifier, 6 inches long and slim, helpful for reading telephone numbers, stock market reports, $10. Stationery Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Plymouth Cricket comes with power front disc brakes, standard. It's a great little stopper.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

yApré cravats

DESIGNED BY HERBERT BERGHEIM

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.—New York
CAPPER & CAPPER—Chicago—Detroit
LEWIS & THOMAS SALTZ—Washington, D. C.
BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE—Los Angeles
BULLOCK & JONES—San Francisco
EDDY HARTH—Miami Beach
and other fine stores or write yApré cravats
99 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

Bean's Country Slacks

Well tailored, wide wale cotton corduroy. Thickly napped for rich, handsome appearance. Comfortable, long wearing and washable. Wide belt loops, angled front pockets, flapped rear pockets.

Colors: Light Brown, Redwood
Men's even sizes 30 to 42.
Specify inseam desired and
with or without cuffs.
Price, $16.50 postpaid.

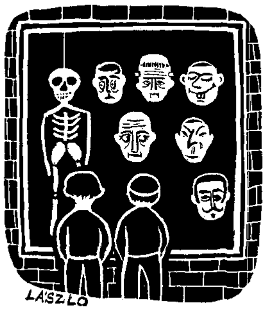
☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship________Country Slacks @ $16.50 Postpaid
Size________ Color________
Name________
Address________
________
Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
359 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
*Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties*

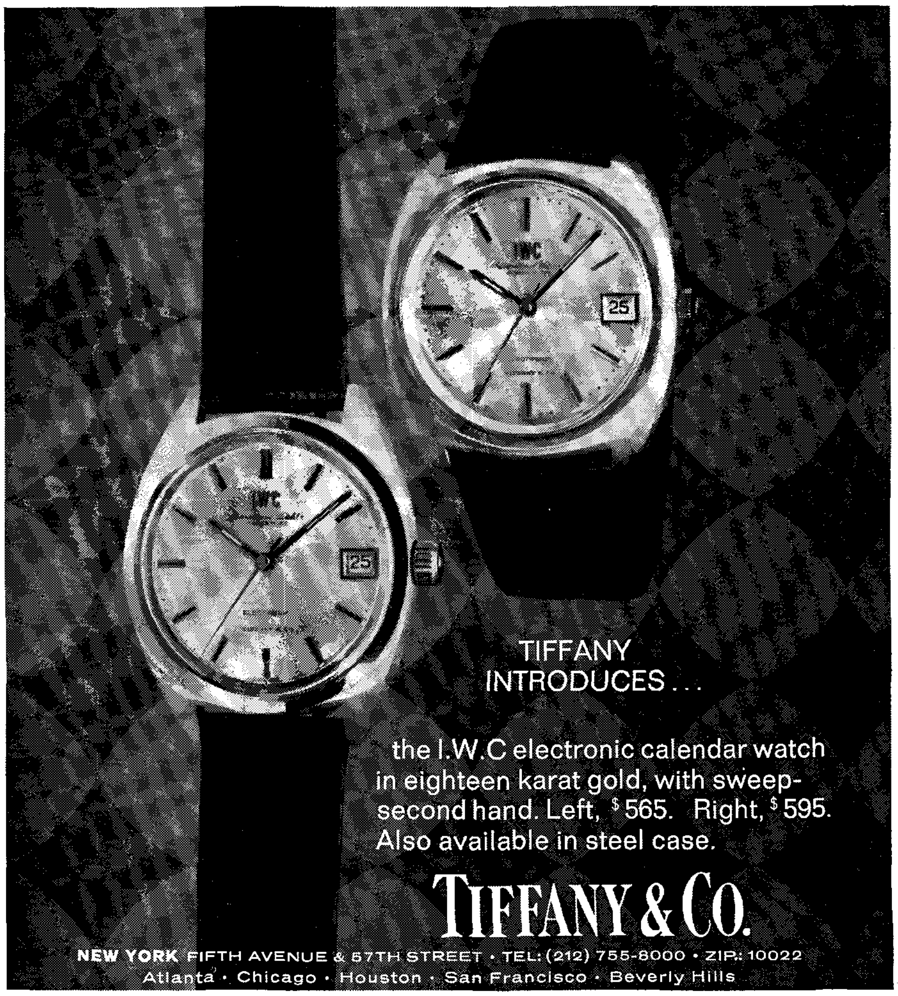
original climbers proceeded down the French side as fast as they could to get help, and, in the worst weather conditions imaginable, the mountain rescue service of the French police succeeded in flying a helicopter to the summit of Mont Blanc. There the crew found the two young climbers still alive but at the limit of their strength; below the summit, they found the two other climbers together, frozen to death. *On vous cherche.*

WITHIN ten days of this tragedy, there occurred in Chamonix what was without doubt the most complicated and dramatic mountain rescue in the history of the Alps. By the time it was over, it had required the services of forty-four French Alpine troops, six mountain policemen, eight Chamonix guides, and ten voluntary Alpinists. It involved seventy helicopter flights and nearly a mile of climbing rope, all of it left behind. The cost of the undertaking was more than ten thousand dollars and the life of one of the rescuers, a German climber who had volunteered his services. *On vous cherche.* In addition, the rescue operation brought to light one of the most remarkable personalities in contemporary Alpinism—Gary (Gareth) Hemming, an American whom the European newspapers soon christened "the beatnik of the Alps" and who came to symbolize the drama and heroism of the rescue. In addition to everything else, Hemming proved to have an odd sense of mischief, and it was not easy, as countless interviewers found out after the rescue, to get clear-cut answers from him about his life and career. He was extremely tall—perhaps six feet six. (After the rescue, he told a journalist, with great solemnity, that he was originally only six feet four but that during the war in the Pacific he had been captured by the Japanese, who had stretched him. When the journalist dutifully took this down in his notes, Hemming said that he was only kidding—the truth was that he was six feet six at birth.) Piecing together various accounts, and making a generous allowance for Bunyanesque hyperbole, one would hazard that Hemming was born in Pasadena, California, around 1933, and that he studied for a while at San Diego State College but, finding the regimentation intolerable, came to France. From what I have been able to make out, he studied philosophy for a while at the University of Grenoble, and afterward lived, one way or another, on the five dollars a week that his mother sent him. Needless to say, this regime imposed certain economies; in fact, during several winters Hemming resided under various bridges over the Seine, depending to some extent on mountaineering friends in Paris for more substantial lodging and sustenance when these were available. In the summers, he usually resided in a small tent near Chamonix. Hemming's face was absolutely remarkable. It had something of the beauty of the paintings of the Christian saints, and it was crowned with an incredible foliage of long dark-blond hair, so thick that it must have afforded not only considerable thermal insulation but also substantial protection from falling rock. In the mountains, he wore a thick red pullover and one or more pairs of ancient pants, whose multicolored patches gave something of the effect of Joseph's coat. He had a delightful smile, an air of inner strength, and great serenity.



The adventure of which Hemming became the hero began on Sunday, August 14th. That day, two German climbers, Heinz Ramisch and Hermann Schridde, began the extremely difficult climb of the West Face of the Dru. The Dru—really Les Drus, since there are twin summits—is one of the most beautiful and impressive mountains in Europe. It towers over the Mer de Glace glacier, above Chamonix, like a needle reaching into the sky. It is unlikely that any climbing routes in the world offer more sustained difficulties than the ones on the faces of the Dru, and it is the ambition of every great climber to tackle them. There is no easy route. The *voie normale*, or standard route, which was fashionable with expert climbers before the war, is technically not of great difficulty, but it is very long and is constantly exposed to falling rock. It is now used mainly as a route of descent by climbers who have taken the extraordinarily difficult routes on the West and North Faces. The West Face of the Dru was first climbed in 1952 by four Frenchmen, and since then the climb has been repeated a few times each year. On that August Sunday, after being informed that the weather could be expected to hold stable for at least forty-eight hours, Ramisch, a twenty-two-year-old student from

Karlsruhe, and Schridde, a thirty-year-old mechanic from Hannover, who had just met and who had never climbed anything together, set out for the West Face. They made an arrangement with some companions who remained below to signal by waving a red parka if they got into trouble. Since they expected the climb to last at least two days, they took with them an extra supply of food and some bivouac equipment. By Monday noon, they had done two-thirds of the face and were at an altitude of about ten thousand feet. There they were struck by a violent storm—snow, hail, and lightning. (The Dru, because of its needle shape, is an especially frequent target of lightning.) Their first thought was to get down. They had just surmounted one of the principal obstacles of the route, a *dièdre*—a vertical cleft in the rock made where two faces join each other at an angle—of ninety metres, and they rappelled back down it and bivouacked at its foot, in the hope that the weather would change. At daybreak, they awoke to find the whole lower portion of the mountain covered with sheets of ice. It was at this point that, by their own admission, they made a mistake in judgment that nearly cost them their lives. Instead of continuing down, which would have been feasible, though delicate, they decided to go *up*, and so escape over the top; they felt that the part above, which they could not see, might be clear. So they went back up the *dièdre*. Above the *dièdre*, the route up the West Face takes a curious twist. The face is climbed by a series of more or less parallel vertical fissures. To go from one fissure to the next, it is necessary from time to time to displace oneself *sidewise* along the face. This is done by what is known as a "pendulum rappel." As the name implies, the climber swings from his rope, which is attached to a piton, in a series of arcs until he gets to where he wants to go. Quite clearly, this maneuver can be used only if there is a suitable landing place at the end of the arc. At this point in the route on the West Face, a pendulum rappel was called for. The landing place was a small terrace, about six feet long and three feet wide. The two Germans executed the rappel and then, to their horror, discovered that the rock above the terrace, instead of being dry and climbable, was impassable, because of a thick covering of ice. Moreover, Ramisch had developed a sore throat so painful that he could no longer swallow, and his companion had severely bruised his ribs in a fall while climbing the *dièdre*. The only possible

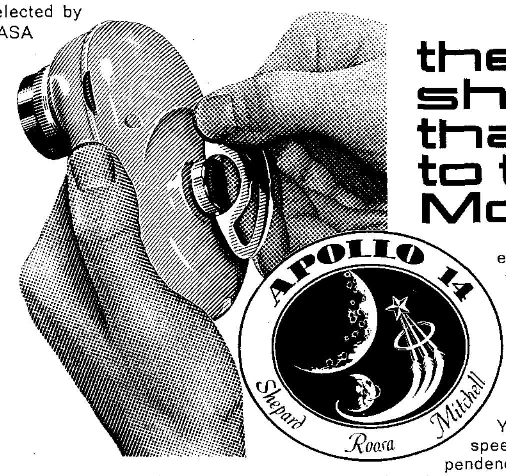

TIFFANY INTRODUCES . . .

the I.W.C electronic calendar watch in eighteen karat gold, with sweep-second hand. Left, $565. Right, $595. Also available in steel case.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • TEL: (212) 755-8000 • ZIP: 10022
Atlanta • Chicago • Houston • San Francisco • Beverly Hills

Selected by NASA



the shaver that went to the Moon

When Astronauts Shepard and Roosa returned from their historic Apollo-14 flight, they were as clean-shaven as when they left 9 days earlier. (Mitchell decided to grow a beard!) The reason? The Wind-Up Monaco shaver, selected by NASA to keep them comfortable and clean-shaven on their long journey. • The first secret of the Monaco's marvelous performance lies in its shaving head. Three continuously self-sharpening blades revolve at such a fast clip that they actually give 72,000 cutting strokes per minute. And the guard is so unbelievably thin (5/100 of a mm—about the thickness of a cigarette paper) that pressure is unnecessary. Just touch the shaver to your face and guide it in circular motions for the smoothest shave ever. • The second secret is the power plant. The palm-shaped body of the Monaco is filled with a huge mainspring, made of the same Swedish super-steel used in the most expensive watch movements. Just wind it up and the Monaco shaves and shaves. From ear to ear, from nose to neck, and maintains full speed to the end—long enough to do the complete job. We could go on about the virtues of the Monaco, but (as with so many things) you have to try it to really believe it. • Send for your Monaco today in full confidence. Put it to the test for two weeks. You'll be delighted with the comfort, speed and convenience—and the independence it will give you from water, soap, batteries, electricity, styptic pencil and all other paraphernalia of conventional shaving. • If you decide the Monaco isn't the best shaver ever, send it back to us for prompt refund. If the Monaco served the Apollo-14 astronauts so well, think what it can do for you under much less trying conditions. Once you've tried it you'll never let it go.

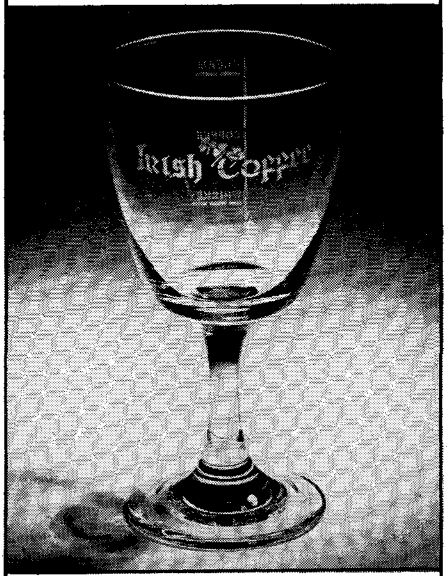
Please send me:
☐ Monaco Shaver-Standard Model $19.95
☐ Monaco Deluxe-Model-Anatomique $21.95
☐ Special Trimming Head (optional) $4.95
My check, plus $1 for post. & ins. is encl. (Calif. res. add tax.) Guaranteed 1 year.

Name ____________
Address ____________
____________ Zip ____________

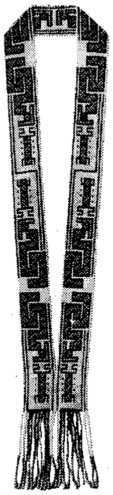
584 Washington
San Francisco
94111
haverhill's
NY1030

way to get off the terrace was to make an extremely difficult, and very dangerous, traverse across the vertical face to a point where the West Face and the North Face joined, and then to climb down the North Face—which in itself is very difficult. Leading from their terrace the two Germans found some strands of rope attached to pitons that had been put into the rock in 1952, when the original French group climbed the West Face, but since it had been exposed to the weather for fourteen years, the two climbers decided that it was unlikely to support their weight. According to later reports, they disagreed about whether they should try to go on, and in the end they settled down on their terrace, ten thousand feet in the air, and prepared a bivouac, which was to last for the next *seven days*.

It was now Tuesday, August 16th. Realizing that they were trapped, the two Germans signalled for help to their companions below. During the summer, mountain rescue in Chamonix is nearly a full-time job, and it is so taxing and dangerous that it is split up among three principal groups—the Chamonix guides, who are responsible for all rescues until August 1st; the École Nationale de Ski et d'Alpinisme, in Chamonix, which trains all the guides in France and is responsible for rescues during the first two weeks of August; and the École de Haute Montagne, which trains French Alpine troops and takes over until the first of September, when it is again the turn of the guides. These organizations all work coöperatively with the Péleton Spécialisé de Haute Montagne, a division of the French police, which, in addition to specially trained personnel, has at its disposal several Alouette III helicopters and a radio station that maintains communications with many of the refuges in the region. Since the accident occurred in the third week of August, the job of getting the Germans down fell to Colonel André Gonnet, the officer in charge of the Alpine troops. From the valley there was no way of knowing whether the Germans were injured, or even—since the weather had by now turned so bad that one could not even see the Dru from Chamonix—whether they were still alive. The first thing to do was to dispatch a helicopter to the Dru to find out what their condition was. (*Paris-Match* later published some remarkable photographs showing the Alouette hovering like a forlorn lost insect a few metres from the terrace where the climbers were trapped.) In


Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth • Bal Harbour

Irish coffee perfected... the glasses etched with measuring levels for sugar, Irish whiskey, coffee and cream. As authentic as can be for they're our import from the Emerald Isle itself. Set of 6, boxed and complete with recipe book. 15.50.
Mail orders to Dallas Add 1.50 for postage
1.50 Christmas gift wrap


**Weave it in Beads**
An ancient motif from British Guinea inspired this necklace which is 1½ inches wide and hangs to the waist. You can make it yourself with the help of our very good bead-weaving kit.

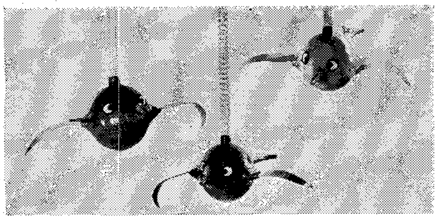
Send $18.50 (includes tax & mailing) for loom, pattern, **all** supplies, and infallible instructions.

Specify **#3A** for turquoise and navy, or **#3B** for coral, green, and off-white. We'll refund if you aren't delighted. **BEAD-WEAVERS,**
526 Duncan St.,
San Francisco, CA 94131

OLD·DROVERS INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.
LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

Mark Cross, of course:

The toiletry case without the "case."
Our stowaway is soft and pliable so it will tuck into any nook of your luggage, won't take up any more room than the articles within it, and will carry practically as much as you want. A conventional case can't do that. Waterproof lining inside and buttery-soft lambskin outside. In black. 10″ square. $20. To order, write: Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C., or phone (212) 421-3000. (Add 90¢ postage outside delivery area.)
New York/San Francisco
Beverly Hills/Atlanta
Troy, Mich./Bal Harbour, Fla./Houston


CRAZY BIRD MOBILES
*from Denmark*
Those wild Danes have done it again! The mad designer at Den Permanente, Copenhagen's good design center, has come up with a set of three cross-eyed, wing-flapping mini-birds that bounce up and down on 23″ long springs. Set of 3 has yellow, orange, red birds, each 5″ x 6½″. Set of three $4.95 ppd.
SHOPPING INTERNATIONAL, INC.
602 Shopping International Bldg.
Norwich, Vermont 05055

Holiday Funland
Near Phoenix. Two Great Robert Trent Jones Golf Courses. Matchless accommodations for traditional family holidays. Write for Holiday programs and brochure! Reade Whitwell, V.P.
THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley/Fawcett/Warner represented

good weather, the rescue might have been accomplished by helicopter—or, at least, provisions might have been dropped to the climbers. As it was, the only thing the helicopter crew was able to do was to catch intermittent glimpses of the Germans and so ascertain that they were still alive. Not knowing their physical condition, Colonel Gonnet had to assume the worst. He therefore dispatched a platoon—over forty Alpine troops, with their own guides—to the base of the Dru. The idea was to get a strong group of climbers to the summit by the *voie normale* and then drop a steel cable down the face. Rescuers could be lowered to the terrace by the cable, and the two climbers winched up. This plan meant that the troops had to carry very heavy equipment up the *voie normale*, which was covered with snow and ice, and along which there were violent discharges of lightning. (Several of the soldiers received minor electrical burns during this part of the operation.) Moreover, the terrace on which the climbers were trapped was situated under some enormous overhanging rocks—*les grands surplombs*—which meant that any cable lowered down the face would be beyond their reach. On Wednesday and Thursday, Colonel Gonnet proceeded with what the newspapers came to call "the invasion of the Dru." By this time, Chamonix itself had been invaded—by newspapermen from all over Europe, by television crews, and by a team from O.R.T.F., the French national radio-and-television network, who came equipped with their own helicopter. Every newspaper in Western Europe carried details of the rescue operation on its front pages.

At noon on Thursday, August 18th, Gary Hemming was sitting in a café in Courmayeur, a delightful Alpine town at the Italian end of the tunnel that leads from Chamonix to Italy under Mont Blanc. With him was a young German friend, Lothar Mauch, with whom he had driven from Chamonix. They were planning to do a climb together, but right now Hemming was reading an account of the accident on the Dru in the *Dauphiné Libéré*, a paper published in the French department of the Haute-Savoie. Suddenly he turned to Mauch and said that he had to go back to Chamonix. Among all climbers, Hemming was one of the greatest experts on the West Face of the Dru. He had been on it many times, and had even pioneered a new route; above all, he knew how to get down the face in any kind of weather. He felt that he could not

Goldwaters
Phoenix • Scottsdale

A BRACE OF DOVES
Peaceful pair, 8 inches high, in hand decorated porcelain bisque. From the Andrea collection of Charles Sadek. The pair, 32.00

Order by mail from Goldwaters, Phoenix, Arizona 85012. Please add 1.50 postage and handling. Arizona orders add 4% sales tax.

South Pacific luxury escorted tours.

UTA's 24-day Classic South Pacific tour takes you to Nandi, Suva, Sydney, Canberra, Melbourne, Christchurch, Mt. Cook, Rotorua, Auckland, Apia, Papeete, and Bora Bora.

In addition, our 36-day South Sea Adventure takes you to Tasmania, the Great Barrier Reef and New Guinea. Our 36-day South Pacific Orient tour even lets you see the Far East.

Prices for these exciting escorted adventures range from *$1,050 to $1,595, including deluxe hotels, a la carte dining and intriguing side excursions. All groups are limited to 25 and an experienced tour manager is always with you.

But, see for yourself. Call your travel agent or mail this coupon.

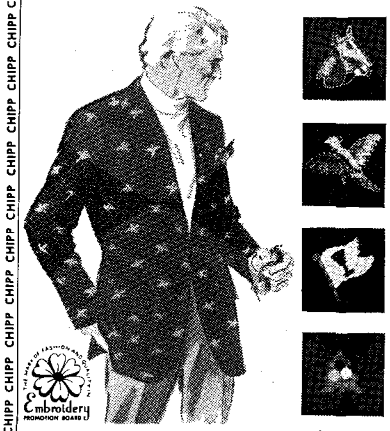
*Plus air fare.

UTA French Airlines, Box 4157,
North Hollywood, CA 91607.
Please send my 1972 South Pacific tour information.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ______ Zip ______

Sailing the South Pacific Skies
UTA FRENCH AIRLINES NR-1-10

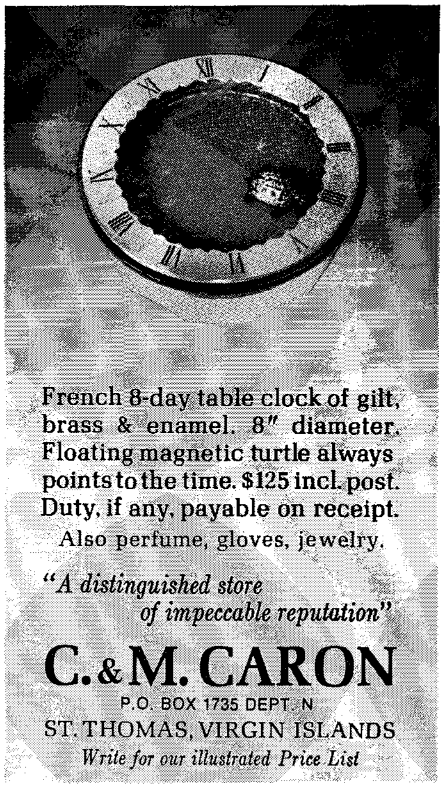
Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers
Embroidered
SPORT MOTIFS



**ODD JACKETS:** All-wool flannel in our 2-button model with flared side vents, matching bone buttons. Reg., short, long, x-long. Green pheasant, camel horsehead. $175.
**ODD TROUSERS:** All-wool flannel in our standard model, cut for belt. 32 to 42 waist. Camel or green pheasant, camel horsehead. $75.
**WOOL CHALLIS NECKWEAR:** Horsehead, Christmas Tree or Cocktail Flag. $10.

*MAIL & PHONE ORDERS*
*Open Mon.-Sat. from 9 to 6*
14 E. 44th St., New York • MU 7-0850

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP



French 8-day table clock of gilt, brass & enamel. 8″ diameter. Floating magnetic turtle always points to the time. $125 incl. post. Duty, if any, payable on receipt.
Also perfume, gloves, jewelry.

*"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"*

C. & M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735 DEPT. N
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
*Write for our illustrated Price List*

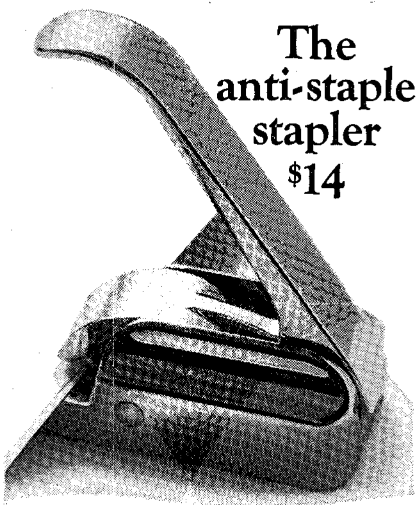
THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS
A delicate little dictionary of flowers, lovingly compiled, in a gentler time, by a devoted husband as a gift for his wife. Full color facsimile edition printed in England lists over seven hundred flowers and their meanings, charmingly handscripted with delicate water-coloured flowers and plants bordering each page. A book to own, to give with love. $5.50 ppd.
BOUTIQUE CAPRICE
22 Cross Keys Village Square Baltimore, Maryland 21210

stand by and watch two men gradually die of exposure when he had the technical skill to save their lives. Mauch did not need much persuasion, and soon the two of them were heading back to Chamonix.

At three o'clock that afternoon, Hemming presented himself to Colonel Gonnet. The Colonel apparently had a little difficulty recognizing Hemming, since he had recently shaved off his beard. The beard had become an issue a year or so before, when Hemming was invited to join a specially selected group of Alpinists for a training course at the École Nationale. When he showed up, he was told that he would not be admitted to the course unless he got a shave and a haircut, which he refused to do. He was not admitted, but sometime after the course was over he removed his beard anyway. In any case, the Colonel was pleased to accept his offer of help and, in return, supplied Hemming with Army equipment, including a light two-way radio and some specially prepared rucksacks containing provisions for the two Germans, if they could be reached in time. Hemming recruited four very strong Alpinists in addition to Mauch: another German, named Gehrad; an English specialist on the Dru named Mick Burke; and two French climbers. By seven that evening, Hemming and his team were on the cog railroad that winds upward to a point above the Mer de Glace glacier, which must be crossed to reach the foothills that lead to the Dru, and by three the following morning they were on the glacier itself. (Hemming was offered the use of helicopters to transport his group to the base of the Dru, but he was afraid that flying might be delayed by the bad weather, and he knew that the Germans were fighting a losing battle against time.) At ten in the morning, they began the climb up the long and very dangerous Couloir du Dru, a corridor that leads to the West Face and is notorious for rockfall and avalanches. By two in the afternoon, they were on the West Face itself, and it had begun to snow heavily.

Meanwhile, in Chamonix, another bizarre aspect of the story was unfolding. A renowned French climber and Chamonix guide, René Desmaison—also a leading expert on the Dru—had set forth on his own, without making contact with any of the professional rescue groups in the valley, to undertake what amounted to an independent rescue mission up the West Face. Both Hemming and Desmaison had inde-

Mark Cross,
of course:
The anti-staple stapler
$14



*Devilishly clever contraption.* Joins papers together with a crimped seam, rather than clips or staples. (Papers can be separated without tearing.) Never needs refills. In bright chrome, 4½″ long. To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. 10022, or phone (212) 421-3000 (Add $1.00 postage beyond delivery area.)

New York
San Francisco/ Beverly Hills
Atlanta/Troy, Mich.
Bal Harbour, Fla./Houston
MARK CROSS

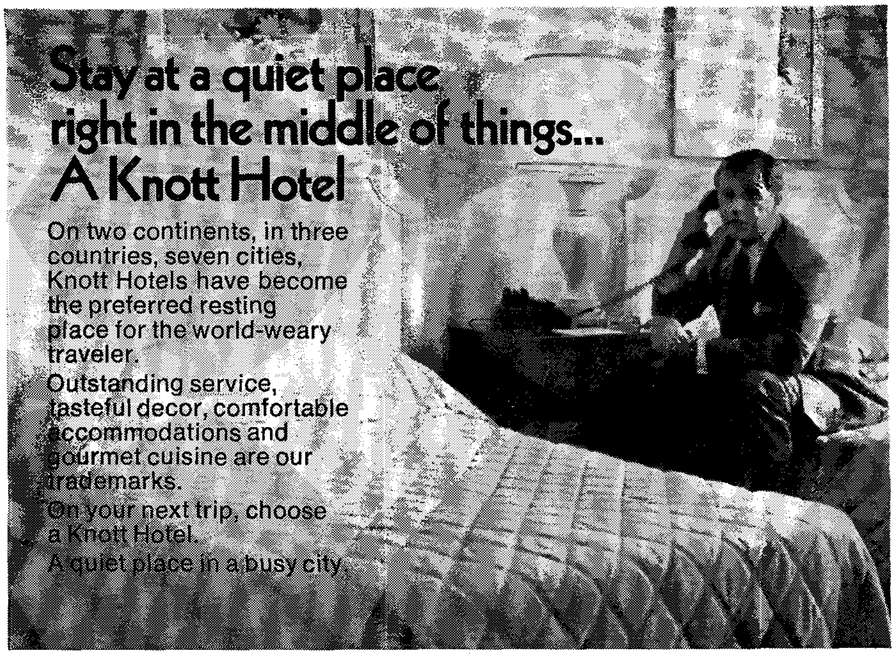
HEALTH, LOVE AND WEALTH—AND TIME TO ENJOY THEM

CONGRATULATIONS PLATE
Engraved "Health, Love and Wealth—and Time to Enjoy Them," this plate is the perfect way to say *congratulations* to that someone special. Made of "Armetale," a 20th Century Pewter, each plate is hand caste in a sand mold and hand finished. Perfect as an ash tray, snack plate, or for wall decor. Plate measures 9½″ and has that heavyweight rich "old world" look. A nice thought to remember a special occasion.
$10.00
Mail orders add $ .95 plus 3% Ga. Sales Tax
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express or C&S cards honoured.
STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327 • 261-3678
*Mail and phone orders promptly handled*

LOCAL DRUG STORE IS *NOT* THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR PEN.
Fountain pens, Ballpoints, Fibre and Cartridge pens . . . world's finest. Marvelous selection of European made writing instruments. Mont Blanc, Lamy, Huber, and others. If handwriting is important to you, send us 25¢ for complete catalogue. You'll be very pleased!
J. D. BROWNE · Ghirardelli Square
900 North Point · San Francisco, Calif. 94109

pendently reached the conclusion that the only way to save the climbers was to follow the route that the climbers themselves had used, and then bring them down by the same route. One cannot fault Desmaison's skill and courage—nothing is more dangerous than a rescue in bad weather—but he was severely criticized for undertaking such a private operation without consulting the authorities in the valley; indeed, shortly after the rescue the Company of Chamonix Guides voted to exclude him for what was regarded as an intolerable breach of discipline.

Ironically, in February, 1971, Desmaison was himself the subject of a dramatic helicopter rescue. On the tenth of the month, accompanied by a twenty-four-year-old fellow-guide, Serge Gousseault, he set out to establish a new route on the north face of the Grandes Jorasses, near Chamonix—one of the most difficult climbing faces in all the Alps. The winter had been marked by rather little snowfall, and the conditions were especially favorable for winter climbing, with long periods of rather mild, stable weather. As luck would have it, by the thirteenth, the pair, now halfway up the face, were caught in a severe snowstorm, which slowed them down and which was followed by a second storm on the fifteenth. By the sixteenth, Gousseault's hands were so severely frostbitten that he could no longer use them, and Desmaison was literally dragging him up the mountain, rope length after rope length. The pair still had radio communication with Desmaison's wife, in the valley, and as late as the sixteenth Desmaison gave no indication that anything was wrong. On the night of the seventeenth, there was a third storm, and by the nineteenth, although the two men were nearly at the summit, Gousseault could not continue farther. By this time, a helicopter had been dispatched from Chamonix to investigate, and although the pilot succeeded in flying close to the pair, he did not get any signal from Desmaison that he could interpret as an S.O.S. (In the subsequent inquiry, there was a difference of opinion between Desmaison and the pilot as to what signals had, in fact, been given.) In any case, despite a brief spell of very good weather on the twentieth, no rescue attempt was called for, and on the night of the twenty-first Gousseault died of exposure. By this time, Desmaison was so exhausted that he could not get to the summit alone. Bad weather set in again, and no helicopter could set down near the summit until the morning of the twenty-



Stay at a quiet place right in the middle of things...
A Knott Hotel

On two continents, in three countries, seven cities, Knott Hotels have become the preferred resting place for the world-weary traveler.

Outstanding service, tasteful decor, comfortable accommodations and gourmet cuisine are our trademarks.

On your next trip, choose a Knott Hotel.

A quiet place in a busy city.

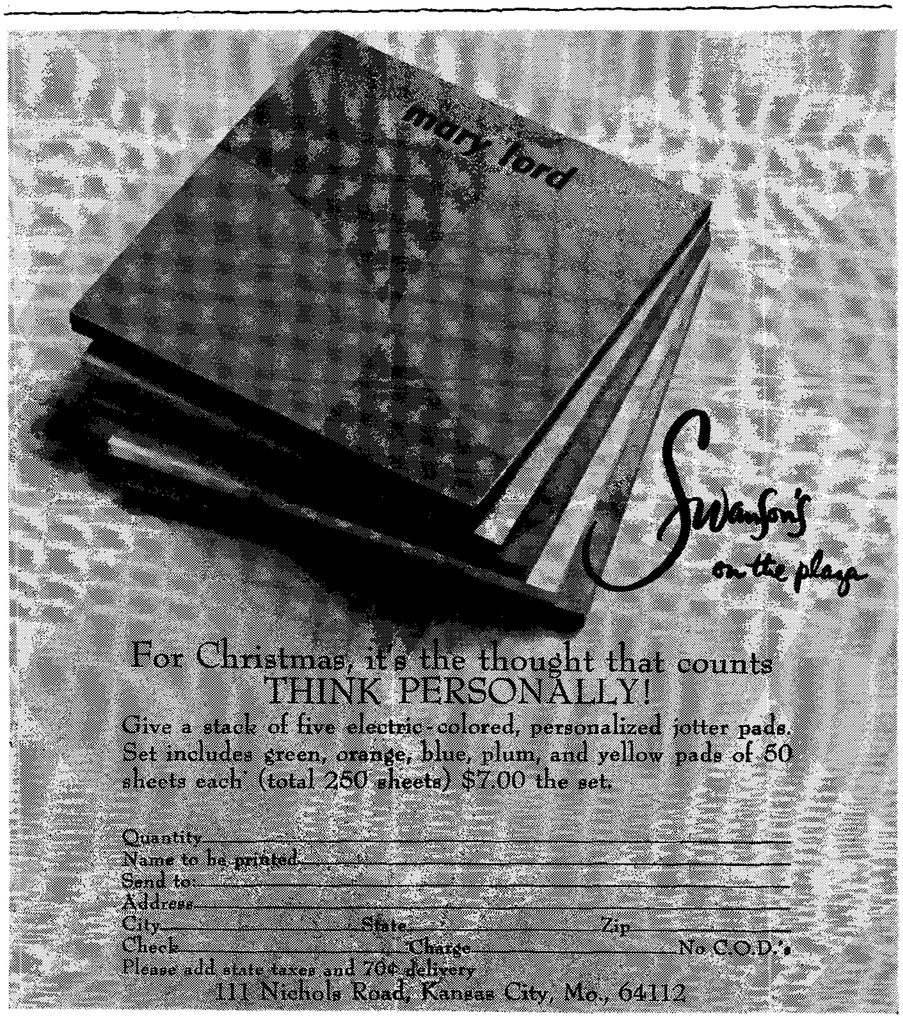
NEWYORK, for instance THE WESTBURY HOTEL
MADISON AVENUE AT 69TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

One of the last strongholds of gracious living and dining on the East Side. Steps away from exclusive shops and art galleries. Beautiful decorated rooms. Excellent service.

For toll-free reservations from anywhere in the Continental U.S. (Except Fla.) call 800-327-3384. In Florida, 800-221-2653.

For a brochure describing all our fine hotels, write Dept. N, Knott Hotels Corporation, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

People who go places know where to stay.



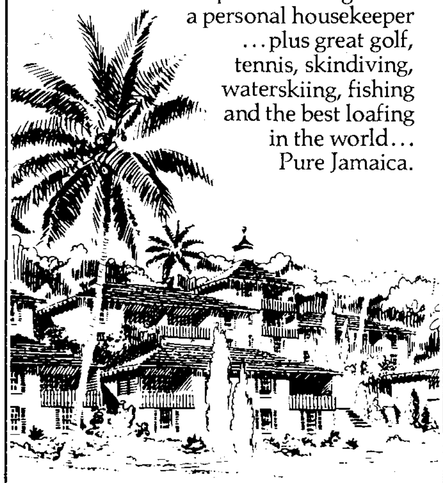
For Christmas, it's the thought that counts
THINK PERSONALLY!

Give a stack of five electric-colored, personalized jotter pads. Set includes green, orange, blue, plum, and yellow pads of 50 sheets each (total 250 sheets) $7.00 the set.

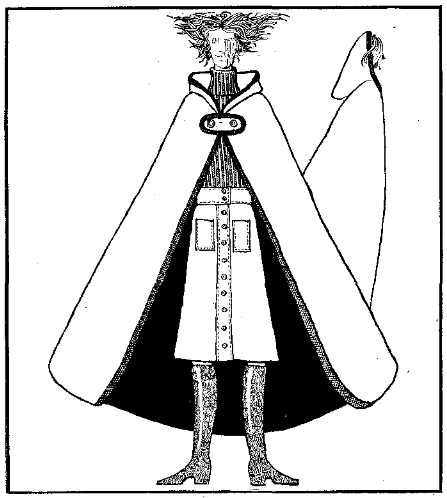
Quantity______
Name to be printed______
Send to:______
Address______
City______State______Zip______
Check______Charge______No C.O.D.'s
Please add state taxes and 70¢ delivery
111 Nichols Road, Kansas City, Mo., 64112

Dragon Bay
...where
the action isn't!

No casinos, no nightclubs.
No tourists.
Just peace and quiet and
beautiful surroundings.
A private cottage with
a personal housekeeper
...plus great golf,
tennis, skindiving,
waterskiing, fishing
and the best loafing
in the world...
Pure Jamaica.



**Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica**
For information write Dragon Bay, Box A, 30 Broad St., N.Y.C., call (212) 269-5010, or ask your travel agent.



ULLA
Our famous cape; braid-bound—monk's hood—one size fits all. $37.50 Our classic button-front skirt—sizes 6-14. $21.50 Both in rich wool melton; black, wine, brown, purple, navy, forest green. Rib-knit orlon turtle—back-zip. Black, natural, navy, red, orange, kelly. $13.50

The Little Store
1135 Madison Ave., New York 10028
Catalog Available

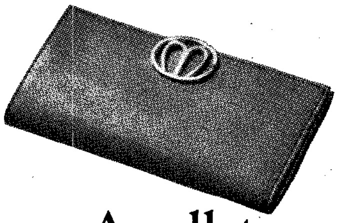
**Wooden Floor Lamps**
**WARD and ROME**
**63 E. 57th St.,**
**New York, N.Y. 10022**

fifth. Then a rescue team was lowered from the summit by cable, and in less than three hours Desmaison was brought up and transported to the hospital in Chamonix. As a commentator in the February, 1971, issue of *La Montagne* noted, "It was just in time. He would not have survived another night." The commentator went on, "Once more, René Desmaison has exhibited his exceptional physical resistance and his courage in adversity. But many Alpinists wonder about his choice of a companion for such an enterprise in such a season [Gousseault had never done any serious winter climbing], and about his decision to continue despite the fact that the conditions had become unfavorable." The commentator also went on to criticize the various newspapers and magazines that had treated the whole matter as if it somehow merited respect: "*On eût souhaité plus de pudeur*," he wrote. He concluded, "These dramatic events in the Jorasses should be carefully studied both by individual Alpinists and by the mountain rescue organizations; there are many lessons to be learned on each side." *On vous cherche.*

WHATEVER Desmaison's motives may have been in undertaking to rescue the two Germans, there was no doubt but that the journalists and television people exerted all sorts of persuasion, monetary and otherwise, on the principals in the rescue in order to obtain exclusive reports and pictures. Recently, Lothar Mauch (who now owns a very successful chain of Mod boutiques in France) told me that a representative of an important magazine had at one point physically tried to shove a camera and some film into the hands of the Hemming people as they were leaving for the Mer de Glace. Mauch said that they finally told the man that they would smash his camera if he did not take it back. Like all Alpinists, Hemming had a small camera with him, but he and Mauch agreed that if they did not find the climbers alive and safe they would destroy the film without showing it to anyone.

In any case, at five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, August 19th, Hemming, camped on the West Face, observed Desmaison and a companion, Vincent Mercié, moving up the face somewhat below. Hemming immediately decided to join forces, and when Desmaison arrived the next morning the group split into two units of four, with the strongest climbers going ahead and the others following to equip the

Mark Cross, of course:

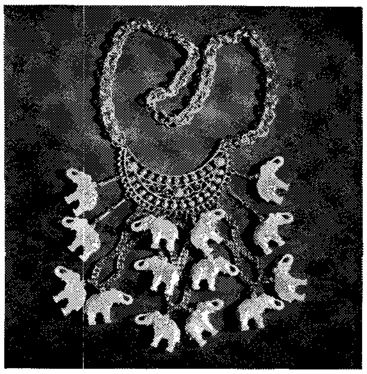


A wallet for a lady.

Slim, elegant and well-organized storage for bills, change, credit cards, and even a checkbook. Soft pigskin inside and out, and a shiny clasp in the form of the one-and-only Mark Cross monogram. A wallet everyone will admire, and assume it costs more than the $25 you actually paid for it. Red or navy pigskin. To order, write: Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C., or phone (212) 421-3000. (Add 80¢ postage outside delivery area.)

MARK CROSS

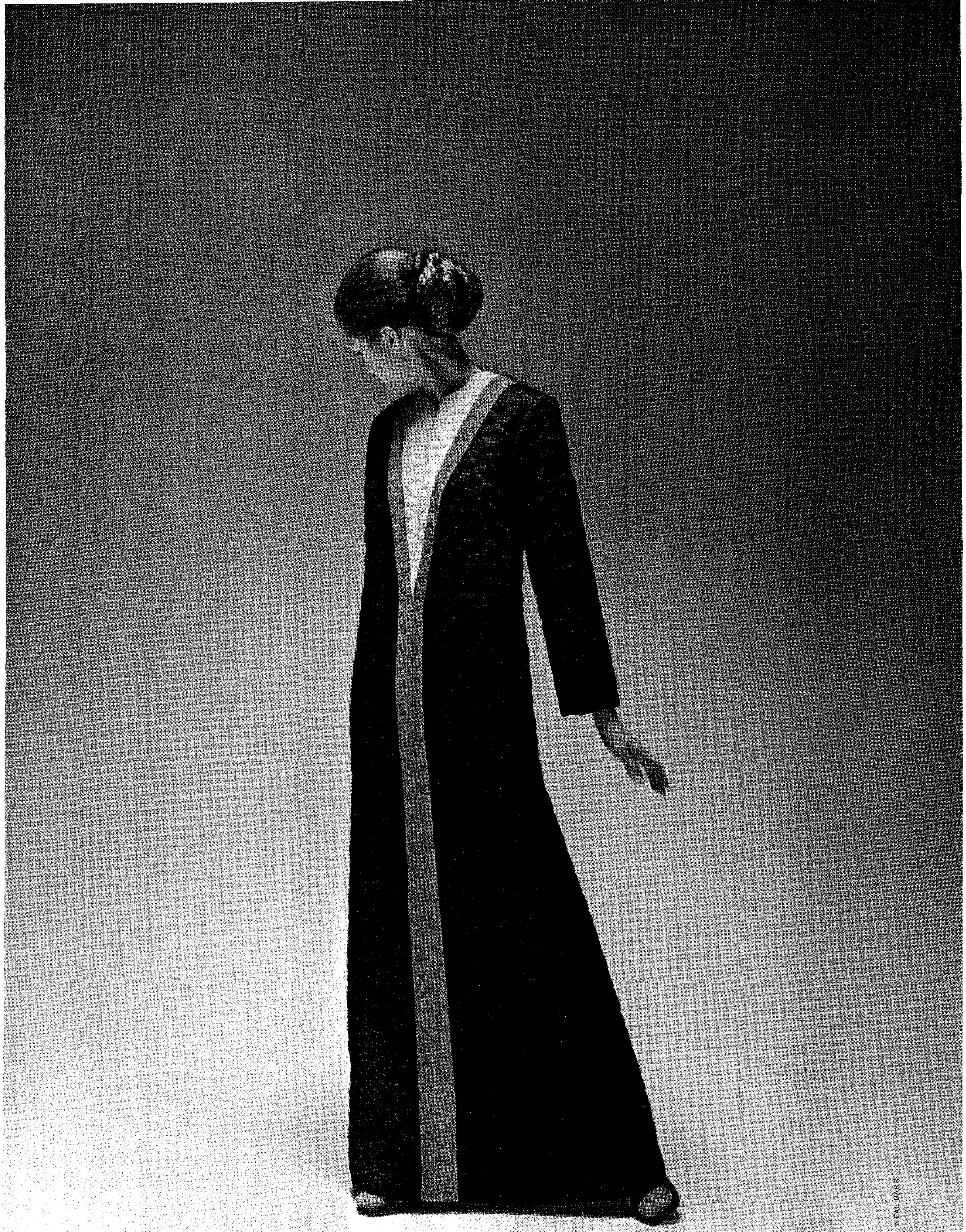
New York/San Francisco
Beverly Hills/Atlanta
Troy, Mich./Bal Harbour, Fla./Houston



**ELEPHANTASTIC!**
All the exotic allure of the lost cities of Africa can be yours with this lovely gold-colored braided chain and intricately worked Egyptian collar dangling 14 little elephants in imitation ivory, turquoise or coral. Please state preference. Overall length 14". **$16.00**
plus 50¢ post. and hand.

*Maybrant Boutique Inc.*
1066 Lexington Avenue (75 & 76 Sts.)
New York, N.Y. 10021 (212) BU 8-7653

ISLE OF LEWIS, SCOTLAND: GARYNAHINE ESTATE. Salmon Fishing available on Blackwater River July to October. Weekly bookings. 6-year average of 190 salmon. Accommodation in comfortable and pleasant country lodge for all fishers and limited accommodation available for non-fishers, who may however fish for brown trout on any of the numerous lochs on the estate at no extra charge. For further particulars apply
**C. Scott Mackenzie,**
Factor, County Buildings, Stornoway.



NEAL BARR

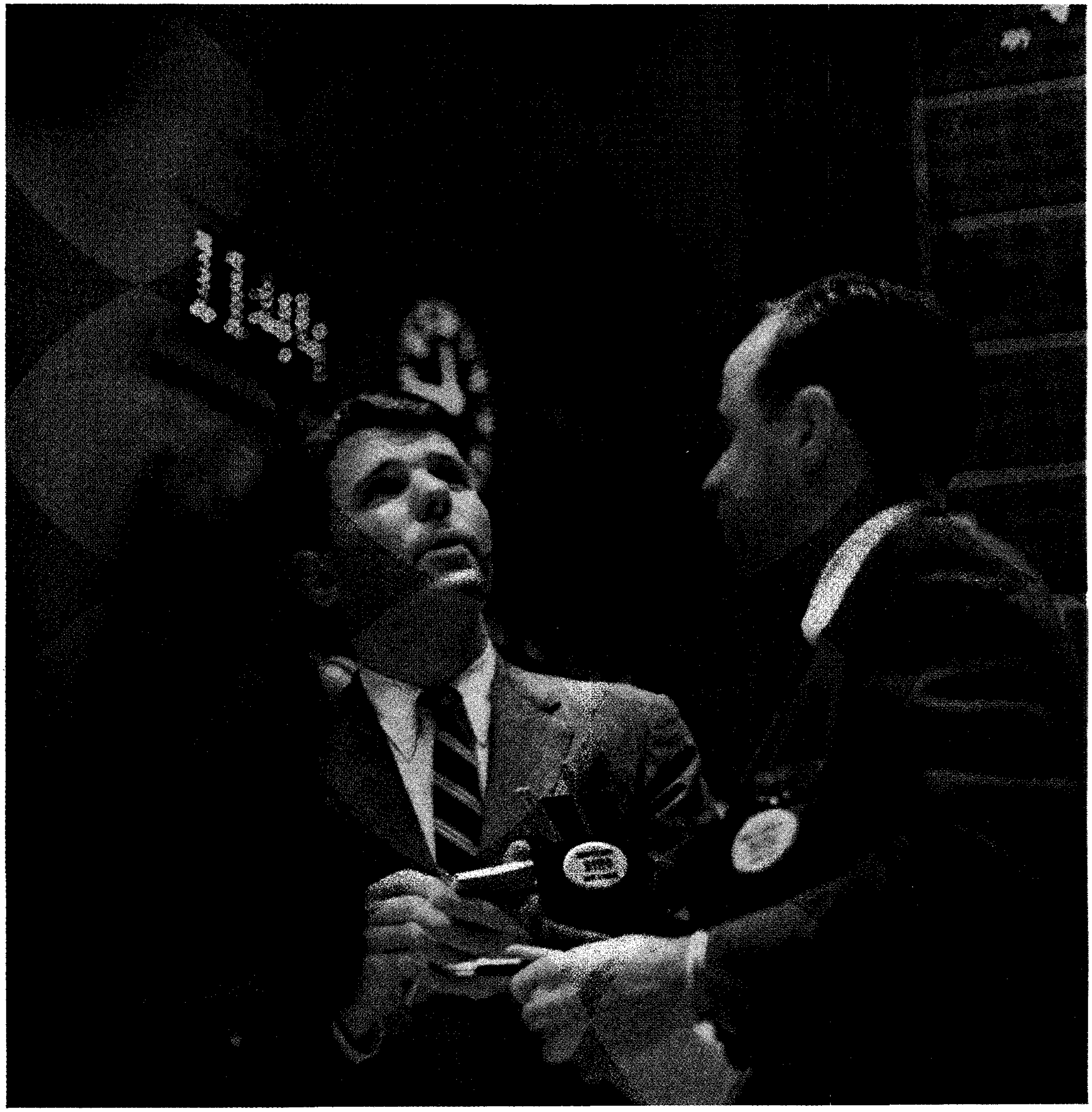
What a Way to Glow! It's Vestease: our take-off on the layered look, the put-on of the season. A strip of color acts as vest, a snip of contrast serves as shirt. Result: tri-color magic in Indiglow with Wildfire and Candleglow (shown) and two other blazing color schemes. This Vestease hostess robe, quilted in our own embroidery pattern, is light as fluff yet cozy-warm. Washable nylon tricot. 8 to 18. Long, about $25. Short, about $20. Matching scuffs, about $5. From a collection of loungewear and sleepwear glow-togethers, all Vestease. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave. New York.

VANITY FAIR

A COMPANY OF VF CORPORATION

How the money markets and securities markets move, and where they move, directly affects your business. Because no matter what you call your business, you are actually managing money.

What you need is a special kind of bank, run by money managers, for money managers. That's The Bank of New York. The bank that manages money.



The Bank Of New York. The bank that manages money.

Main Office: 48 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10015 Member of The Bank of New York Company, Inc. Member FDIC

face with fixed ropes as a line of retreat. That night, the eight men bivouacked together on the wall. Originally, Hemming had thought that he might be able to reach the Germans in a day, but, as he later admitted, he had not even imagined the severity of conditions on the Dru. At noon on Saturday, nobody knew—or even whether—the Germans could be reached from the West Face. Consequently, the École Nationale and the Guide Bureau decided that they would send a group of guides, chosen from the best and most rapid climbers available, up the North Face, with the idea of reaching the Germans from slightly above their terrace. The Army was still engaged in its steel-cable operation at the summit, and among the dangers that beset the climbers on both faces was the fall of blocks of ice unavoidably kicked loose by the soldiers as they installed their heavy equipment. It was during one of these maneuvers that the German climber Wolfgang Egle, who was a friend of the trapped men, and who had volunteered to help, lost his life. As nearly as one can tell, while doing a rappel from the top, he somehow became snarled in one of his ropes and was strangled.

By 6 A.M. on Sunday, August 21st, Hemming was close enough to the Germans to talk to them. "We are coming," is what he said, and by noon he and Desmaison were there. For six days, the Germans had been living on a tiny ration of nuts, one of the last of which they peeled and offered to Hemming, who remarked to Desmaison that if the stranded men had been French they would have eaten everything the first day. About five minutes later, the head of one of the Chamonix guides who had been going up the North Wall appeared just above the terrace. A discussion ensued as to the safest way to get everyone back down; the guides on the North Wall favored lowering a rope to the terrace and maneuvering the two exhausted Germans onto their wall, which they had equipped for the descent. Hemming said that he would feel more comfortable taking the men down the route *he* had come up. Since he had reached the trapped men first, it was decided that it was up to him to bring them down as he saw fit. After giving the Germans some solid food and warm clothing, the entire group began the hazardous descent of the West Face. It was not until Monday, after still another bivouac on the Dru, that the party reached the safety of the glacier below. The following morn-

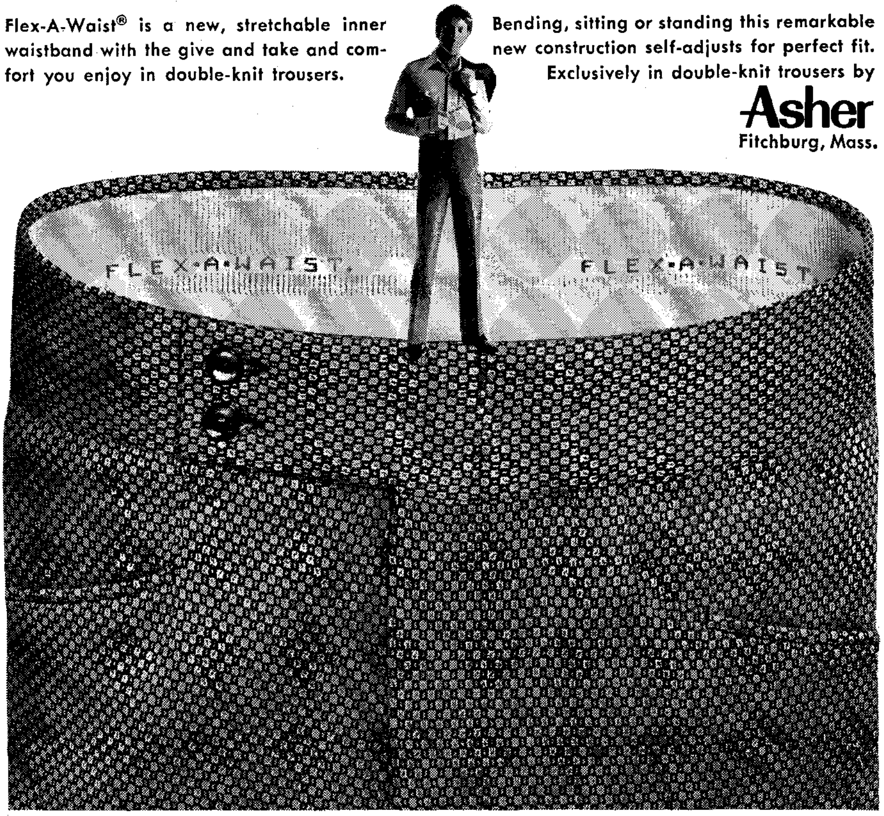
FLEX-A-WAIST®

Greatest comfort in trousers since the invention of double-knits

Flex-A-Waist® is a new, stretchable inner waistband with the give and take and comfort you enjoy in double-knit trousers.

Bending, sitting or standing this remarkable new construction self-adjusts for perfect fit. Exclusively in double-knit trousers by

Asher
Fitchburg, Mass.



How the rich get richer

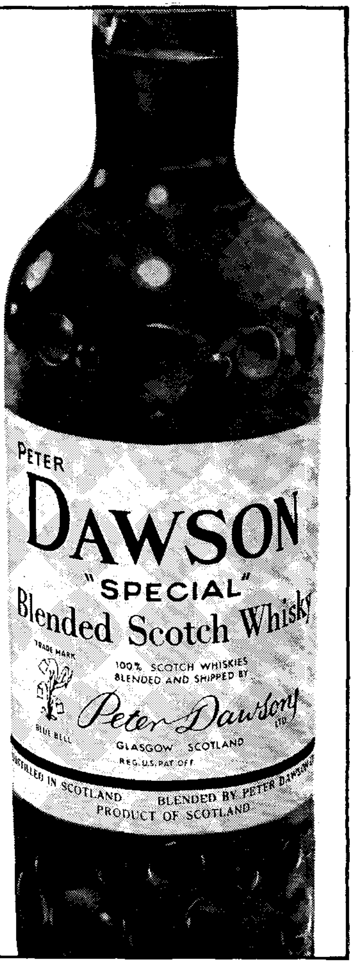
They buy Peter Dawson

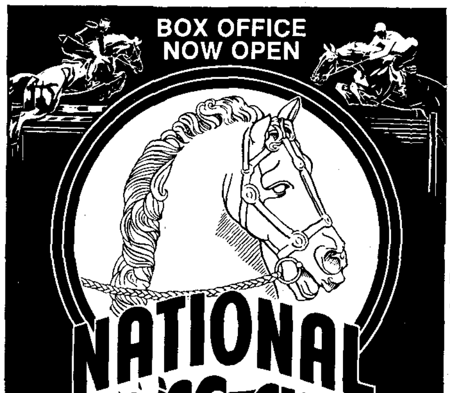
only $5.75 FIFTH

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
86 proof

New York State price. May vary in other states depending on local taxes.

DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
Blended Scotch Whisky





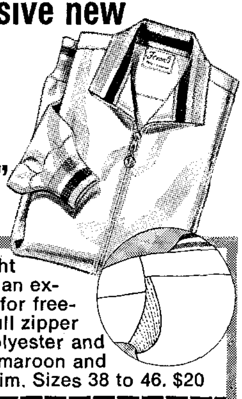
BOX OFFICE
NOW OPEN

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW
TOURNAMENT
OF CHAMPIONS

Tues. NOV. 2 thru NOV. 9
Evenings 7:30 • Mats. Daily & Sun. 2 PM
CHAMPIONSHIP
JUMPING CONTESTS
Top International Teams Competing
against the U.S. Equestrian Team
Every Night • Mats. Nov. 2, 6, 7 and 8.
Music by Meyer Davis and His Orchestra

Eves: $12, $10, $8, $6, $4. Sat. & Sun. Mats: $8, $7, $6, $5, $4. Other Mats: $5, $4, $3.
For ticket information, phone 564-4400
MAIL ORDERS: Add 50¢ per order for handling. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.
SPECIAL CONSIDERATION GIVEN TO GROUP SALES, CALL (212) 594-6600
Tickets also available at over 100 Ticketron outlets. Call (212) 644-4400 for location nearest you.

madison square garden
Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th Ave., 31st to 33rd Sts.



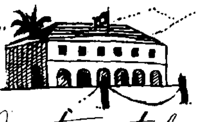
Feron's exclusive new
TENNIS
JACKET
with
"Circo-swing"
arm

Our new light weight jacket for men has an expandable armhole for free-swinging action. Full zipper closure. Dacron polyester and cotton; white with maroon and navy striped knit trim. Sizes 38 to 46. $20

☐ Send me Free Catalog J-2
☐ Send me men's tennis jacket @ $20,
Size________

Feron's
New York's Leading Racquet & Tennis Shop since 1919
55 East 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
*Add $1.50 per order for postage and handling.*
☐ Check enclosed.
☐ Charge to my Feron's Acct.

Name________
Address________
City________
State________ Zip________



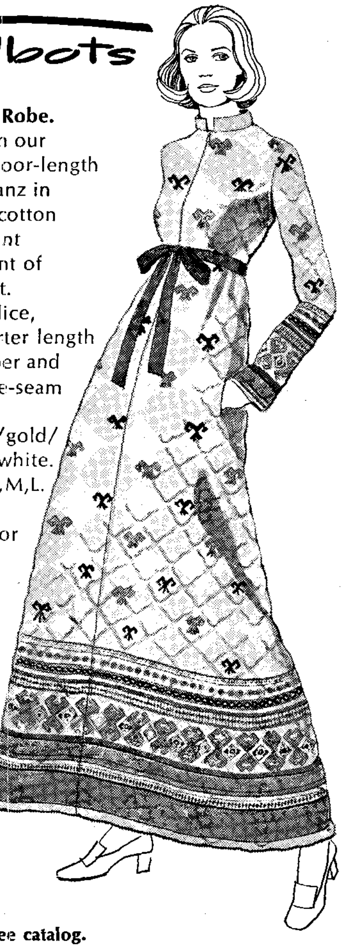
"SILVER & OTHER LOOT"
In the Virgin Islands
Galway Crystal is
sold exclusively at
Continental INC.
ST. THOMAS & ST. CROIX

ing—when, as one of the newspaper reporters somewhat cynically observed, the light was bright enough so that the O.R.T.F. television cameras could obtain excellent pictures—the two Germans and their rescuers were transported to Chamonix by helicopter.

Ramisch, the younger of the two men, appeared to be almost untouched by the effects of spending nine days on the Dru, and Schridde, in the hospital in Chamonix, soon recovered from his rib injury and exposure. In one of the interviews Ramisch gave, he said that the only thing he regretted about the whole adventure was the loss of his friend Egle. (In the October, 1967, issue of *La Montagne*, there was a brief postscript on the accident published in "La Chronique Alpine"—a periodic summary of Alpine events. The "Chronique" noted that in August, 1967, a well-known French guide, Yannick Seigneur, and a client found themselves in a storm on exactly the same ledge as the Germans. They were, however, able to make—unaided—the traverse to the North Face, which they said was not especially difficult except perhaps psychologically, since the passage takes place over "*le vide impressionnant.*" The note concluded, "This illustrates the incompetence of the German climbers, who did absolutely nothing to get out of the dangerous predicament they found themselves in.")

This year, Desmaison, who still has a large and active climbing clientele, published his autobiography, "La Montagne à Mains Nues." In it, he writes of the events on the Dru as he views them. He is, as one might imagine, rather bitter about his expulsion from the Company of Chamonix Guides. He writes, "One heard certain writers who took themselves to be guides, or certain guides who took themselves to be writers, making pompous declarations when they probably had never once taken part in any rescue worthy of the name. *L'occasion était vraiment trop belle.*" He adds, "Helping someone in danger is not only a duty but an obligation. For a guide, it is a question of honor. . . . If the same situation were to arise again, and if my intervention would be helpful, *eh bien, ce que j'ai fait je le recommencerais.*"

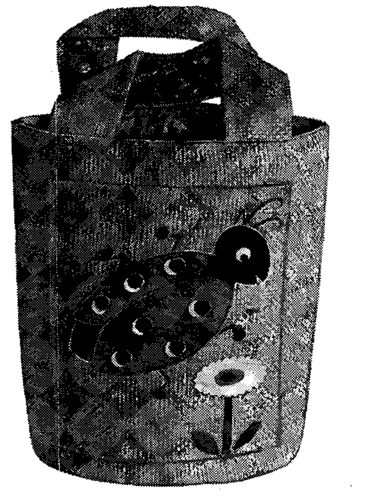
As for Hemming, he suddenly became an internationally acclaimed hero. Some time after the rescue, my friend Jaccoux and I were riding the 6:15 A.M. *téléphérique* up into the Aiguilles of Chamonix, and there in the car was Hemming, in his red sweater and his ancient pair of mountain pants. He and



The Talbots

**Romantic Robe.**
Cozy up in our graceful floor-length robe by Lanz in a quilted cotton border print reminiscent of ancient art. Fitted bodice, three-quarter length front zipper and handy side-seam pockets. Red/blue/gold/green on white. Sizes XS, S, M, L. $28.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

**Send for free catalog.**
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. XU, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.



**The "Ladybug" Tote**
This handy tote bag is all personality. Sturdy cotton burlap lined with red calico, extra pocket on the side. Colorful ladybug appliqué. 12" tall by 9" diameter for shopping, knitting, etc. **$10.00 ppd.** *(Mass. residents add 3% sales tax)*
*Free Catalog on Request*
Johnny Appleseed's
50 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
*Zip Code Required!*

DISCOVER AMERICA ®

Jaccoux were close friends. "*Où tu vas?*" asked Jaccoux. "For a little walk," Hemming answered, with a mischievous smile. Later, Jaccoux told me that Hemming never informed anyone where he was going, so that "a little walk" really could have been a little walk or, as had been the case earlier that summer, an attempt to make a very difficult first ascent. I had heard that Hemming was writing a book, so I asked him how it was coming along. "Oh, the book," he said vaguely. "The book is something I tell people about who ask me what I do. It's curious that people who ask you that sort of question seem to be particularly pleased if you tell them that you're writing a book." The *téléphérique* came to a stop, and we all got off, Jaccoux and I to proceed on foot, and Hemming to take the connecting *téléphérique* "*vers le haut.*" When he left us, he said softly, perhaps as much to himself as to us, using one of the kindest farewells that climbers exchange before going into the mountains, "*Allez, et bonne course.*"

On August 6, 1969, Hemming was found shot to death in Grand Teton Park, in Wyoming. It is presumed that he had committed suicide. He had spent the preceding winter in Chamonix working at removing the snow from the roofs of the taller buildings in the valley. In the spring, he set off to hitchhike to Alaska, where he planned to work in the forests. Many of his friends in Chamonix received postcards from him from Alaska—postcards full of his usual irreverence and gaiety. After his death, some of his closest friends said that Hemming had often talked of a day when he might lose his love for the mountains and his love for life. Why such a day should have come among the great mountains of Wyoming no one will ever know.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

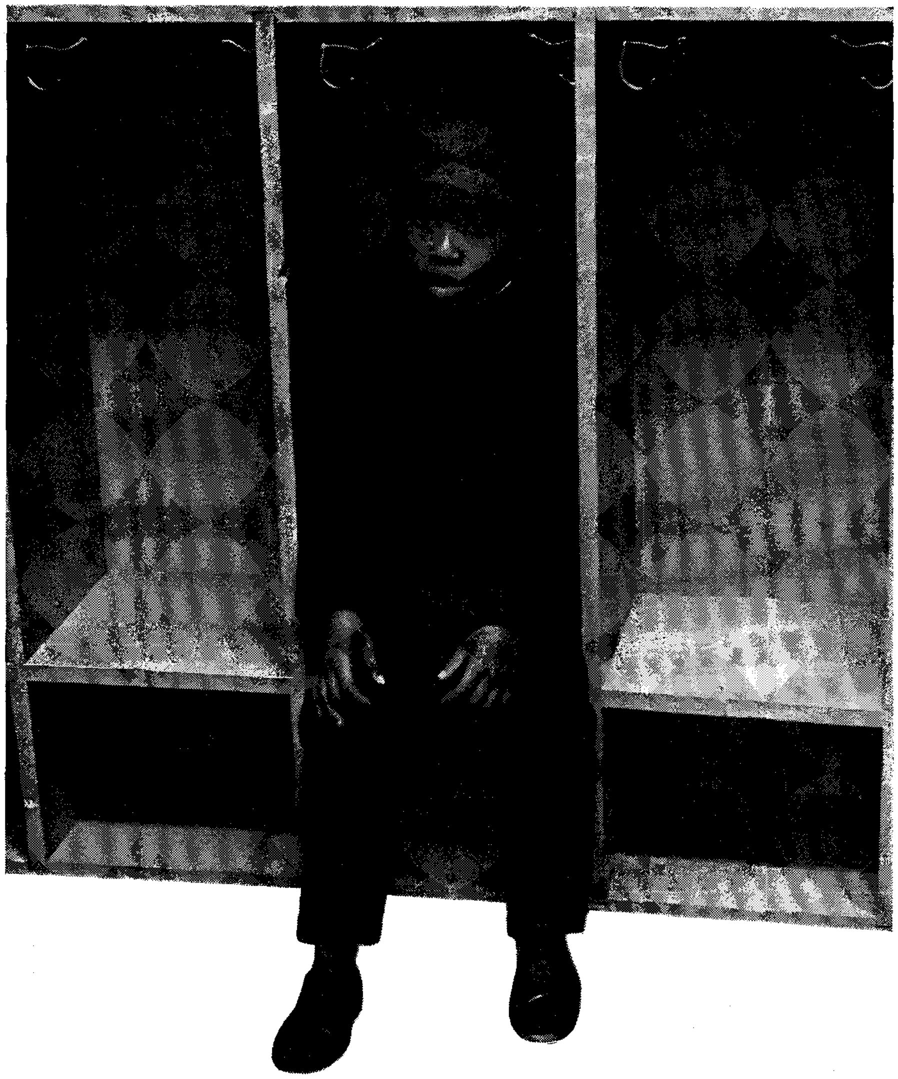
Arthur Gordon's story, "How to Live 24 Hours a Day" [*Family Circle*, June, 1971] was just what I needed. Some days I forget to stop for even a minute from daily chores to enjoy life. Now, I find the time to appreciate the little things in life—especially my family.—*Letter in Family Circle.*

Yeah, well, you better watch your language.

•

Finally restored, despite a series of catastrophes, including a roof that blew off in a sudden summer squall, is Miss Elizabeth Brady.—*Newsletter of a real-estate firm in Washington, D. C.*

They come up so quickly.



**Needed:**
**a safe place to spend the day**

No parent *wants* to leave a child alone. Or with an older brother or sister. Or even with a neighbor to 'look in.'

But sometimes there is no choice. Not to go to work could mean no money for food, rent and clothes. That's why the NAACP has launched its National Day Care Fund to combat the problem.

By having Day Care Centers in neighborhoods where they are needed most, many thousands of 3, 4 and 5 year olds will have trained supervision, other kids to play with, hot meals . . . all in a positive environment.

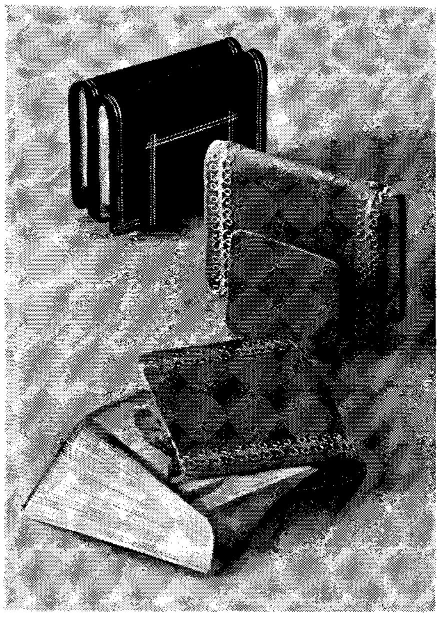
The benefits of your contribution to this fund will be multiplied many times over. It can mean starting a kid off right at a very crucial age. It can make it possible for a parent or parents to be employed instead of staying home and requiring public assistance. It can even prevent death or disfigurement due to fires that always seem to start when children are left unattended.

Your $10 gift can cover the cost of two days at a Day Care Center. $25 can send a child for a week. $100 for a month. Whatever you send is urgently needed and deeply appreciated.

Please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP National Day Care Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you.

NAACP National Day Care Fund
Dept. CN1, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, New York 10019
A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund
tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

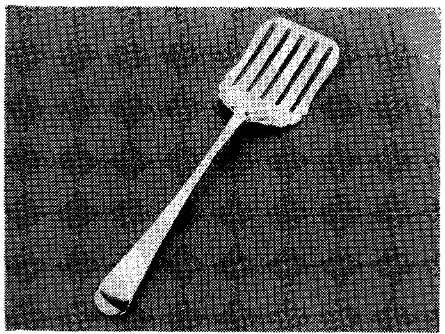


Bridge card decks in book-look holders, from the celebrated world of Edward Marshall Boehm. Black and burgundy leather, green or gold plush . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 8.50.

Add 4% sales tax for Mich. delivery; add 75¢ for shipping beyond our delivery area.

CHARLES W. WARREN

1520 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD, DETROIT
NORTHLAND CENTER, SOMERSET MALL, TROY
FRANKLIN PARK MALL, TOLEDO



**GREAT SERVER!**

Used originally in England for aspics, it is the only satisfactory server we've seen for molded salads, veal loaf, etc. Plus it is a handsome piece of good design in English silverplate. Makes an original gift, plus a nice item for you to own yourself. 8½" long . . . . . . . . . . . $4.50 ppd.

Add $1.00 if sent as a gift.
N. Y. State residents add 4% sales tax.
**Edith Chapman** ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

**DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA**
**Waterfront Condominium**

Overlooking Atlantic Ocean and Intracoastal Waterway

- 2 bedroom/2 bath with spacious closets, 1,500 square feet.
- No land or recreation lease.

If you are considering Florida living, this exclusive, unspoiled area and the attractive features of Coastal House warrant your immediate inspection.

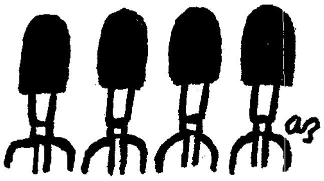
- Immediate availability for the few condominium apartments remaining.

Write or phone: Coastal House,
2200 S. Ocean Blvd. Delray Beach
Telephone (305) 278-5979.

# LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 20

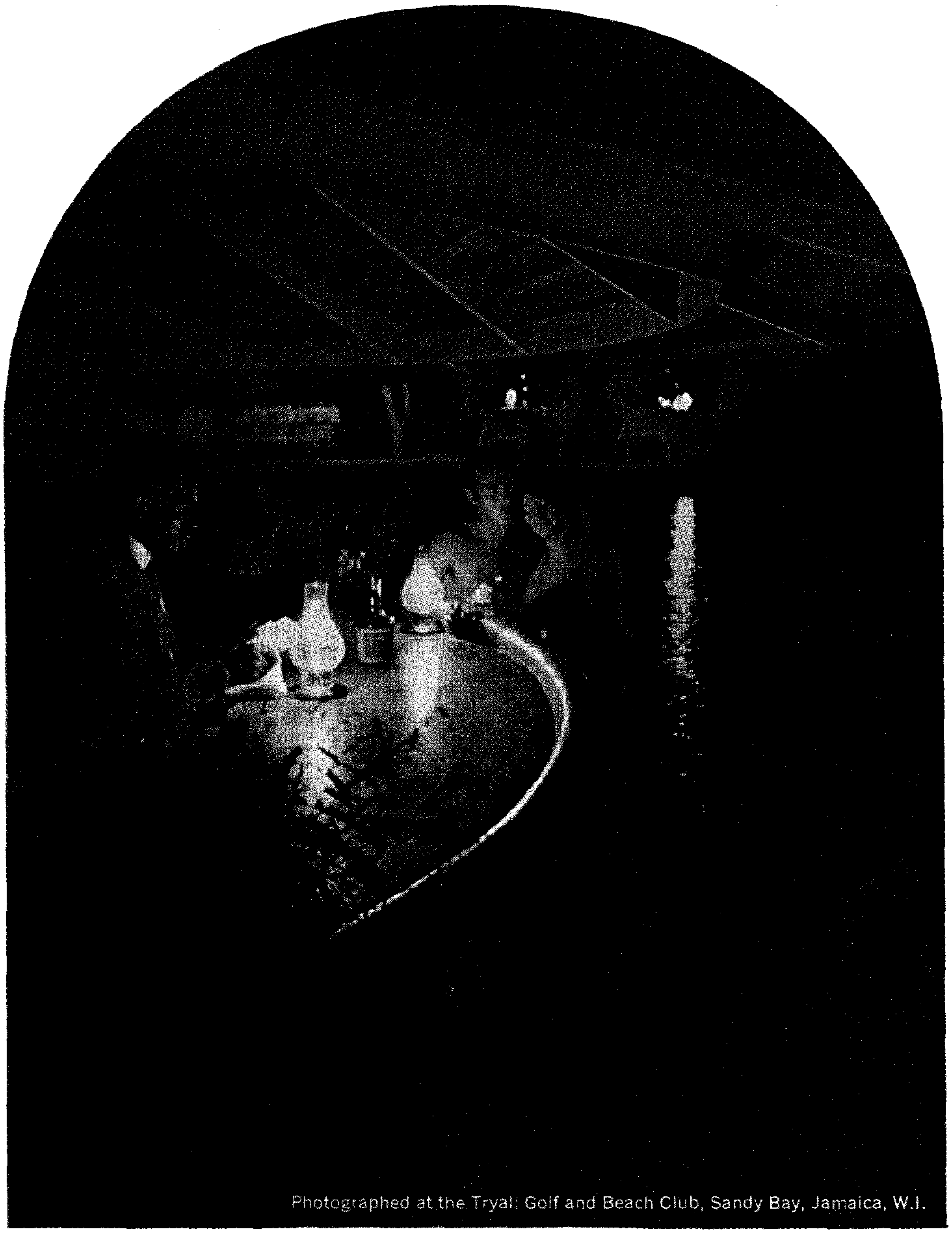
THE Prime Minister's surprise decision to allow the Conservative M.P.s a free vote on Europe Day, October 28th, instead of a vote with the whips imposing Party obedience, was greeted with relief by pro-Market British in all parties. There had been constant angry accusations in all the debates of the past few months, public and private, that Mr. Heath appeared, uncharacteristically, to be about to do what he had stated firmly that he would never do—drag Britain into the European Economic Community without getting the people's consent, expressed freely by their representatives in the House of Commons. The announcement may have been left to the very eve of the final and decisive Commons debate—which starts tomorrow—in order to embarrass the executive committee of the Labour Party and challenge it to do likewise if it dared. It was certainly influenced by the unexpectedly enormous, eight-to-one vote in favor of going into Europe which the Conservative Party conference dispatched last week from Brighton, like a telegram of already fraternal greetings to Brussels. Now it seems that Mr. Wilson's backbenchers are not to be allowed to vote according to their personal convictions, though he has obviously tried desperately to find some compromise solution that might divert public attention from Labour's unedifying fix over the Common Market.



The new development has changed things somewhat. Because the Government has made the decision a matter of individual conscience for its supporters, it could survive in the event of the vote's going against it, whereas it would have no option but to obey the constitutional verdict if it should be defeated on a major issue when Party loyalty had been demanded. If that were so, a new Prime Minister would probably be in office. Few Conservatives think that Mr. Heath would be able or willing to stay on after the rejection of a policy with which he has been passionately, uniquely identified from the beginning. But the revised arithmetic by which everybody is trying to calculate just how loud an affirmative the House of Commons is likely to give him and Europe does not add up to a defeat. The thirty or so anti-Market Conservatives who were expected to disregard the whips anyway and vote with the Opposition will now be increased, so it is thought, by a handful of backbenchers who would have hesitated if it were a question of perhaps endangering the Government.

Labour's pro-Europeans, calculated as being as many as a hundred, are expected to defy the whips now that their wrathful constituents cannot accuse them of voting to help keep the Tories in office. The main interest of the Labour Party conference, held at Brighton the week before the Conservative gathering, was a suggestion put forward by Mr. Wilson to give latitude to these pro-Europe rebels to vote with the Government on the twenty-eighth—as they clearly intended to do—without increasing the dangerous split in the Party. He appeared to be saying, without naming any names, that they would be permitted to have their fling without being disciplined for it but that afterward, when the long and tortuous battle to get the E.E.C. legislation through Parliament begins, they must fight the Government every inch of the way. By this supple new twist, Mr. Wilson seemed to be offering his deputy leader, the unswerving European Mr. Roy Jenkins, a way out of the necessity of resigning after October 28th and taking some of the best brains on Labour's front bench to the temporary Elba of the back benches. If Mr. Jenkins does not exile himself, it is possible that he and the other ex-ministers who have not chosen to turn their coats over the Market may be removed next month in the Parliamentary Labour Party's vote for the deputy leadership and a new Shadow Cabinet. In either case, it would be a serious, weakening loss to Labour, and in time, no doubt, a challenge to Mr. Wilson himself.

As every political commentator immediately pointed out after the Wilson speech and its curious offer, Mr. Jenkins is extremely unlikely to vote for European entry next Thursday and then oppose all the future stages of legislating toward it. To the journalists who went down to Brighton to hear the Common Market debate on the opening day, his silence as he sat on the platform—as Shadow Chancellor, he spoke in the economic debate only—was more eloquent than all the bland evasions and contradictions of the men who were his colleagues in the 1967



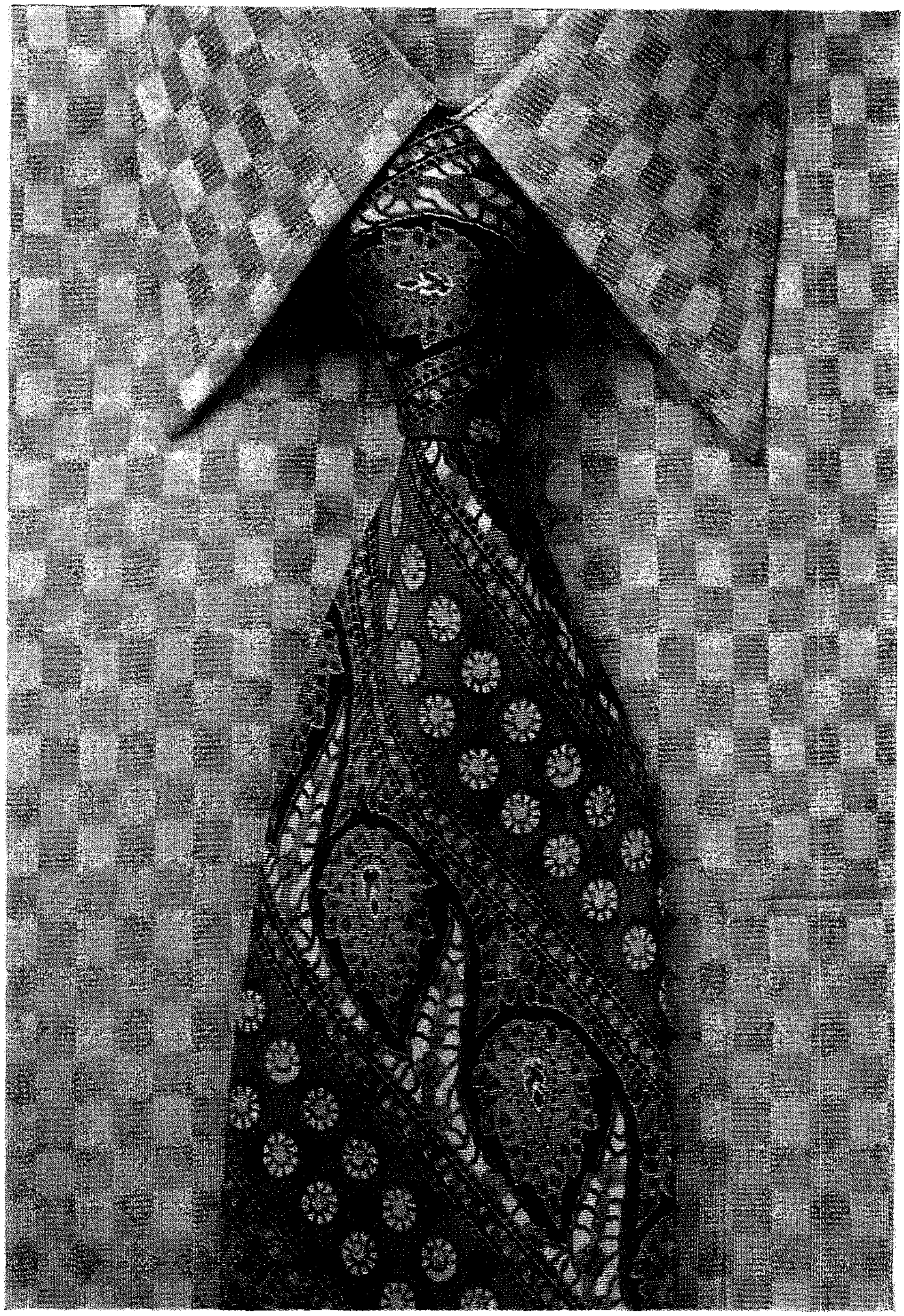
Photographed at the Tryall Golf and Beach Club, Sandy Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

The taste of Tia Maria is elusive and indefinable. Like the island on which it was born. Tia Maria seems to change as your mood changes. Whatever mood you're in, Tia Maria will be glad to join you.

Tia Maria. Jamaica's haunting liqueur.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 63 PROOF LIQUEUR

Lanvin shirts, Lanvin ties: the Lanvin look.



Shirts by C. F. Hathaway; neckties and scarves by Hut Neckwear Co.; suits by Linett, Ltd.; belts and leather accessories by Harness House; cuff-links by Off the Cuff; neckties in Canada by Park Lane Neckwear Co., Montreal.

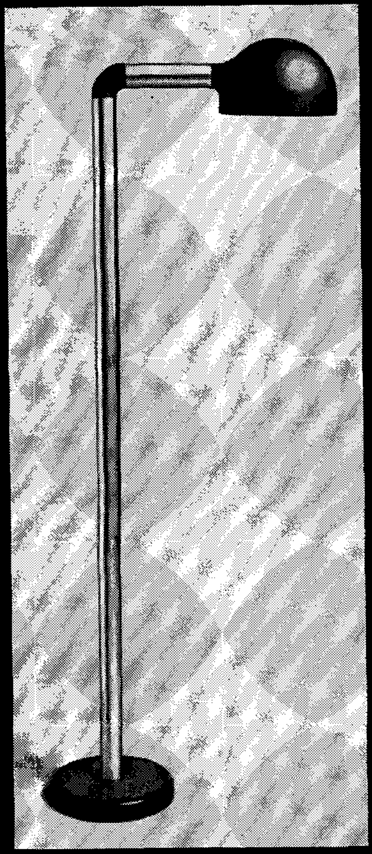
For further information, contact: The Fashion House of Lanvin, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Tel. 212-757-9260.

In this imperfect world, Lanvin.

LANVIN
15 Faubourg Saint-Honoré - Paris

Labour Government, which applied, in apparent good faith, for entry into the E.E.C. Lord George-Brown, Mr. Wilson's Foreign Secretary at the time, whose memory is in excellent repair, and who is no less irrepressible now that he is in the Lords, with his two names neatly buttoned together by a hyphen, came to the rostrum and laid about him so damagingly that the expressions of some of the platform hierarchy showed displeasure. But the conference was in no mood to listen thoughtfully to any pro-Market speeches, and the chairman made sure that there were mighty few of them. With the unions deploying their steamroller bloc votes, a thundering five-to-one "No" was registered against Europe, as was expected.

The Conservative Party's debate on the Common Market at Brighton was also singularly flat and unrewarding to the journalists hopefully expecting fireworks—perhaps the result of a foregone conclusion about the voting. The only pyrotechnic display was provided by a rather sad little regatta of local fishing boats that chugged about offshore opposite the conference hall firing off warning Very lights and displaying on their sails "No to the Common Market," or, in one case, a melancholy attempt at a joke: "Save Our Soles"—from the designing nets of the wicked fishermen of the E.E.C. When Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, Britain's successful negotiator at Luxembourg, made his speech, he lifted up his voice as though to carry through the walls to this dissenting band his guarantee that the Government would not sign anything that left their interests unprotected. The Conservative chairwoman—a coolly efficient lady in a splendid hat—was far more liberal than the Labour chair had been in calling speakers who opposed the motion. But they aroused only sporadic applause from the anti-Market sections of the audience, and sometimes laughter from delegates, who seemed to feel that the ticket for Europe was in their pocket and to be impatient of any suggestions that the journey might be priced too high. Enoch Powell, the leader of extreme-right-wing feeling on the dangers of going into Europe, was cheered loudly when he went late to the rostrum, but even he was oddly unable to strike a spark from the conference. Then came the forest of waving hands showing for Europe before the actual ballot was taken. While the Prime Minister and his team sat beaming down on them, the noisy young Conservatives, bellowing "U-Rop! U-Rop!," launched a shower of Tory-blue balloons, and



PIPE DREAM

Not a Swiss plumber's dream but a Swiss designer's. One look at this totally integrated 56" floor lamp should tell you that. A perfect combination of polished aluminum and plastic. The rotating arm protrudes 18". The 8" air cooled plastic shade comes in oyster or black, as does the plastic weighted base. Gives up to 100 watts of light. Fortunately for you, it wasn't priced by a Swiss banker. It's a well-worth $89.

SEND 50c FOR OUR NEW ENLARGED CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-169, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N.Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

NOVEMBER 6-27

BEN SHAHN

WATERCOLORS, TEMPERA, GOUACHES

"I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown"—the "Love Sonnets" series. Watercolor 7¾" x 12¾"

*Fully Illustrated Exhibition Catalog $5*

KENNEDY GALLERIES

Founded 1874 by H. Wunderlich

20 E. 56TH ST. N.Y. 10022 (212) 758-3850

**SO. CALIF. RANCH—480 ACRES**

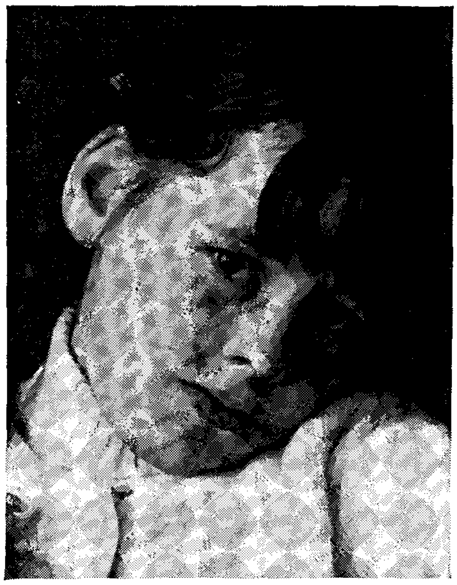
21 miles east of booming San Diego. 2 houses, corrals, spring water, wells, utilities, pool. Superb, frost-free climate. Rare investment. Terms. Priced below market by owner.

**Dan R. McFadden, 1508 Murray Drive**
Los Angeles 90026 (213) 661-3255

**COOPERATIVE APARTMENT FOR SALE**

East 72nd Street, New York. Well-run, quality, pre-war building. 4 bedrooms, 4 baths, four exposures with atmosphere of spacious, airy country home. Fireplace. Air conditioning. New eat-in kitchen. Twenty-four hour service and security. Move-in condition. Low maintenance of $450 monthly. Terms.

**BOX K.E., THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.**
25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036



**Daddy, what did you do in the war against pollution?**

Like it or not, we're all in this war. But as the war heats up, millions of us stay coolly uninvolved. (We have lots of alibis):

What can one person do?

It's up to "them" to do something about pollution—not me.

Besides, average people don't pollute. It's the corporations, institutions and municipalities.

The fact is that companies and governments are made up of people. Employees, executives, legislators. It's people who make decisions and do things that foul up our water, land and air.

What can one person do for the cause? Lots of things. Modest actions around the house and on the job. Like cleaning your spark plugs every 1000 miles, using detergents in the recommended amounts, supporting better waste treatment plants in your town. Yes, and throwing litter in a basket instead of in the street.

Above all, let's stop shifting the blame. People start pollution. People can stop it. When enough Americans realize this, we'll have a fighting chance in the war against pollution.

Keep America Beautiful
advertising contributed for the public good.

**People start pollution. People can stop it.**

the debate ended on a note of victory.

It is rightly said that the euphoria of party conferences is never really representative of the country's state of mind, and this was probably true of both the Brighton fixtures. All the same, most citizens seem to take it for granted, though with varying emotions, that Parliament will also say "Yes" when it takes the historic vote next week, at the end of six days of gruelling, conscientious, positively final debate.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

## TO ROSMARIE IN BAD KISSINGEN

I just squashed a fat
fly who was buzzing me, but he's
more disgusting dead.

If we go by numbers, my old
zoology prof used to say, this
is the age of insects,
more specifically, of beetles.

This is also the age of information.

I hope the church bells
of Bad Kissingen aren't
keeping you awake—though it's
nice, hearing tones decay. You
won't let the bells chase you to church.

Somebody, just the other day, claimed
that you and I haven't
any roots (he thinks that's bad). It's
true enough that we've fallen between
two generations—one drunk, the other
stoned. The one has
inhibitions to get rid of (you know
what that means—liquor and
analysis); the other, a great
blank space to fill.

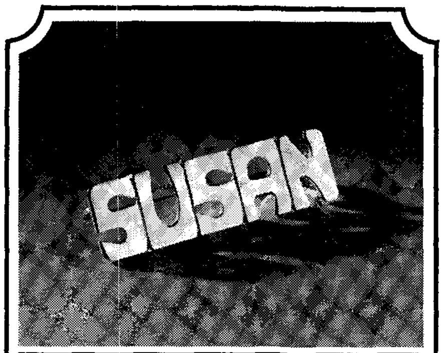
The wars of the young I
think will be wars of religion.

But all this letter is really
meant to say is that you should
leave those kraut Quasimodos at their
glockenspiels and
hurry back here, because whatever we
don't see together has for me always
a dead spot somewhere,

even though I know that one
place is much the same as another,

and all the air we could
breathe anywhere in the world
has already, numberless times, been the
breath of a fern and
a marigold
and an oak.

—KEITH WALDROP



**NAME PIN**

Start her sterling with a silver Name Pin all "her very own." Name is individually cut-out of heavy-weight sterling silver. She'll love it for years. Petite size—3/8" high. Photo above is actual size. From our Personalized Jewelry Department.

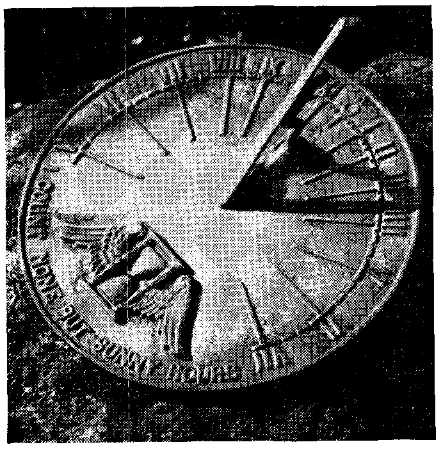
$8.00

Allow Three Weeks for Delivery
Mail orders add $.65 plus 3% Ga. Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express or C&S cards honoured.

**STERN'S**
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327 • 261-3678
*Mail and phone orders promptly handled*

POT POURRI
CLAIRE BURKE
CHARLOTTESVILLE VIRGINIA

*GIFTS OF FRAGRANCE*
*IN XVIIIth CENTURY STYLE*
soaps • sachets • sprays • eau de colognes
Write for brochure
*CLAIRE BURKE'S*
*Pot Pourri Shop*
THE 1740 HOUSE • IVY ROAD
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. 22901



**Sundials**
**New Ipswich, N.H.**
**03071 Box 7**

*solid bronze*
*$25 post paid*
*other designs*
*free catalog*

# The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

## Special Christmas Rates

$12.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

(Less than 24¢ an issue.)

$8.00 for each additional one-year subscription

(ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.)

## Please Enter A Subscription For

Your Name ____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip Code

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

## Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From____________________"

To____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From____________________"

To____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From____________________"

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club
☐ American Express

☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

I enclose $__________to cover__________subscriptions.

**25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036**

4 44 1

**Suckling Pig**

**Simple Elegance with Regal Flavour.**

**Adorn your holiday table with the Royal Delicacy — SUCKLING PIG.**

The tender, succulent meat of the suckling will delight the most discriminating palate—yet is as easily and quickly prepared as a turkey or roast and fits into a standard oven. (A host of recipes are included.)

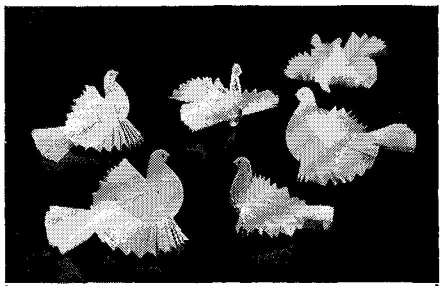
Your suckling arrives at your home oven ready—shipped frozen, packed in dry ice. (Guaranteed perfect arrival.)

Perfect holiday fare and an excellent gift for those special people.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 12 – 14 lbs. ........ | $49.00 | Delivered |
| 17 – 20 lbs. ........ | $65.00 | |
| 27 – 30 lbs. ........ | $79.00 | |

*(Allow 1 lb. per person when ordering)*
*(7–10 days delivery time)*

**FROG POND FARMS**
**Rural Route 2, Maquon, Illinois 61458**
Telephone: 309-358-1146 or 309-342-3398



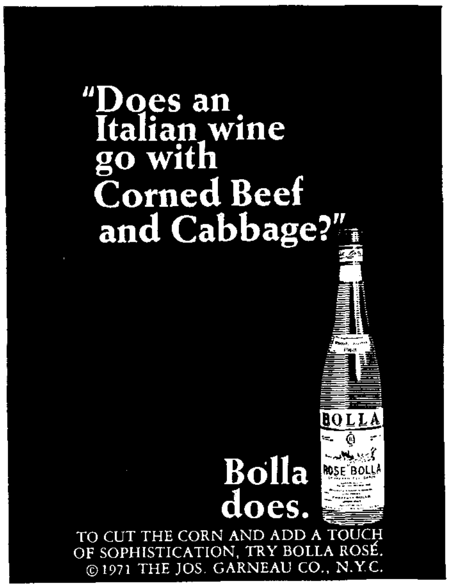
**FAMILY of DOVES**

A family of serene, white doves of paper-symbols of peace to use on your Christmas tree or to make your own mobile. Family includes two 2-inch doves and four tiny 1½-inch dovelets. All have hangers. From Sweden. Six Doves, $3.00 plus 25¢ postage.

*N. Y. State Residents add State and local taxes*

Windfall

Windfall Bldg., Sharon Springs, N. Y. 13459



"Does an Italian wine go with Corned Beef and Cabbage?"

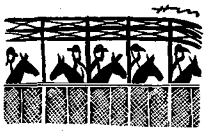
Bolla does.

TO CUT THE CORN AND ADD A TOUCH OF SOPHISTICATION, TRY BOLLA ROSÉ.
©1971 THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., N.Y.C.

# THE RACE TRACK

## *Speeders*

HORSES ran fast at Aqueduct last Saturday. For one, World Wide, a ten-thousand-dollar selling-plater who had won once in twelve tries this year, zipped a quarter of a mile in twenty-one and three-fifths seconds—and took twenty-five seconds to finish the last quarter of the six furlongs. Oh, yes, he won. Later in the afternoon, Hobeau Farm's Duck Dance, who has a little knee trouble and had never carried his high speed very far, led from start to finish—at one point by six lengths—in the seven-furlong Vosburgh Handicap. His time was 1:21⅕—only a second slower than the famed Dr. Fager's three years ago. At the end, Summer Air came up to be second. Coup Landing, a stablemate of Duck Dance, was third. Though it was another of those days with fog hanging over the racecourse, the crowd of more than forty thousand seemed to be having plenty of action and fun. The Big A is averaging better in attendance and betting than the Beautiful B.



For one reason or another, but mostly to suit trainers, the distance of the New York Handicap, right now an event for fillies and mares at a mile and three-sixteenths on the grass, has been changed a number of times. When the race, which opened the fall meeting at Aqueduct, was first put on, in 1940, it was at two miles and a quarter; since then it has been at a mile and three furlongs, a mile and a quarter, a mile and a furlong, and a mile and a sixteenth. Prior to 1962, it was open to both sexes, and among its winners were Alsab, Stymie, Hill Prince, and Battlefield. Once, it was in the hundred-thousand-dollar-added bracket. (Rico Monte won that one.) Also, it has been run in two divisions seven times, as it was last week. Telly, by T. V. Lark, took the first division, after a tussle down the stretch with Dee Dee Luxe. Princess Pout was much the best in the second, giving Specious thirteen pounds and a two-length beating.

THE final go-around in Jersey this year opened at Garden State Park last week with the Princeton Handicap, for three-year-old fillies, at a mile on the grass. It, too, was split. Mrs. Taylor Hardin's Kittiwake won the first division and Paul Mellon's Canterbury Tale won the second. Both wore the leaders down in the stretch. It was the opinion of observers that Canterbury Tale did it with more authority, beating Forward Gal by open daylight. It looks as though Mr. Mellon had another good one in Canterbury Tale. She's by Exbury out of Loose Cover, and Elliott Burch, acting for Mr. Mellon, paid $94,000 for her as a weanling at the Newmarket Sales—a nice dollar for a filly of that age, even as prices go these days. By the way, both winners of the Princeton were sired by winners of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe; Exbury won it in 1963, and Sea Bird, the sire of Kittiwake, won it in 1965.

Last weekend, Tinajero, Puerto Rico's hero, delighted his aficionados in the Trenton Handicap. Putting away the early opposition, he withstood the charge of Laplander in the stretch and won by a neck, with Triangular third and the six others down the course.

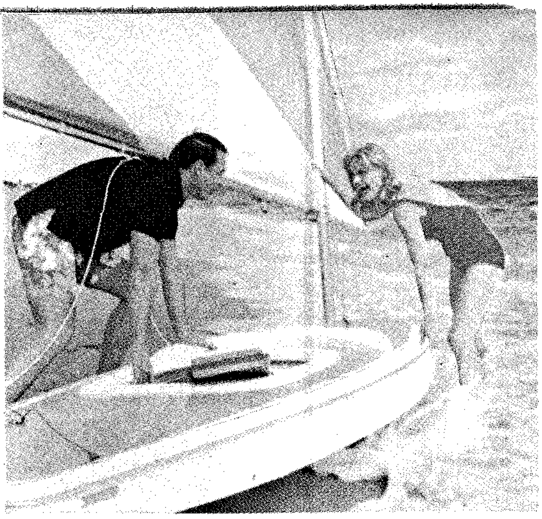
FOR Numbered Account, who is the top two-year-old filly of the year, the Selima Stakes at Laurel was merely another effortless victory. Rated off the pace up to the turn for home, she went on to win by six lengths from Susceptible, who took the place by a nose from Fairway Flyer. Though five fillies ran, the race was an "exhibition," or non-betting affair, because the racecourse management wanted no part of a whopping minus pool. The boys with the little black bags full of folding money were much disappointed. As for Numbered Account, she earned $77,570 for Ogden Phipps, bringing her prize money so far to $321,125. The Gardenia Stakes at Garden State on November 6th should be another soft touch for her.

THE Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles—the last big event on Long Island this season—comes up at Aqueduct this weekend. For Shuvee, who won it last year, it will be her farewell appearance under colors. She's being retired to the breeding farm. Her opposition will probably include Practicante, Paraje, Farewell Party, and perhaps Chompion. In a race at this distance, horsemanship and the ability to judge pace are paramount, so a good deal will depend on the jockeys. Broadly speaking, you can count on the fingers of one hand the riders who are up to that kind of responsibility. Anyhow, the race should be worth seeing.

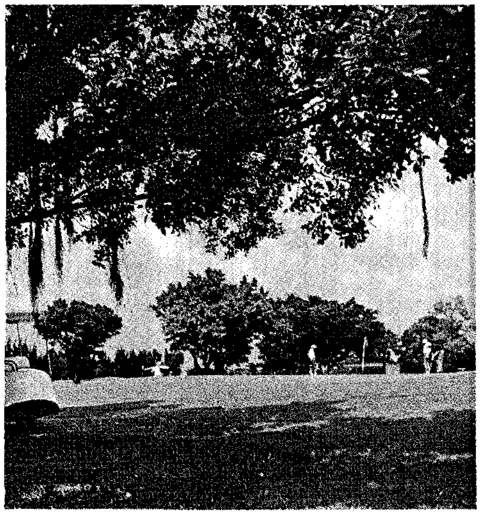
—AUDAX MINOR

**CATCH A TROPHY.** Fort Lauderdale won its early-day fame as a deepsea fishing resort. Trophy-size catches are still plentiful and it boasts one of the finest charter boat fleets along the Atlantic shore.

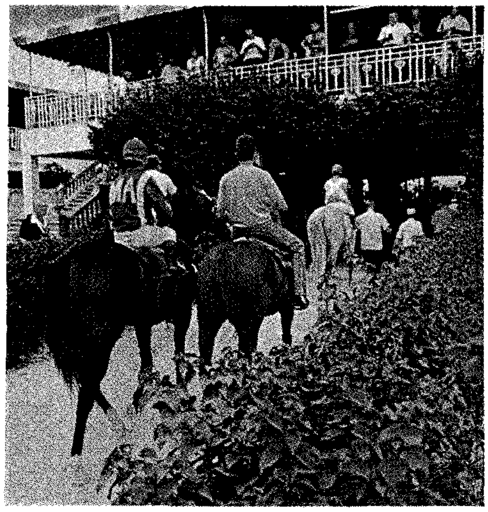
**GO ON A HEALTH BINGE.** For pleasant relief from the chilblains of winter try a daily plunge in our tropical sea. The briny surf and the sunshine have a miraculous effect on complaining muscles and pallid complexions.



**SAIL THE SURF.** Amateurs soon get the knack practising with these small Sailfish just off the shore. Spills are inevitable so try your hand in the shallows at first. Boats are rented at beach shops.



**GOLF THIRTY COURSES.** That was the last count and more are added each year, so fine is the weather and conditions for the game. Lush links near wherever you stay can be played on a daily-fee basis.



**PICK A WINNER.** At this spectator sport just cross your fingers and settle back while the horses do the sweating. Parlay the afternoon's winnings at nighttime jai alai games, greyhound and harness racing.

# *Guide to Winter Sports in Fort Lauderdale*

## Plus a free color booklet showing all its fun-ways to keep fit this winter

**JUST MAIL COUPON!**

VISITOR SERVICE, P.O. Box 1181, Dept. N-59
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302
Please send free color booklet to:

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________________

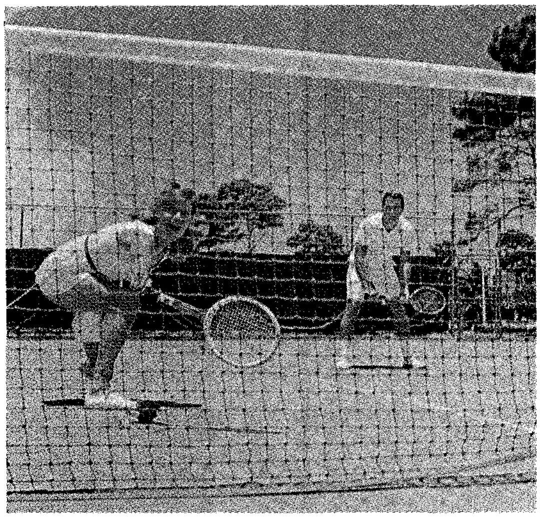
STATE____________ ZIP________

Also, send free lodging guides for ☐ Hotels

☐ Motels ☐ Apartments. No. in party______

Date of visit (approx.)________to________

**FORT LAUDERDALE**
*the Place to go in Florida*



**TAN ON THE COURTS.** Pounds roll off and a tawny glow comes on after a few sets of tennis on our sun spangled courts. You find them in the cool, green setting of city parks and on the grounds of several hotels.

**JOIN THE SUN SET.** Popular at Lauderdale resorts is the sport of poolside sun lounging. The relaxed informality and scant costumes worn have an uninhibiting effect that makes for easy sociability.

# What's behind Lochan Ora?

What Chivas Regal is to Scotch, Lochan Ora is to Scotch liqueur. Unbelievable? Check our label.

CHIVAS RE
1801
BLENDED SC
WHISKY
IMPORTE
LOCHAN ORA
GOLDEN LOCH
4/5 QUART
70 PROOF
Liqueur
MADE WITH 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

Imported by General Wine & Spirits Company, New York, N.Y., 70 Proof

# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Not Worth Lisztsting*

THE confusion that existed among some composers of the Romantic movement about eroticism and religion is epitomized in the character and music of the libertine "Abbé" Franz Liszt. His confusion in this matter is becoming more and more evident as the New York Philharmonic proceeds with its current series of Liszt performances. Whether Liszt was indeed a major composer, as the series has set out to prove to us, is still, to me, very much in doubt. Last Thursday night, in Philharmonic Hall, we had the "Dante" Symphony, or, as the program put it, "A Symphony to Dante's 'Divine Comedy.' " It had not been done here in ages, and, listening to it, one could easily see why. It starts out with a musical interpretation of the "Inferno" that is both banal and pompous, and continues with a "Purgatory" movement that is stupefying in its continual repetition of the clichés of the period. (Liszt decided, on Wagner's advice, not to try a "Paradise" section.) It is true that this symphony anticipates some of the technical elements that Wagner used. The famous "Tristan chord" appears twice in the "Inferno" movement, and there is a precursive passage, involving flutes and some other instruments, in the "Purgatory" movement that suggests "Parsifal." But this music entirely lacks the creative force of Wagner's work, and for the most part, when it is not thundering theatrically with facile suggestions of destiny and immortality, it is weeping away with equal facility over the fate of Paolo and Francesca or the suffering souls of Purgatory—always with a sentimental, sexual emphasis. Finally, with considerable abruptness and for no evident reason, a chorus rises and, along with a soprano soloist, sings a Magnificat. It all reminded me of the sort of plaster statuary one still sometimes sees in churches—ostensibly religious but woefully banal and standardized.

One could hardly quarrel, however, with the performance the work was given by the Philharmonic. The conductor, Michael Gielen, had relaxed a great deal since I last heard him, and was no longer the worried professor but, on the contrary, a maestro of considerable eloquence. The British soprano Margaret Price sang the solo part effectively, with pure tone and cultivated style.

The evening ended with another seldom performed item—Mozart's "Davidde Penitente" Cantata, K. 469, an early work containing some rather Handelian passages, along with some profound music such as the great chorus "Se vuoi, puniscimi." In speaking of Mozart, one does not use "immature." Yet in places this cantata does seem a touch uncertain in style; "tentative" might be a better word. Its vocal demands are enormous, and Miss Price, this time with another British soprano, Sheila Armstrong, and the dependable American tenor George Shirley, met them with distinction. The most taxing episode, the aria "Fra l'oscure ombre funeste," which is frightening for any soprano, was brought off by Miss Price with courage and good intonation, if not with ease. I suppose that there is a certain virtue in presenting almost unknown works from time to time on symphony programs, if only so we can find whether past opinions are vindicated. In this case, they were. Mozart, even before he hit his full stride, was a great composer; Liszt, to judge by what we have heard so far, was not.

UNLIKE most contemporary composers, who are engaged in greater and greater complication, Alan Hovhaness appears to be simplifying his style to the point at which everything is easily accessible to the listener as well as quite individual in its means of expression. Last Monday night, I made my way to the Central Presbyterian Church, on Park Avenue, to hear his Symphony No. 12, subtitled "Choral." The work is closer to being a religious cantata, since it sets the Twenty-third Psalm to extremely interesting music. The performance, by the church's choir plus a small orchestra, both under the direction of Richard Westenburg, was all one could ask. The work begins with an instrumental passage of distinctly Near Eastern flavor (derived, perhaps, from the liturgy of the Armenian Church—not unusual for Hovhaness, who is half Armenian), and continues with several episodes—some modal, some Oriental, some impressionistic—which convey a genuine religious feeling. Bells are rung, timpani struck, trumpets

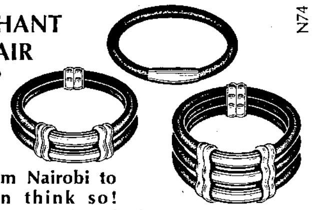
Chelsea Clock is the only company authorized by Williamsburg Restoration Incorporated to make this charming traditional clock. And every detail has been painstakingly reproduced. Case: Hand rubbed mahogany with a holly wood inlay. Feet, sash and handle: polished brass. Movements: Striking and non-striking key wind and non-striking electric. Height: 10½". Dial: 3⅞". Prices: from $225 at finer jewelry and department stores and at Williamsburg itself. Or just write to us today at 291 Everett Avenue, Chelsea, Mass. 02150.

Chelsea Clock Co.
A subsidiary of Automation Industries

The Wythe House
by Chelsea

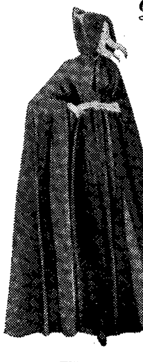
IS ELEPHANT TAIL HAIR LUCKY?

N74



We don't know, but lots of our friends from Nairobi to Manhattan think so!
Anyway, our Genuine Elephant Tail Hair rings are bound to bring you compliments, if not luck! Ours are made from the real hair (authenticity, you know); not from the "look-alike" plastic we've seen about. Rolled gold mountings. State ring size.
1 – Strand $4 2 – Strand $10 3 – Strand $12
Add 50¢ each, on mail orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax.
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N. Y. 10022 ©

*Dashing Cape... A Dramatic Cover Story*



When the weather outside is frightful you will look and feel delightful in this magnificently cut, wonderfully warm 100% heavy 20 oz. virgin wool, smooth cloth cape. Generously flaring, classic monk's hood design, has slash arm vents, snap neck fastener, and a pair of ties to keep you snug. Impeccably detailed, it has that dashing aura of real assurance you want for town and country ... day and evening. Black, Navy or Burgundy. Sizes small, medium or large.
$49.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-30,
Southfield, Mass. 01259

at the Pontchartrain even the view is international

Civic Center location, with Canada to the south.

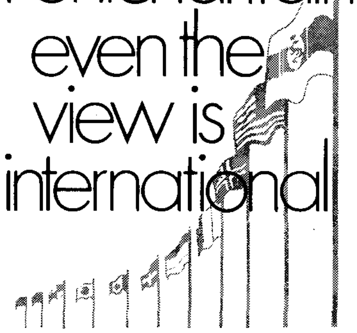
Award winning Continental cuisine and decor.

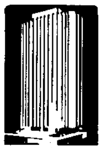
Sumptuous rooms, each with river view.

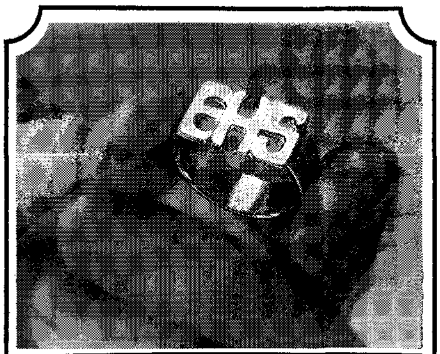
And everywhere... the Pontchartrain flair.

Robert Cahill
General Manager
Call toll-free
(800) 238-5000

the Pontchartrain
DETROIT'S PREFERRED HOTEL







INITIAL RING

They'll absolutely love our very personal Initial Ring. Their own initials, cut-out in a unique way, create a fashion design "Exclusively Theirs." Price below is for Sterling Silver. Underline last initial, state ring size or "adjustable."

$9.00 Hers
$13.50 His

Allow three weeks for delivery.
Mail orders add $.65 plus 3% Ga. Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express or C&S cards honoured.

STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327 • 261-3678
*Mail and phone orders promptly handled*

CLUB peace & plenty
GEORGE TOWN, EXUMA, BAHAMAS

Discover the unspoiled charm of the friendly island of Exuma in the southern Bahamas. Relaxing, casual, delightful. Direct flights daily from Miami & Nassau.
See your Travel Agent or call
I. OLIVER ENGEBRETSON, INC.
N.Y. 212-980-3810

sounded, violins played like mandolins, and, of course, the chorus sings (at one point an unaccompanied episode), producing a gentle fabric of music, and reaching a climax in the fourth movement, "He Leadeth Me," which culminates in an "Amen" chorus. Altogether, Symphony No. 12 is a pleasing experience, wholly appropriate to its surroundings.

THE Joffrey Ballet finally came up, last Wednesday night, with a completely delightful new item: Gerald Arpino's "Kettentanz," which means "chain dance," set to music by Johann Strauss the elder and a composer identified in the program as Johann Mayer, possibly the elder Strauss's contemporary Johann Simon Mayr—at any rate, somebody belonging, like the elder Strauss, to the first half of the nineteenth century. This music is very much of its period, and entirely unlike that of Johann Strauss, Jr., who wrote all those popular waltzes. It consists of galops, polkas, and one waltz, and is eminently suitable for ballet treatment. The choreography is modest and appealing—chain dances for the start and finish, and numerous solos and ensemble numbers in between. The delicate dancing of Gay Wallstrom in Schnofler Tanz was one of the high points; another was the brilliant Seufzer Galop, danced by Scott Barnard and Glenn White. Unfortunately, Dermot Burke, one of the company's principal male dancers, was ill. His role was danced by Paul Sutherland, and Susan Magno had to substitute for Francesca Corkle. Even with the casualties, "Kettentanz" was a quite pleasant addition to the company's repertoire.

AFTER seeing it, I rushed to Alice Tully Hall, arriving a little late at a piano recital by Thomas Schumacher, an artist worthy of some attention. As I got there, Mr. Schumacher was engaged in the fireworks of the finale of Weber's Sonata No. 1, Op. 24, and he was going at it with a fluent technique, a little pounding by the left hand, and a great deal of brio. But Mr. Schumacher is not just a flashy pianist; he is a performer of sensitive style and a special kind of intellectual insight, which permitted him to delineate the phrases of Prokofieff's Sonata No. 8 with admirable clarity and then to hold together the intricacies of Scriabin's Sonata No. 9, Op. 68, so that what often seems a wandering, incoherent work became clearly intelligible. He finished the program with the Al-

When you're in ACT I you know you're on Broadway.

ACT I gives you an exciting outlook on Times Square with dramatic dining. House specialty: roast beef with Yorkshire pudding. Open every day but Sunday, 11:30 A.M. to 1 A.M.

ACT I
Allied Chemical Tower/One Times Square
Phone 695-1880

FREE CATALOG
Smoked Hams and Bacon From
VERMONT

Our business was started 97 years ago. Harrington's Hams and Bacon smoke leisurely over corn cobs and maple wood. If you'll let us, we'd like to send you our new FREE CATALOG telling all about our Hams, Bacon, Sausage, Maple Syrup, Aged Cheese and many other wonderful New England treasures. It's almost as good as a visit! Everyone loves gifts from Vermont, especially when they're from Harrington's. We ship everywhere. So please write for our FREE CATALOG.

HARRINGTON'S
5010-1A Main Street,
Richmond, Vermont 05477

SUPPORT YOUR MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH
MH

béniz "Iberia" Volume II, again showing a mature grasp of a very special idiom. Mr. Schumacher's is a musical intelligence to be watched, and his technical accomplishments are those of a thoroughly equipped pianist.

MANY operagoers will be delighted to know that Handel's "Giulio Cesare," in its stunning production by Tito Capobianco and Ming Cho Lee, is back on the stage of the New York City Opera at the State Theatre. Handel opera can be boring, but "Giulio Cesare" is not, thanks to the most ingenious arrangements, including stylized ballet-type movement for everybody onstage, as well as the continually changing drops, some with architectural drawings, others with conventionalized gardens. And, most important of all, there is Beverly Sills again, singing Handel's florid phrases with perfect intonation and subtle vocal coloring. Last Friday evening, Miss Sills was in particularly good voice. There were, however, several changes in the original cast. Caesar was sung by Robert Hale, a handsome bass, who manages well, though he hasn't either the flawless vocal focus or the easy agility that Norman Treigle brings to the role. Dominic Cossa, who has appeared in this production before and who is a fine singer, was the Achilla. Among those new to the cast, Susanne Marsee as the Sesto, William Ledbetter as Curio, David Rae Smith as Nireno, and Thomas Paul as Tolomeo sang impressively. And there was a début—a Philadelphia mezzo-soprano named Joyce Gerber, who sang the part of Cornelia. Miss Gerber has a rich, expressive voice, and though some of the music lies a little low for her, she sang it with authentic style; she also presented a pleasing stage appearance. "Giulio Cesare," done in this manner, is a fragile affair. There were moments when the intricate stage action was not quite as coördinated as it was in the original presentation, but these moments were few. Julius Rudel conducted with sensitiveness and authority.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

And although Crumpler has not played a game for ECU—neither freshman nor varsity—the fabled high school career (4,300 years, 42 touchdowns) has given him a reputation, which—if possible—is almost beyond the scope of his actual accomplishments.—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot.*

Had a little trouble with algebra, probably.

Let your love show

GERBER Legendary BLADES

Gerber blades become part of proud family tradition to be used, cherished and handed down to succeeding generations. When you select a gift of Gerber blades your love shows.

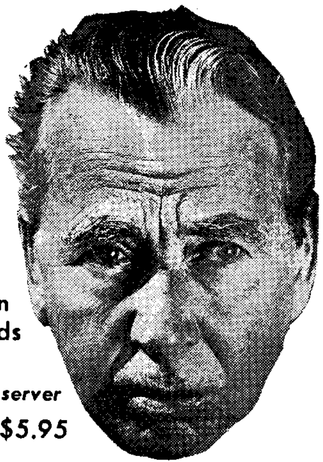
A gift of Gerber blades is no ordinary gift. Not by quite a bit. The design is classic. Uncluttered. Harmonizes with any silverware pattern. Cutting edges are super sharp and stay that way through repeated use because the blades are crafted from Gerber's exclusive high speed tool steel known as the steel that cuts other steel.

There are more than a dozen blade styles to choose from, available individually or in a wide selection of distinguished sets for carving, dining and kitchen use.

*At fine silverware, cutlery and gift shops everywhere.*

Write for free folder on Gerber blades.

GERBER LEGENDARY BLADES / PORTLAND, OREGON 97223


The man remembered as Woodrow Wilson is unforgettable as the author of this savage, strange, sensuous adventure

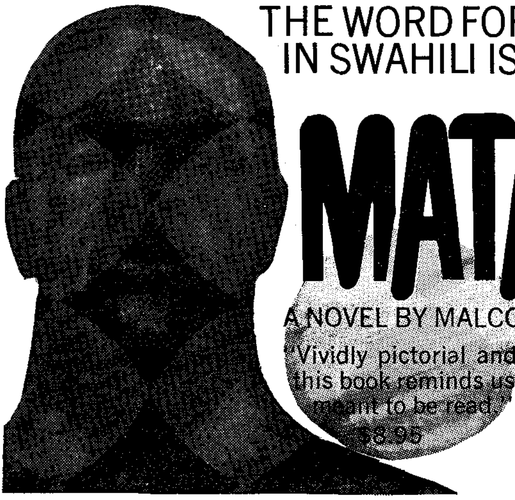
Night of the White Bear

a novel by Alexander Knox

"A novel of raw atavism and mounting tension that announces itself like a gunshot and builds up to a nightmare climax."

—STEPHEN VAUGHN, *The Observer*

THE VIKING PRESS $5.95


THE WORD FOR "TROUBLE" IN SWAHILI IS...

MATATÁ

A NOVEL BY MALCOLM McCONNELL

"Vividly pictorial and hypnotically readable, this book reminds us that novels are after all meant to be read." —WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

$8.95

THE VIKING PRESS

# BOOKS

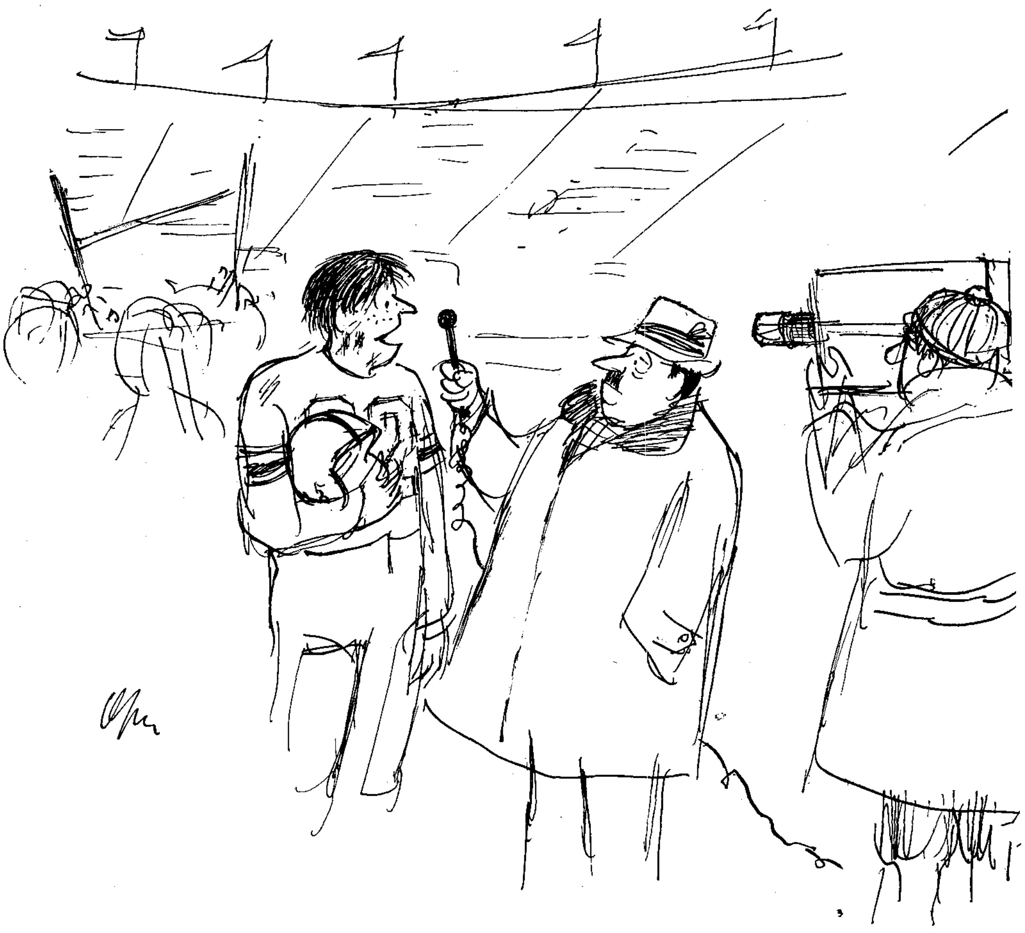
## *Publish and Perish*

“Books Do Furnish a Room” (Little, Brown), the latest novel in Anthony Powell’s “Music of Time” series, chronicles the short life of Quiggin & Craggs, a firm of book publishers that also puts out a little magazine, *Fission*, for which Powell’s narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, is a part-time book-review editor. Jenkins has known J. C. Quiggin since their days at Oxford, and Howard Craggs and his disreputable wife, Gypsy, for a dozen years. Moreover, Jenkins’ late brother-in-law, the left-wing Earl of Warminster, had set up a trust to help support the enterprise before he died (Craggs and Gypsy are Communists, Quiggin is an all-purpose leftist). And Kenneth Widmerpool, Jenkins’ old schoolmate, who won himself a Labour seat in the 1945 Labour victory, has joined the firm and has promised to write about economics for *Fission*. Despite all these connections, Jenkins regards the political and sexual intrigues in the publishing house with detachment; his reason for his involvement with the enterprise is simply that his job helps finance his own writing.

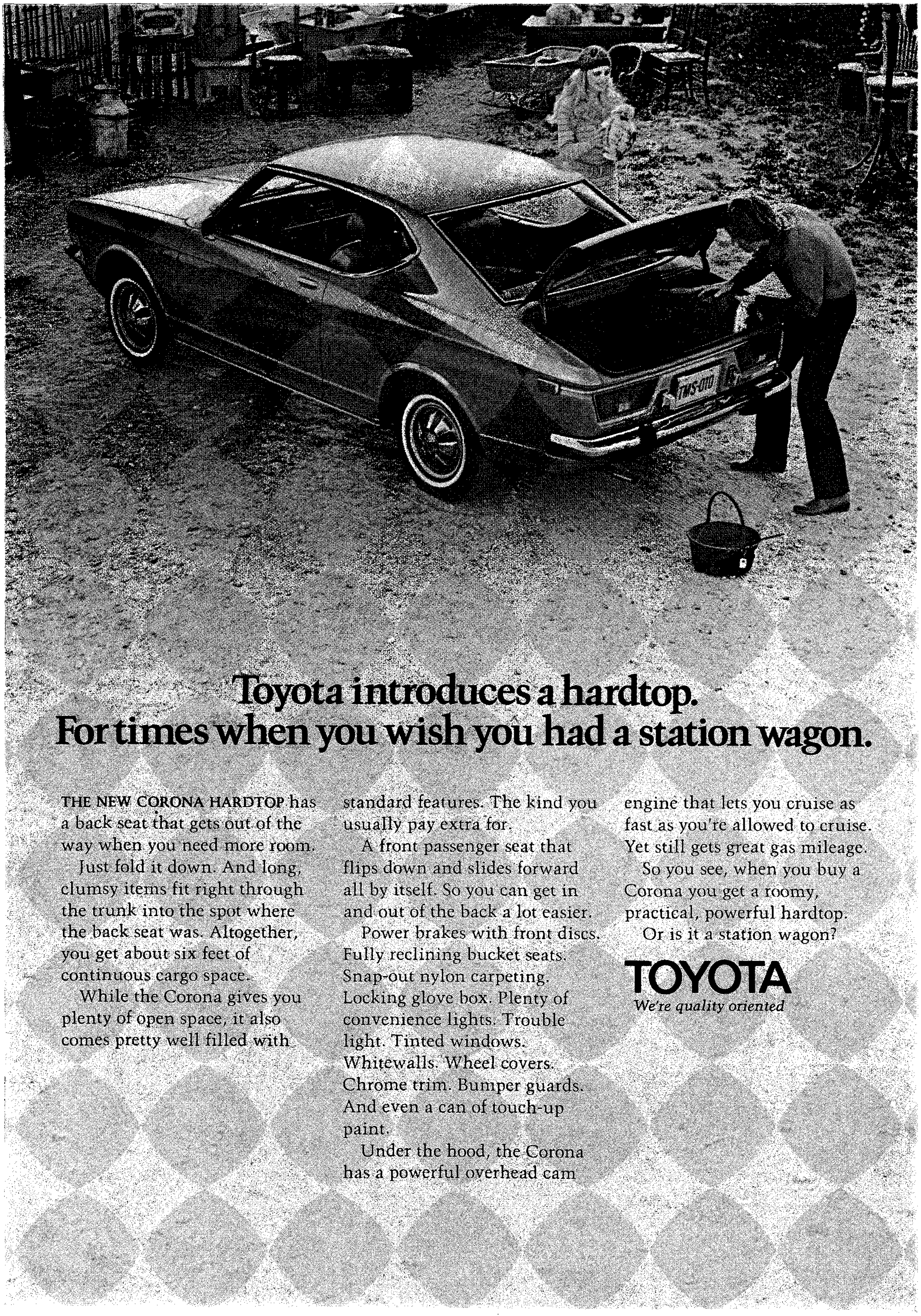
“Books Do Furnish a Room” is set in the period right after the Second World War, and though it is often very funny—like any mélange of art and trade, book publishing cannot help being a funny business—it is enormously poignant as well, for many of Jenkins’ friends have been killed in the war, and Jenkins guiltily notices that, by some dispensation of divine injustice, “almost everyone who had survived seemed also to have had a leg up.”

In the last century, since men and women in the advanced countries began to live longer, they have experienced nuances of aging that are new in human history and, because of their novelty, not yet easy to describe. The postwar Jenkins is not young, not old, but not exactly middle-aged. He is young enough to have served in the Army and (in the course of this volume, with the coöperation of his wife) to have produced a postwar baby. He is young enough, too, to feel, when he sees them again, awe of and respect for two of his old teachers—Sillery, a scheming Oxford don, and Le Bas, a cranky schoolmaster. Their characters have not improved, but merely by living they have become (to Jenkins, at least) venerable. Yet he is old enough to recall friends “known pretty well at an earlier stage of life . . . now dead, gone off their rocker, withdrawn into states of existence they . . . had no wish to share.” This is a concise summary of the ills foreseen at length by Gray in “On a Distant Prospect of Eton College,” a work I had to read in school and disliked—apart from its genuine demerits—for what I considered its typically adult dismissal of the sorrows of youth: “The tear forgot as soon as shed” seemed stuff to me when I was young. Nonetheless, of the four schoolboys who starred in “A Question of Upbringing,” the first volume of “The Music of Time” (Jenkins, Widmerpool, Stringham, Templer), the last two are dead, one killed in Asia, the other in Europe. So—point to Mr. Gray, who scores with “Alas, regardless of their doom/The little victims play/No sense have they of ills to come/Nor care beyond today,” for it had certainly been impossible for those English schoolboys of the twenties to imagine that any of them would grow up to die in a war. The blissful ignorance of youth, or the optimistic folly of their elders?

Jenkins is also old enough to look on with surprise, with respect, or with amazement at the doings of younger people. One is Ada Leintwardine, a newcomer to the Powell stock company, an exceptionally able girl in her twenties who, determined on a literary career, edits old Sillery’s journals, works at Quiggin & Craggs, writes a novel, and assures her future by marrying J. C. Quiggin. Another is a more than promising young novelist, Trapnel, who is on the Quiggin & Craggs list and contributes to *Fission*. Trapnel is a marvellous literary creation. He resembles none of the young writers I have ever known, but he nevertheless



*“Yes, Pete, I would have to say that this is the first game in which our defensive line achieved something near its potential. Heretofore, we had been filled with self-doubt, anxiety, fear and trembling, and the sickness unto death.”*



# Toyota introduces a hardtop. For times when you wish you had a station wagon.

THE NEW CORONA HARDTOP has a back seat that gets out of the way when you need more room.

Just fold it down. And long, clumsy items fit right through the trunk into the spot where the back seat was. Altogether, you get about six feet of continuous cargo space.

While the Corona gives you plenty of open space, it also comes pretty well filled with standard features. The kind you usually pay extra for.

A front passenger seat that flips down and slides forward all by itself. So you can get in and out of the back a lot easier.

Power brakes with front discs. Fully reclining bucket seats. Snap-out nylon carpeting. Locking glove box. Plenty of convenience lights. Trouble light. Tinted windows. Whitewalls. Wheel covers. Chrome trim. Bumper guards. And even a can of touch-up paint.

Under the hood, the Corona has a powerful overhead cam engine that lets you cruise as fast as you're allowed to cruise. Yet still gets great gas mileage.

So you see, when you buy a Corona you get a roomy, practical, powerful hardtop.

Or is it a station wagon?

**TOYOTA**

*We're quality oriented*

For your nearest Toyota dealer, call 800-243-6000 toll-free. (In Connecticut, 1-800-942-0655.)

# How to make your less expensive meals as interesting as your more expensive meals.

As the cost of eating goes up, planning interesting meals becomes harder and harder.

Birds Eye® International Recipe Vegetables can help. Next time you serve them hot dogs or some other less expensive (but nutritious) meat, serve them Birds Eye Bavarian style Beans and Spaetzle.

The humble hot dogs won't be so humble. Not when you surround them with Bavarian style noodles and tender green beans in a mild, seasoned sauce.

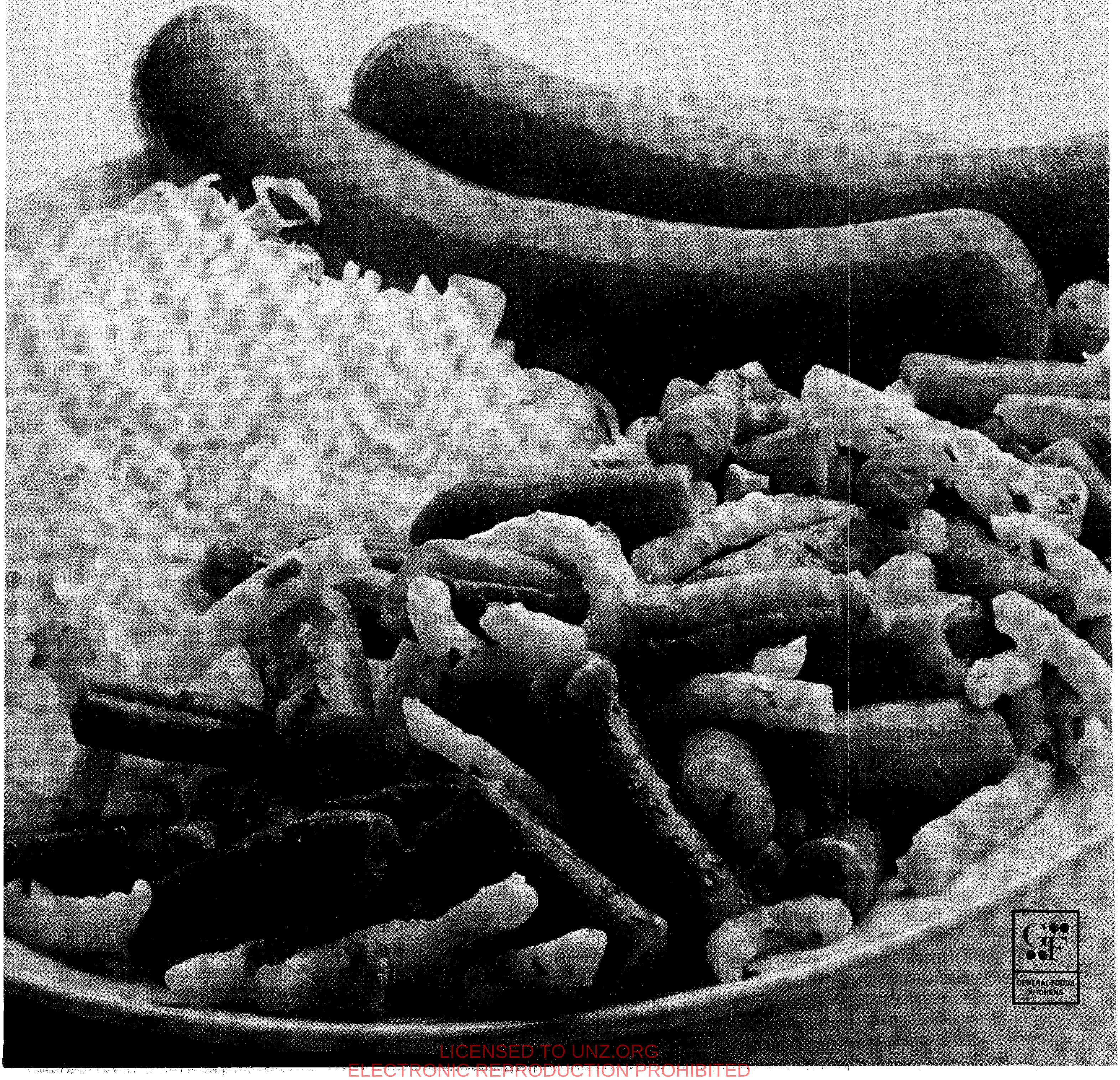
Before you know it, everybody will be back for seconds.

And you'll be planning another interesting Birds Eye International Recipe Vegetables meal.

BIRDS EYE
INTERNATIONAL RECIPE
Bavarian STYLE
Beans and
Spaetzle

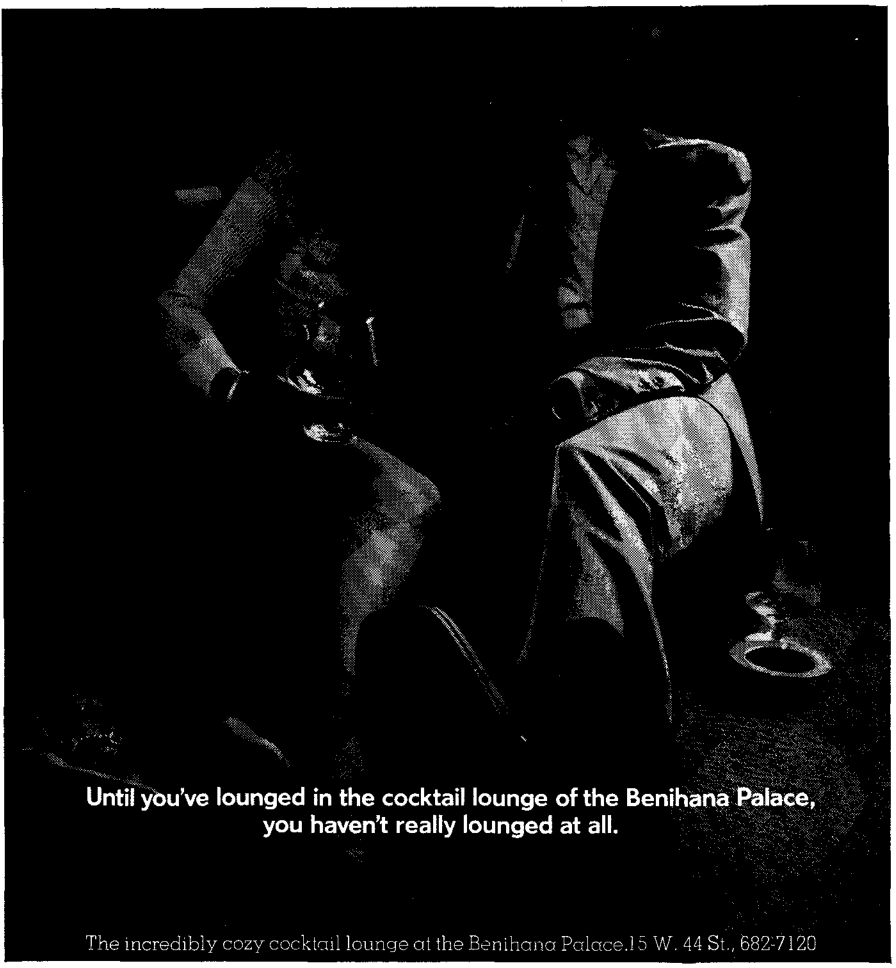
**Birds Eye International Recipe Vegetables**

Japanese, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, or Bavarian style


GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

resembles all of them, with the poses he halfway knows are poses, with the eccentricities he thinks are common sense, with his combination of charm, experience, and bad judgment, with his exploitiveness and his earnestness. In Trapnel, Powell succeeds at two difficult tasks: he portrays an artist in whose talent a reader can believe, and he creates a comic character who is drawn with affection. And there is Pamela Flitton, now Mrs. Widmerpool, and the most powerful young person of the lot. She brings to mind one familiar aspect of growing old: Jenkins had seen her when she was a child attendant at the wedding of her uncle, his friend Stringham, and now here she is again, all grown up—a beautiful, sullen, destructive, promiscuous adult who charms men by her looks and her air of needing consolation and then deliberately breaks their hearts. Her marriage to Widmerpool, which everyone in the book finds absurd—because of disparity in age, in looks, in style, in sexual behavior (he has had no luck with women, partly because he lacks social grace and partly because he is sexually inadequate), and in purpose (she is scarcely able to plan a day, he is calculating and ambitious)—has a plausibility that none of the characters observes: each is a killer.

Most of us treat works of art that matter to us as we do parents: without thinking about it, we use them, exploit them, assimilate them to our needs. And these works act upon us as parents do: they exert persuasion or force, they make us see or feel as they do, make us accept what we do not want to accept, as a parent insists that a child face unpleasant reality. Kenneth Widmerpool forces us to accept reality. The defeats he endures in his efforts to attract women and to move in society are a waste of one's pity; one has to learn the unchristian lesson that pity really can be wasted. And his enjoyment of power—which is all he does enjoy—explains his adherence to the left, particularly his espousal of an accommodation with the Communist countries. He is not concerned with peace or social justice; he had no interest in the left when it spoke for victims or whenever it was revolutionary, generous, noble, or quixotic. He was drawn to it when it became bureaucratic, hierarchical, and powerful. He is not seriously disturbed by his wife's infidelity, because love and sex and jealousy mean so little to him, particularly when he contemplates the assets he has acquired in her. (She is decora-


Until you've lounged in the cocktail lounge of the Benihana Palace, you haven't really lounged at all.

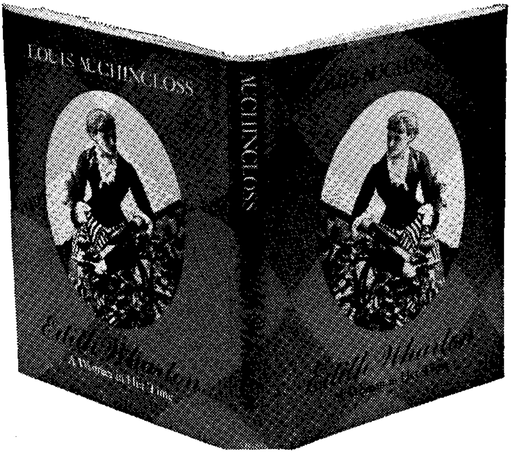
The incredibly cozy cocktail lounge at the Benihana Palace.15 W. 44 St., 682-7120

EDITH WHARTON
A Woman in Her Time
by Louis Auchincloss

Her world, both in America and in the expatriate havens of Europe, comes vividly to life through Louis Auchincloss's superb narrative, Mrs. Wharton's perceptive prose, and 120 black-and-white photographs, many never before published.

$10.00

THE VIKING PRESS



"In every way, this is one of the New Journalism's most rewarding achievements. It is a marvelous piece of work..."
—Newsweek

Honor Thy Father
by Gay Talese

Illustrated, $10.
The Literary Guild Selection For October

WORLD PUBLISHING
TIMES MIRROR

bobby short
black AND white baby
bobby short black and white baby

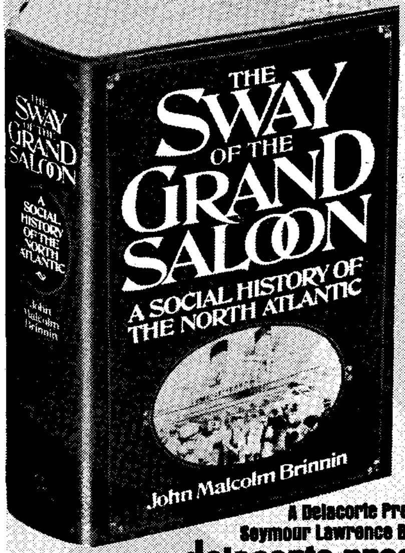
"Captures with total recall the picture of small-town America and endorses this familiar image with an affection rare today...finely detailed and fragrantly nostalgic." —LIFE

"Admirable and moving."
—*N.Y. Times Book Review*

With 16 pages of photographs. $7.95

**DODD, MEAD**

**150 glorious years of high society on the high seas...** John Malcolm Brinnin brings them back in all their splendor, in this handsome, luxury liner of a book about the great days of transatlantic liners and their fabulous passengers. 647 pages • 48 pages of rare prints and photographs • Selected by The Book-of-the-Month Club • $15.00


THE SWAY OF THE GRAND SALOON
A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC
John Malcolm Brinnin

**A Delacorte Press/ Seymour Lawrence Book**
**delacorte press**
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

tive, and she has some money; Stringham, a childless divorcé, made her his heiress.) Because of his lack of feeling, Widmerpool is an even more disquieting figure than his wife. She is *la belle dame sans merci*, who is, after all, just one kind of old-fashioned girl, while he is a New Man, and New Men—at least since the Renaissance, when *arrivistes* might be, like Sir Walter Raleigh, gorgeous, expansive, sexy, and vulnerable—have grown steadily less human and less humane; they tend to be men who are good at math and not much else. Widmerpool explains why the legend of Robin Hood, reviving, has attached itself to Che Guevara; when the winners look like Widmerpool, the losers look good. But "Books Do Furnish a Room" disclaims any parental role. *Its* influence is to be compared with that of another kind of doomsayer: Trapnel explains, "A novelist's like a fortune-teller, who can impart certain information but not necessarily what the reader wants to hear."

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE TALE OF THE LADY OCHIKUBO: A TENTH-CENTURY JAPANESE NOVEL, translated by Wilfred Whitehouse and Eizo Yanagisawa (Anchor). This, the first Japanese novel, is an affecting Cinderella story that modulates into a comedy of revenge, because the charming prince who rescues the beautiful mistreated stepdaughter decides that he, at any rate, cannot live happily ever after until he has humbled and punished those who mistreated her. A Western reader will recognize a surprising number of familiar themes and personages: apart from the lovers and the cruel stepmother, there are two shrewd, brash servants (one male, one female) who make tart comments and then take charge when the gentler folk fail or quail. Some elements seem (in terms of our literature) Elizabethan, such as the emphasis on splendid dress and on the unending battle for precedence. The novel portrays people who, though their customs are different from ours, are not themselves very different from us, except that the novelist's skill heightens their traits and makes them more entertaining than real people. The translation is so good that it does not read like a translation.

NOTE: Random House has published "What Happens Next?," a novel by

**Time to spare?**

**Love to share?**

"Adopt" a pupil two mornings a week. Serve as a volunteer in one of 108 public schools where individual pupils are receiving help in reading and English as a second language.

**SCHOOL VOLUNTEER PROGRAM • 563-5620**
20 West 40 Street, N.Y.C. 10018

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
**CELIA CRUZ**
Latin America's Favorite Singing Star
**AUGIE & MARGO**
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
**NOW AT** just e. of Lex. Ave.
**48th ST.** in Hotel Lexington

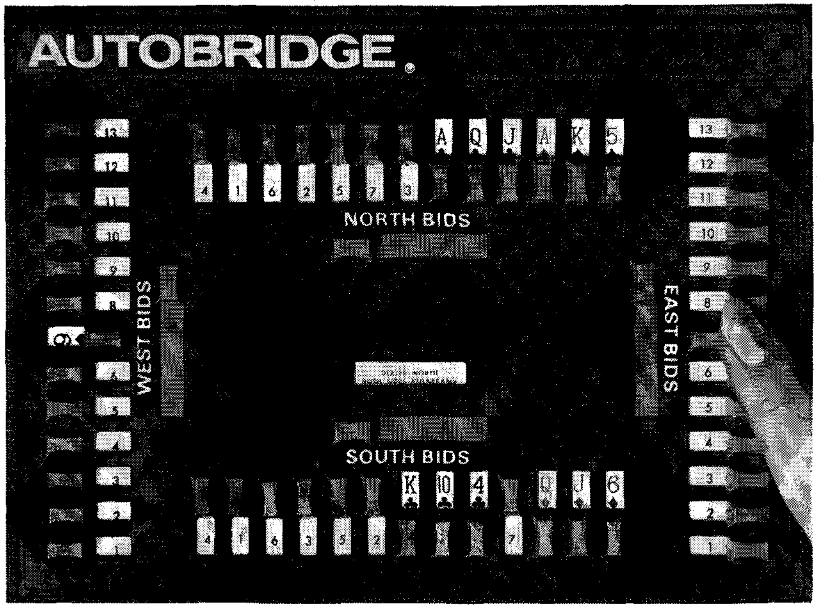
**THE TRUTH ABOUT ARTHRITIS CARE**
John J. Calabro M.D. and John Wykert
The latest medical advice for arthritis sufferers from an eminent specialist. Now available at all book-stores. $6.95
**McKAY**

Gilbert Rogin. Most of the book appeared originally as short stories in *The New Yorker.*

### GENERAL

The Irish: Portrait of a People, by Richard O'Connor (Putnam). An American who lives part time in County Cork tackles the risky business of writing about the Irish from the outside. Any general statement about the country or the people, he notes, is subject to multiple contradiction; he nevertheless offers up his generalizations—about the Irishman's gloomy preoccupation with his own history, about his skittishness over the marriage contract, about his garrulousness, his love of paradox, his asceticism, the "Celtic difference" that makes him unique, and so on. Mr. O'Connor also offers more solid substance. On the assumption that the Irish of today cannot be understood without some knowledge of what happened to the Irish of the past, he reviews the story of the Church in Ireland, he is savagely amusing about the outrageous years of the English Ascendancy, and he gives us a history of the Irish Republican Army, the world's oldest para-military organization, from its beginnings in the uprising of 1916 to the bloody present. He also considers the present, as Ireland prepares to enter the Common Market, and speculates, with trepidation, on what industrialization and increased commercialization will do to this green land. Real gloom settles in when he gets to Ulster and "the black city" of Belfast. His assessment of *that* predicament, viewed from both sides of the question, is that it looks hopeless.

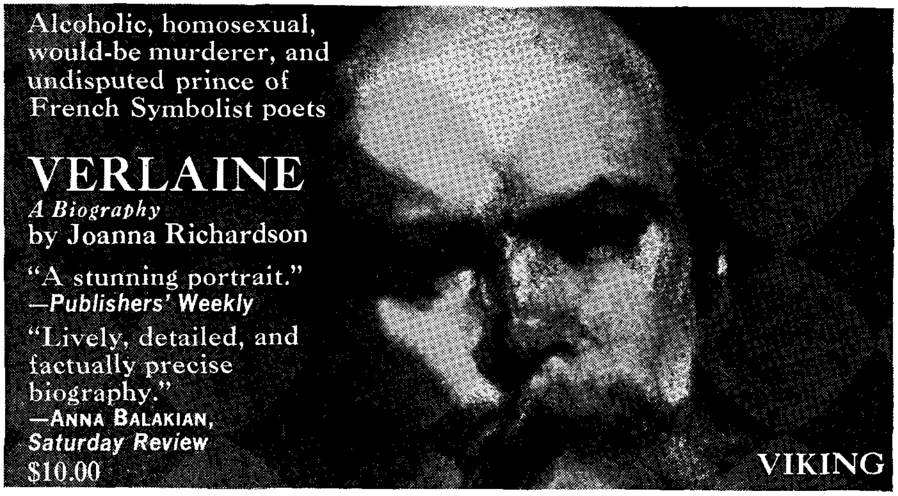
The Colony, by John Bowers (Dutton). A backward look, some twenty years later, at eighteen months of high endeavor—in a company rendered all but Parnassian by the actual presence of James Jones—at the late Mrs. Lowney T. Handy's messianic school for writers ("I can take anyone off the street and turn him into a writer") in southern Illinois. Mrs. Handy's lockstep methods (copy the great novelists, read the "Masters of the Far East," stay away from girls) produced a handful of published novels (beginning, of course, with "From Here to Eternity"), but they failed with Mr. Bowers. They failed, that is, to make him into a novelist. The experience, however, got under his skin, and festered there, and finally salubri-



Repair faulty bridgework in the privacy of your own home.

Get Autobridge and sharpen up your bridge game by yourself. Alfred Sheinwold created the Beginner's and Advanced courses, and over 600 refill hands. Look for it wherever toys and games are sold.

Parker Brothers of the Fun Group at General Mills



Alcoholic, homosexual, would-be murderer, and undisputed prince of French Symbolist poets

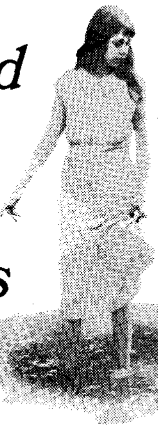
VERLAINE
*A Biography*
by Joanna Richardson

"A stunning portrait."
—*Publishers' Weekly*

"Lively, detailed, and factually precise biography."
—Anna Balakian, *Saturday Review*

$10.00

VIKING



The Mortgaged Heart
By
Carson McCullers

Edited by
Margarita G. Smith
At your bookstore $7.95

This volume gathers together a large selection of Carson McCullers' previously uncollected work spanning more than thirty years — short stories, essays, and poetry. Eight stories, published here for the first time, shed new light on aspects of Carson McCullers' life as a writer.

"Of immense value to everyone concerned with American literature."— Joyce Carol Oates

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

*For Christmas* ★★★

*Give a Scroll Press Children's Book!*

**Around the World** in 80 Dishes —an international cookbook written by two children.

**They Followed** the Star—the Christmas story of the three wisemen.

**The Snow Queen** — the wintery tale by Hans Christian Andersen.

**The Pied Piper of Hamelin**— the Browning poem with full-color pictures.

Order all four, and get a 10% Christmas discount!

*Please send me:*

____Around the World, $5.25 plus $.45 handling

____They Followed the Star, $3.95 plus $.45

____The Snow Queen, $4.95 plus $.45

____The Pied Piper, $4.75 plus $.45

____10% discount package of four, $17 plus $1.25

Name ____

Street ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

*Send coupon with check or money order to:*

**Scroll Press, Inc.**
22 E. 84 St., New York 10028

**40 MILLION YEAR OLD FOSSIL FISH**
**(DIPLOMYSTUS HUMLIS) $50.00**

**500 MILLION YEAR OLD TRILOBITE**
**(ELRATHIA KINGI) $3.50**
**DOVER SCIENTIFIC**
**32-58 30th Street**
**Long Island City, N.Y. 11106**
Send 25c for Illustrated Catalog of Shells, Minerals, Fossils, Indian Artifacts & Books

ously emerged as this memoir of a now distant time and faraway place, of the miserable excitement of youth and the itch to write, of disenchantment and revolt. It is an excellent book, a durable book, a book that tells much more than it says.

THE KAISERS, by Theo Aronson (Bobbs-Merrill). A history of the Second Reich in terms of the three men who ruled it—Wilhelm I, Frederick III, and Wilhelm II—and of Otto von Bismarck, the man who for a good part of the time virtually ruled them. The author's technique is the same as that he used to such effect in "The Golden Bees," his book on the Bonapartes—he focusses on personality, and on the interaction of personalities, almost to the exclusion of such matters as social forces, economics, and the influence of philosophical ideas on political events. This is a very out-of-date way of writing history, but in this particular case it is still a way: there are few other periods in the history of the modern world in which the absolutism of personality and the power of whim were as decisive.

IN BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE: SOME NOTES TOWARD THE REDEFINITION OF CULTURE, by George Steiner (Yale). Four impressive lectures about the culture of recent times (from the French Revolution) and the conceivable culture of times to come. Mr. Steiner's discussion of the break with the traditional literary past (Jewish, Christian, Greek, and Latin) is illuminating and attractively undogmatic. He writes as a man sharing ideas, and his original notions, though scarcely cheerful, have the bracing effect that first-rate thinking always has.

NOTE: "The Closing Circle," Barry Commoner's analysis of the ecological disintegration of our environment, has been published by Knopf. Some of the text first appeared in these pages. . . . Atlantic-Little, Brown has published "The Citizen Kane Book," which couples Pauline Kael's long article "Raising Kane" (originally printed in this magazine) with the shooting script of the movie. Illustrated with many frames from the film.

•

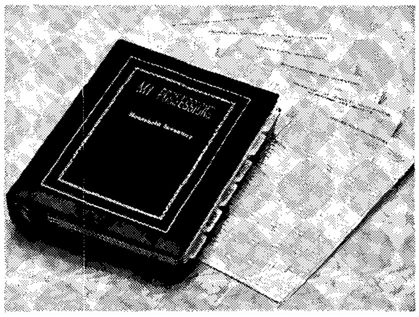
MIZUTA PRESS 8 TOKYO:
A SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT CAME IN MID-AUSUST FROM U.S. PRESIDENT RICHARD M. NIXOBUT BUST BUST PLS IGNORE. . . .—*Kyodo News Service teletype received at the Hotel Okura, Tokyo.*

We will not. It's insulting.

**JOHN BALDWIN**
*Florida and* *Myrtle Beach, S.C.*

*A spirited coatdress* – if you love the practical, the precise. The linen and cotton tweed creates its own excitement . . . in oatmeal, sizes 6 to 18 . . . $100. By Roth-Le-Cover.

MAIL ORDERS:
**156 Beach Drive, N.**
**St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701**



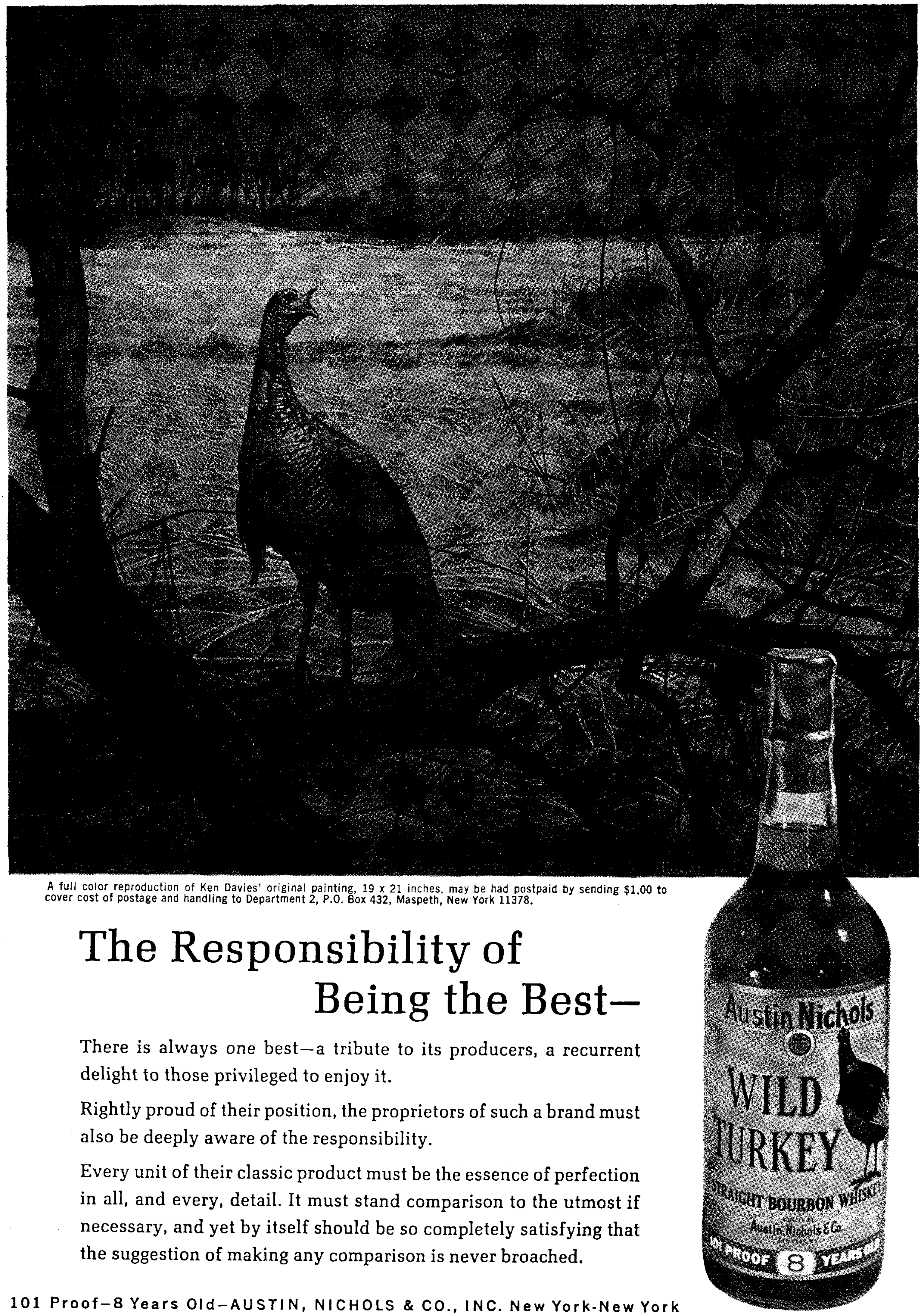
**household inventory book**

A priceless volume any time you need an accurate record of your possessions, this 7"x8¾" binder lets you organize everything you own, protect yourself against loss. Indexed loose-leaf forms, enough for entire contents of 15 rooms, make it easy to find cost and replacement value of furnishings, art, jewelry, etc. Other forms record insurance policies, credit cards, safety deposit box contents. ppd. $11.95

**CASUAL LIVING, 17 Stony Hill, Bethel, Ct. 06801**

**"Vendetta of Silence** is an enthralling novel—for me altogether memorable."
*—Mark Schorer*

**VENDETTA OF SILENCE**
by Ann Cornelisen, author of *Torregreca*
$6.95 at all bookstores
**Atlantic-Little, Brown**


Austin Nichols
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin Nichols & Co
101 PROOF 8 YEARS OLD

A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 x 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to cover cost of postage and handling to Department 2, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

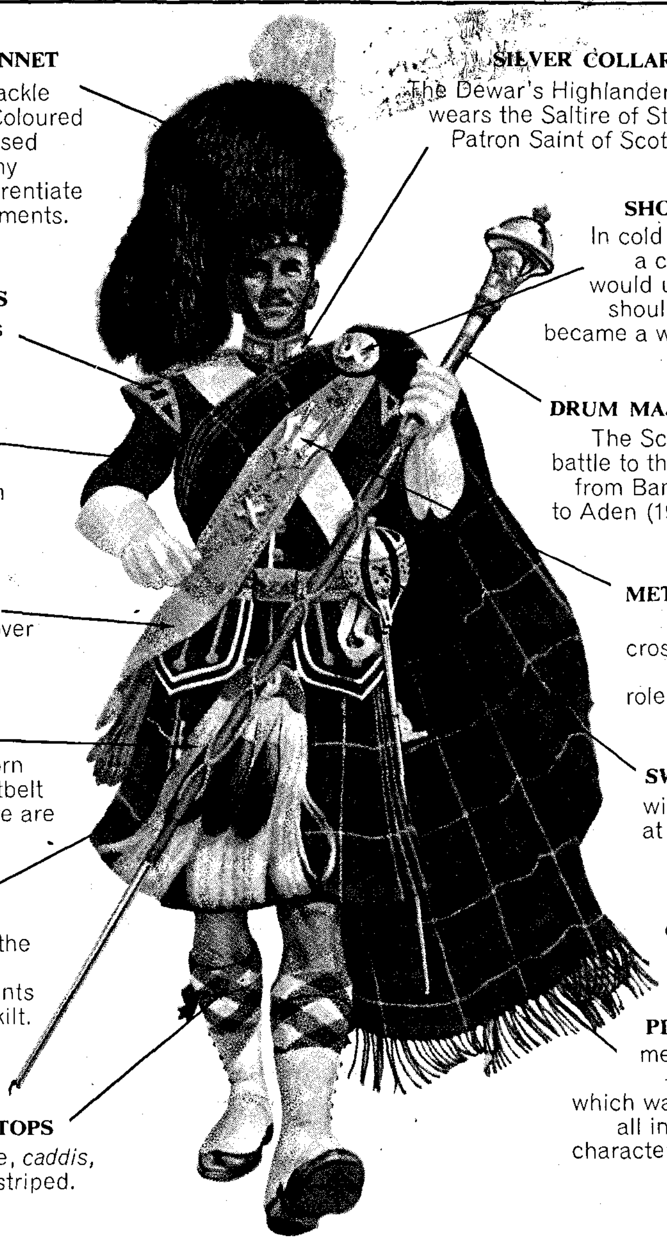
There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

# *Authentic.*



**FEATHER BONNET**
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

**"WING" EPAULETS**
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

**SCARLET DOUBLET**
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

**GOLD SASH**
Always worn over the left shoulder

**SPORRAN**
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

**KILT**
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

**HOSE TOPS**
Gaelic name, *caddis,* meaning striped.

**SILVER COLLAR BADGES**
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

**SHOULDER PIN**
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

**DRUM MAJOR'S BATON**
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

**METAL "BREASTPLATE"**
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

**SWORD**
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg,* (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

**PLAID**
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

## *DEWAR'S "WHITE LABEL"*

White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat.

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

***Dewar's never varies.***

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.